

The noble and amorous auncyent hysto-  
ry of Troylus and Cresyde in the tyme of  
the syege of Troye. Copyled by Geffraye  
Chaucer. george le mayne



Troylus.

Cresyde





# The fyreste boke of Troylus.



He double sorowe of Troylus to tell  
That was þ kyng / Pyramus sonc of  
In loung / how his auentures fel (troy  
Fro wo to wele / & after out of Joye  
My purpos is / or þ I parte fro the  
Thesephone helpe me to endyte  
This wosul bsc / þ weþyge as I write

To the clepe I/ thou goddes of tournement  
Thou cruell wyght/ that sorowest euer in payne  
Help me that am the sorowfull instrument  
That helpeſ louers/ as I can to playne  
For well syth it/ the sothe for to sayne  
Unto a wofull wyght/ a dreyfere  
And unto a sorowfull tale/ a sorry cheere

Alas I that god of loue seruauntes serue  
He dare not to loue for myne vnykelynnesse  
Speke for to spedethough he I sholde sterue  
So ferre am I from his helpe in derkenesse  
But neuer the lesse myght I do yet gladnesse  
To ony louer or elles my boke auayle  
Haue he the thanke and myne be the trauayle

But ye louers that be now in gladnesse  
Yf ony droppe of pyte in you be  
Remembre you in olde heuynesse  
For goddes loue and on aduersyte  
That other fufften and thynke sometyme how ye  
Hauie founde how loue durste you dysplease  
O alle ye weonne hym with to grete case

And praye you for them/that nowe ben in this case  
Of Troylus/as ye maye astee here

Cronus.

31.ii.



The fyſte boke

That loue them bryngē in h̄euen to solace  
And praye for me to god that is so dere  
He gyue me myght to shewe in ſome manere  
ſome paine or wo ſuche as hiſ folke endure  
In Troylus bñſely auenture

Now praye you all for them that ben despayred  
In loue that never well recouered be  
And also for them that fally ben apayred  
Through wycked tongues be it he or ſhe  
And praye you to god of hiſ bengyngte  
He let them ſoone cut of thiſ worlde to paſſe  
That ben dyspayred ferre from loues grace

Also for them praye that ben at eafe  
In loue god graunt them perſeueraunce  
And lende them grace theyr loues ſo to please  
That it to them be worshyp and pleasaunce  
For thus I hepe my ſowle beſt auaunce  
To praye for them that loues ſeruauntes be  
And wyte theyr wo and lyue in charyte

And for to haue on them compaſſyon  
And though we were theyr owne bretherne dere  
Now herken eche wyght with good dyscrecyon  
For now I wyll ſtreyght to my matere  
In whiche ye ſhall the double ſorowe here  
Of Troylus in louyng of Crefyde  
And how that he forſoke hym or what he deyde



Nowen well it is how þ the grekes ſtrōge  
With armes in a thouſande ſyppes went  
To warde Troye and they the cyte longe  
Beſeged nyghe ſeuēn yere or they wente

of Troylus.

In manȝ dyuers wyse/and one intent  
The rauysshynge to wreke of Clayne  
Full beseily they dyden/all theyȝ Payne

Than sell it so/that in the towne there was  
Morde dwellynge/ol grete auctorite  
A grete deuyne/that clypped was Calcas  
That in scyence so experte was/that he  
Knewe well/that Troye sholde destroyed be  
By nasshere of his god/that hyght thus  
Danipne/Phebus/or Appollus delphicus

So whan this Calcas/knewe by calculynge  
And by the answeres/ol his god Appollo  
That grakes sholde with them/ol people bryng  
Throughte whiche/that Troye must be vndo  
He cast anone/out of the towne to go  
For well wylt he/by soorys that Troye sholde  
Destroyed be/wolde who so nolde

Wherfore to departe/all softely  
Toke purpos fully/he knowynge the gyse  
And to the greces ryght ofte/he stale full p̄puely  
And whan he came/they in curtyse wyse  
Dyde hym bothe worshyp/and seruise  
Hopynge in hym them cunnyngē to rede  
In curty percell/the whiche was them to rede

Grete noyse began/whan it was fyſt espyed  
Throughte all the towne/and generally was spoken  
That Calcas traptour/fledde was and alyed  
With theyȝ foos/and wylled to be wroken  
And sworne he/and all his kynne at ones  
Well worthy were/be brenned fell and bones

Troylus.

A.iii.

## The fyfte boke

Now hathe Calcas leste in his meschaunce  
Unknowynge of his falg/ and wycked dede  
His doughter that lyued in grete penaunce  
for her lyfe/ She was therfore in drede  
for bothe a wydowe was she and alone  
Of ony frende to whome she durste her mone

Cresyda was this ladyes name all ryght  
As to my dome/ in all Troyes cyte  
So fayre was none/ ouer euery wight  
So aungell lyke/ was her natyse bewte  
As dothe a parfyte/ hauenly creature  
That downe were sent/ in scorne of nature

This lady whiche herde/ all daye at cere  
Her fader shame/ his falsones and his treason  
Well nyghe out of/ her wytte for pure fere  
In wydowes abyte/ large of samyt browne  
Before Hector/ on knees sh: fell downe  
With clere voyce/ full pytous and wepyng  
His mercy bade/ her seluen excusyng

Now was this Hector/ ypyteous of nature  
And sa we how she was sorowfull begone  
And that she was/ so fayre a creature  
Of his goodnesse/ he gladed her anone  
And sayde let soone/ fader treason gone  
To soray happe/ and gyue you to Joye  
And dwell with vs/ whyle you lyste in Troye

And all honour/ that men may do you haue  
As ferforthe as/ your fader dwelled here  
Ye shall haue/ and your body men shall saue  
As ferforthe as/ I maye enquere here

of Troylus.

Ind she hym thanked with humble chere  
Ind ofter wolde yf hadde ben his wyl  
Ind toke her leue and honie and helde her styl

Ind in her house abode with suche menye  
As to her honour was newe to holde  
Ind whyle she was dwellynge in that cyte  
Thus good in all and eke with yonge and olde  
full well beloued and folke eke of her tolde  
Bothe whether she chyldren hadde or none  
I rede not and therfore I let it gone

The chynges fallen as they done of were  
Byt wyrte them of Troye and grekes ofte  
For somie daye boughten they to dere  
The folke of Troye and thus fortune alosse  
Ind vnder este gan them whylom bothe  
After they cours aye whyle they were wrothe

But how this towne come to destruccyon  
He saylcth not me in purpos tell  
For whyt it were a longe dyscrecyon  
For my matre and you to longe to well  
But the Troyane gestes as they fell  
In Omerus or Dares or in Dyte  
Who so that can may rede them as they wyrte

But how so grekes them of Troye shenten  
Ind they cytce besyrged all abowte  
Theyr olde vse nolde nought them so to letten  
As to honour theyr goddes and to lowte  
Bist older in honour out of doute  
They hadde a rolyque hyght Palladyone  
That was theyr trusse aboue euerychone

Troylus

B.iii.

## The fyfte boke

And so befell whan come was the tyme  
Of Ap̄yll whan clothed is the mede  
With newe grene of Holye were the pyme  
And swete smellen floures bothe whyte and reed  
In many wyses shewed as I rede  
The folke of Troye they obseruance olde  
Palladrynes feest for to holds

And to the temple in they best wye  
In generall went everyche maner wryght  
That chyfpy was to heren the seruice  
And that so many thowout lusty knyght  
So many a fresshe mayde and lady bryght  
full well beseen the most and eke the leſt  
Bothe for the season and eke the feest

Amonge the whiche was than Cypsyda  
In wydowes abyte blacke but neuerthelesse  
Bryght as oure fyfte lettere is now an I  
In beaute fyfte so stode she makelesse  
Her goodly lokynge gladded all the presse  
Was never thyngē sene to be p̄ysased derre  
Ne vnder cloude blacke so bryght a sterre

As she was they layde euynchone  
That her byhelden in her blacke wede  
And syth she stode full lowe and styll alone  
Byhynde other folke in lytell b̄ede  
And nyghe the dore vnder shames dide  
Symples of atye and debonayre of chere  
With full assured lokynge and manere

Dampne Troylus as he was wonte to guyde  
His pange knyghtes ladde hym up and downe

## of Troylus

In that temple large on euery syde  
Beholdynge aye the ladyes of the toun  
Now here now there for no deuocyon  
Hadde he to none to reuen hym his rest  
And gan to prayse and laude whome hym lyste

And in this walke full faste he gan wayte  
If knyght or squyer of his compaunce  
Gan for to syke or let his eyen bayte  
Or ony woman that he coude aspye  
He wolde smyle and holde it folye  
And saye hym thus a lord he sleepeth solte  
For loue of the whan thou turnest full ofte

I haue herde tolde parte of your lyuyng  
Ye louers and your lewde obseruance  
And whiche a labourt haue folke in wynnyng  
Of loue and in the kepyng whiche dountaunce  
And whan your prayse is lost wo and penaunce  
Of veray fooles maye ye nothynge se  
Can none of you ware by other be

And with that worde he gan caste vp his browe  
Asskalunce he is this not wylsely spoken  
But trowe ye not that loue loked to we  
For that despyte and shope how to be wroken  
This certayne loues bothe was not yet to broken  
For be my hode he hytte hym at the full  
And yet als proude a peycocke gan he pull

O blynde worlde o blynde entencyon  
How ofte fallen the effectes contrayne  
Of surquydye and nyse oppynyon  
For caught is proude and caught is debonayre

## The syrte boke

Dampne Troylus is clomen on the stayre  
And lytell weneth he that he muste descende  
But all dage sayleth thynges that woles wende

As proude bayarde gynneth for to skyppe  
Out of his waye so pryckes hym his corne  
Tyll he haue a lasshe of the longe whypp  
That thynkes he prauiceth all bysome  
Syrte in the trayse full fayre and newe horne  
yet am I but an horse and horses lawe  
I muste endure and as my ferys drawe

So sorde it be that fresshe and proude knyghte  
Though he a worthy kynges sone were  
And wende that nothynge he hadde suche amyght  
Agaynst his wyl that sholde his herte stere  
yet with a loke his herte wexed afere  
That he that was now moost in pryde aboue  
Wexed was sodaynly mosste subiecte to loue

For thy ensample take of this man  
The wyse proude and worthy folkes all  
Thus to scorne loue that so soone canne  
The fredome of your herte to hym call  
For euer it was and euer shall befall  
That loue is he that maye all thynges bynde  
For maye no man fordone that lawe by kynde

That it be sothe that he proueth and dothe it  
For this trowe I ye knownen all and some  
Men redeth nought that folke haue greter wytte  
Than they that haue with loue moste benome  
And strongest folke ben therwith ouercome  
The worthyest and the gretest in degré

## of Troylus

This was/and is/and yet men maye it se

And treuly/it syteth well to be so

And alderwyself/therwith haue ben pleased

And they that haue ben/aldermost in wo

With loue haue ben/moste comforted and easyd

And ofte it hathe/the cruell full apesyd

And worthy folke/made me worthyer of name

And causeth moste/to drede byce and shame

Now syth it maye not/godly be withstande

And is yonge/so vertuous in kynde

He grutched not/to loue to be in bande

Syth as hym selfe lyste/he maye you bynde

Better is the bande/that bowe wyll and wynde

Than that that bresteth/therfore I you rede

Now foloweth hym/that maye you so well lede

But for to tell for the/and in specyall

As of this kynges sonc of/whome I tolde

And leue other thynges colatral

Of hym thynke I/my tale for the to holde

Bothe of his Joyes/and of his cares colde

And his werke/as touchyng this matere

For I it gan/I wyll here to refere

With in the temple/he went hym for the pleyng

This Troylus/of euery wyght aboute

On this lady/and now on that lokynge

Where that she were/within the towne or oute

And vpon case/besell through a route

His eye perced/and so depe it went

Tyll on Crysda it smote/and there i it stent

And sodaynly for wonder/he was astonyed

## The fyfte boke

Ind gan her better beholde/in thysty wyse  
Overaye god quod he/were as thou wonned  
That arte so fayre/and goodly to deuyse  
therwith gan his herte/to sprede and ryse  
Ind softe he syghed/lest men myght hym here  
Ind caught agayne/his fyfte iappynge chere

She was not/with the rest of stature  
But all her lyminges/so well answerynge  
Werent vnto womanheed/that creature  
Was never lesse manlyp/in semynge  
And eke pure wyse/of her meanynge  
She wed well/that men myght in theyr gesse  
Honour/estate/and woman noblesse

To Troylus/ryght wonder well with all  
Gan for to lyke/het meanynge and her chere  
Whiche sondeler deygnous was/for she lete fall  
Her loke lytell asyde/in suche manere  
Allklaunce/what may I not stonden here  
And after that/her lokynge gan she lyght  
That never thought hym/hau se so good a syght

Ind of her loke/there gan in hym to quycken  
So grete desyre/and suche affeccyon  
That in his herte/bothe gan to steken  
Of her his fyre/and depe impressyon  
And though he hadde erst/poozed vp and doun  
He was than gladde/his hornes in to shynke  
Unneth wyste he/how to loke or wynke

Lo he that let hymselfe so cunnynge  
And scorneth them/that loues paynes drpen

of Troylus.

Within the subtyll/stremies of her eyen  
That sodaynly hym thought/he felte dyen  
Byght with her loke/the spyred in his herte  
Blessyd be loue/that can thus folke conuerte

She thus in blacke/lykyng to Troylus  
Ouer all thynges/he stode for to beholde  
Ne his desyre/ne wherfore he stode thus  
He neyther chere made/ne worde tolde  
But after his maner/to beholde  
On other thynges/somtyme his loke he caste  
And este on her/the whyle that scruyce laste

And after this/not fully all awaked  
Out of the temple/all easely he went  
Repentyng hym/that euer he hadde Japed  
Of loues folke/lest fully the descent  
Of scorne/fell on hymselfe/but what he ment  
Lest it wece wyls/on ony maner syde  
His wo he can/dyssymulen and hyde

Whan he was thus/fro the temple departed  
He went streyght on/ to the palays tourneth  
Byght w her loke/through shotte & through darted  
All men they knewe not/wherfore he sorroweth  
His chere and speche/he kepte full well closed  
And aye at loues seruauntes/euery other whyle  
Hymselfe dyde wrye/and at them he can smyle

And sayd/o lord so ye lyue all in leste  
Ye louers/for the cunnyngest of you  
That seruen/most entently and best  
Hym tydeth therof harme/as ofte as prowe  
Yore hyze is quyte/agayne god knoweth how

The fyrete boke

Not well for well/but scorne for good seruice  
In saythe your ordre/is ruled in good wyse

In vncertayne/ben all your obseruaunce  
But yet a sely fewe poyntes be  
Ne nothyng a sketh/so grete attendaunce  
As dothe your laye/and that knoweth all ye  
But that is nougat/ the werst so mot I the  
But tolde I whiche/ the worst I leue  
All sayde I sothe ye wolden as me greue

But take this/that ye louersoste eschewe  
For good or done/of good entencyon  
Fulloste thy lady/wyll it mysse constrewe  
And deme to harme/ in her oppynyon  
And yet yf she/for other encheson  
 Bewyse it shall/you haue a grone anone  
Lorde well is hym/that maye be of you one

But yet for all this/whan he sawe his tyme  
He helde his pease/none other bote hym gyned!  
For loue began/his seders so to lyme  
That well vnethe/to his folke he feyned  
That other besynes/hym destreyned  
For wo was hym/that what to done he wiste  
But badde his folke/to go where that they lyste

And whan that he/mas in chambre alone  
He downe on his beddes sete hym sette  
And fyrete he began/to sygh and este to growne  
And thought aye on her/withouten lette  
That as he late and woke/his spyryte mette  
He sawe her este/and temple/and all the wyse  
Byght of her loke/and can it newe auyse

## of Troylus.

Thus can he make a myroure of his mynde  
In whiche he saue all holy her sygure  
And that couthe well in his herte syndc  
It was to hym a ryght good auenture  
To loue suche one and yf he dyde his cure  
To serue her well it myghte fall in grace  
Or elles for one of her seruantes pace

Ymagynyng that trauaple ne gracie  
He myght for so good loue be loyne  
As she ne hym for her desyre ne shame  
As where it wiste but vp prys and vp borne  
Of all louers wele more than I before me  
Thus argued he in his begynnyng  
Full bnausyd of his wo comynge

Thus toke he purpose loues craste to shewe  
And though he wolde wyke priuely  
And syste to byde his desyre in mwee  
Frome euery wight yborne all bterly  
Yf he myght ought recovered be therby  
Remembryng hym that loue to wyde yblowe  
Yelde bytter fruyte though he swete sedes be lowe

And ouer this moche more he thought  
What for to speke and what for to holde in  
And what to warde hym her to loue he sought  
And on a songe anone ryght to begynne  
For with good hope he can fully assent  
Crysyde for to loue and nought to repene

And of his songe not onely his sentence  
And wyte myne auctour called Lellyus  
But eke saue that our speche dyffERENCE

The fyrete boke

I dare well saye/in all that Troylus  
Sayed in his songe/be euery worde as thus  
As I shall saye/and who so lyst to here  
Lo nexte this verse/ye may it synde ryght clere



If no loue is/a god what sele I so  
And yf loue is/what thyng & whiche is he  
Yf he be good/so whense comes my wo  
And yf he be/what a wondre thyng I me  
Whan euery torment/and aduersyte  
That cometh of hym/maye me so goodly thynke  
For aye thrust I/the more that I it drynke  
And yf I that at myne owne luste I brenne  
Frome whens comes my waylyng/and my playnt  
Yf harme angre me/I were to playne thenne  
I not why/bvvery that I saynt  
O quycke dethe/o swete harme/so quaynt  
How maye of the/in me suche quantyte  
But yf that I/consent that it be  
And that I consent/I wrongesfull  
Complayne ywys/thus tossed to and fro  
And stereles/within a bote/iam I  
Amydde the see/bytwyre wyndes two  
That in contrary/stonden euer moo  
Was what is/this wonderfull maladye  
For hete of colde/for colde of hete I dye  
And to the god of loue/thus sayde he  
With pyteous boyce/o lorde now yours is  
My spyyte/whiche ought aye yours to be  
You thanke I lorde/that haue brought me to this

## of Troylus.

But whether a goddesse or a woman ywys  
She be, I not whiche ye do me serue  
But as her man, I wyll aye lyue and sterue

Ye stonden in her, hyc full myghtly  
As in a place to your vertue dygne  
Wherfore lord, yf my seruyce or I  
May lyken you so bothe to me benygne  
For my estate ryall here I resygne  
In to her hande and with full humble chere  
I become her man as to my lady dere

In hym was not spared the goodly blode ryall  
The fyre of loue fro the whiche god me blesse  
He hym forbare in none degré for all  
His vertue or excellent prowesse  
But helde hym as his thrall lowe in dystresse  
And brenned hym so in sondrye wyse aye newe  
That syxty tymes a daye he loste his hewe

So moche daye fro daye that his owne thought  
For luste to her gan quycken and encrease  
That euery other charge he set at nought  
For thy full ofte his hote fyre to cease  
To se her bodily loke he gan to prease  
Thereby to be eased ryght well he wende  
And aye the nere he was the more he brende

For aye the nener the fyre the hotter it is  
This trowe I knoweth all this compayne  
But were he ferre or nere I dare saye this  
Be myghte or by daye for wylde or folye  
His herc whiche that is his brestes eye  
Was aye in her that fayre was to see

Troylus.

B.i.

## The fyfte boke

Than cuer was Elen/other Polixone

Neuer of the daye/ther passed none houre  
That to hymselfe/a thousande tymes he sayde  
God goodly/to whome serue I and laboure  
As I best can/mow good Cresyde  
Ye wolden on me rewe/or that I dyed  
My dere herte alas/my hele and my hewe  
And lyues lust/but yfye wyll on me rewe

All other dredes/weren fro me fledde  
Bothe of the assege/and of his sanacyon  
Ne hym desyre/other fownes bredde  
But argumentes/to this conclusyon  
That she on hym/wolde haue compassyon  
And he to be her man/whyle he maye dure  
Lo here is lyfe/and frome the dethcure

The sharpe shoures/fellof armes proene  
That Hector/or his brother dyden  
Ne made hym only/therfore ones moene  
And yet was he/where some men wenten or ryden  
Founde one of the best/and longest tyme abyden  
There perell was/and dyde eke suchetrauayle  
In armes/that to thynke it was meruayle  
But for no hate/he to the Grekes hadde  
Ne also for the rescowe/of the towne  
Ne made hym thus/in armes to be madde  
But only to/for this conclusyon  
To lyke her the better/for his renonne  
Fro daye to daye/in armes so he spedde  
That all the grekes/as dethc they hym dredde  
And fro this forthe/they reued hym his slepe

## of Troylus.

His foos made his mete/ and eke his sorowe  
Gan ware so grete/ that who so toke kepe  
It shewed by his hewe/ in euen and in morowe  
Therefore a lytell/ he gan to hym borowe  
Of other harme/ lest that men of hym wende  
That the hote syre of loue/ hym ryght soore brende

Ind sayde he hadd a feuer/ and ferde amys  
But hwo it was certayne/ I can not saye  
Yf I his lady/ vnderstode not this  
O: seyned her she must one of the tweye  
Absent her loue/ fer out of his waye  
He semed it/ as that she of hym rought  
O: of his Payne/ or what so euer he thought

But than felde this Troylus/ the stroke of deed  
That he was as wede/ for aye his drede  
Was this/ that some wyght hadde Cresyde woed  
He thought she wolde never/ on hym take hede  
What than for sorowe/ he felte his herte blede  
He wrode of his wo/ he durste not begynne  
He to tell her therof/ this wrode for to wynne

But whan he hadde/ a space frome his care  
Thus to hymselfe/ he gan to complayne  
He sayde o foole/ now arte thou in the snare  
That shortly played/ at loues payne  
Now arte thou hente/ now chewe on the cheyne  
You were aye wonte/ eche louer reprehende  
O thyng the whiche/ thou can not the defende

What wyll eury louer/ nowe saye of the  
yf this he wiste/ but euer in thy absence  
Laught he to scorne/ aad saye there gothe he

Troylus.

B.ii.

## The fyrete boke

That is the man of so grete sappence  
That heide vs louers / leste in reuerence  
Now thanked be god / he maye go on the daunce  
Of them that louelyste / febyll for to auaunce

But o thou wofull troylus / god wolde  
Syt he thou must loue / it is thy desteny  
That you bysette were / in suche one that sholde  
Knowen all thy wo / all lacked her pyte  
But as colde in / loue towardes the  
Thy lady is / as froste in wynter moone  
And fordone / as snowe in fyre is soone

God wolde I were / arryued in the porche  
Of deth / to whiche my sorowe wyl me lede  
A lord to me / it were a grete comforche  
Then were I quyte / of languysshynge in deth  
For be myn heed / sorowe I blowe o bchede  
I shall be I aped / a thousande tyme  
More than ony of was / sely men in ryme

But now helpe god / and ye swete for whome  
I pleyne caught / you never with so faste  
O mercy deth / and helpe me frome  
The deth / for I / whyle that my lyfe laste  
More than my selfe / wyl loue you to my laste  
And with some frendly loke / glade me my swete  
Thoughe nothyng more / ye dō me herte

These wordes / a full many other mo  
He spake and called / cuer in his complaynte  
Her name for to tell / than was he wo  
Tyll nyght that he / In salte teres dreynte  
All was for nought / she herde not his playnte

of Troylus.

And whan that he thought on that sorly  
A thousande folde his woo gan multiply  
By waylynge in his chambre thus alone  
A frende of his that called is Pandare  
Came ones in and herde hym growne  
And sawe his frende in suche dystresse and care  
Alas quod he what causeth all this fare  
O mercy god what maye this vnhaphe meane  
Haue now this soone grekes made you lene

Or hast thou some remors of consciencie  
And arte now fallen in some deuocyon  
And waylest for thy synne and for thyne offence  
And hast for sere caught contrycyon  
God sauie them that bysyeged haue this towne  
That so can laye our Iolyte on presse  
And bryng our lusty folke to holynesse

These wordes sayd he for the nones all  
That with suche thynges he myght hym angre make  
And with his angre do his sorowe fall  
As for the tyme and his courage a wake  
And well wiste he as ferre as tonges spake  
There was no man of greter hardynesse  
Than he ne no more desyred worthynesse

What case quod Troylus tho or what auenture  
Hath the guyded the to se me languysshynge  
That am refuse of euery creature  
But for the loue of god at my praynge  
So hens awaie for certes my dyenge  
Wyll the dysease and I must nedes dye  
Therefore go hens there is no more to seye

Troylus.

B. iii.

## The fyre boke

But yf thou wene / I be this scke for drede  
It is not so / and therfore scorne me noughe  
There is another thyng / I take of hede  
Well more than the greekes / whiche haue it wrought  
Whiche cause is of my dethe / sorowe and thought  
But thoughte I the tell / the moost and the leste  
Be thou not wrothe / I hyde it for the beste

This Pandare so sory / for wo and for rowthe  
Full ofte sayde alas / what maye this be  
Now frende quod he / yf euere loue and crowthe  
Hathe ben or is / byt wene the and me  
He do thou neuer / such a cruelte  
To hyde frome me / thy frende such a care  
Knowest thou not well / that I am Pandare

I wyll parte with the / all the Payne  
Yf it be so / I do the no conforte  
As it is frendes ryght / the sothe for to sayne  
To enterparte wo / as gladde dysport  
I haue and shall / for treue or false reporte  
In wronge and ryght / I loued the all my lyue  
Hyde not thy wo frome me / but tell it blyue

Than gan this sorowfull / Troylus to to syke  
And sayde hym thus / god leue it be my beste  
To tell it the / for syth it maye the lyke  
Yet wyll I tell it / though he myne herte breste  
And well wote I / thou mayst do no reste  
But lest thou deme / I trust not to the  
Now herke frende / for thus it standeth with me  
Loue agaynste whiche / who so defendeth  
Hym selfe most / it with the leste auayleth

of Troylus.

With dyspeyre so sorowfull me offendeth  
That streyght vnto the dethe my herte it sayleth  
Therto desyre so bremyngely me assayleth  
That to be slayne it were a greter Joye  
To me than be kynge of Grece and of Troye

Suffyleth this my full frende Pandare  
That I haue sayde for now you knowe my wo  
And for the loue of god my colde care  
Hede it well I tolde it neuer to mo  
for harmes myght than folowe mo than two  
yf it were wylte but be thou in gladnesse  
And let me sterue vnknowe of my dystresse

How hast thou thus vnykndely and longe  
Hod this sco me thou foole quod Pandarus  
Perauenture thou mayste after suche one longe  
That myn aduyse it maye vs helpe thus  
It were a grete wondre quod Troylus  
Thou cowdest neuer in loue thy selfe to wylle  
How deuyll mayste thou than me bryng to blysse

Ye Troylus herken nowe quod Pandare  
Thoughe I be nyce it happeneth often so  
He that exesle dothe full euyll dothe he fare  
Euer by good counseyle kepe the therfro  
I haue scene my selfe a blyne man well go  
There as he fell that coude loke a wyde  
A foole maye eke a wylsemian often guyde

A whestone is no keruyng instrument  
But yet it maketh sharpe keruyng tooles  
And there thou knowest I haue my swent  
Eschewe thou that for suche thyng to scole is

## The fyſte boke

Thus ofte wylſe men/ben ware by fooles  
Yf thou do ſo/thy wyte is well bewaryd  
By his contrary/is euery thyngē declaryd

For how myght cuer/swetenes be knowe  
To hym that neuer/tasted bytternelle  
Ne no man maye/be Inly glade I trowe  
That neuer was in ſorow/or ſome dyſtrefle  
Eke whyte by blacke/by ſhame eke worthynelle  
Eche ſet by other/more for other ſemeth  
As men maye ſe/and ſo the wylſe it demeth

Syth thus of two contraries/is one boore  
I that haue ſo ofte/in loue alſayde  
Greuaunces ought/conne well the more  
Counſayle the/of that thou arte dyſmayde  
And eke the not ought/be euyll apayde  
Thoughe I deſyze/with the for to bere  
Thyne heuy charge/it ſhall the leſſe dere

I wote well/it fareth thus by me  
As to thy brother Parys/and a pynceſſe  
Whiche that yclipped was Denone  
Wrote in a complaynt/of her heuynelle  
Thou ſawſ the letter/that ſhe wrote I gesse  
Naye neuer yet ywys/quod Troylus  
Now quod Pandare/herken it was thus

Phebus that fyſte founde/arte of medycyne  
Quod ſhe that coude/in euery wyghtes care  
Remedy and rede/by herbes he knewe fyne  
Yet to hymſelfe/his cunnyngē was full bare  
For loue hadde hym/bounde in a ſnare  
All for the doughter/of the kyngē Amete

of Troylus

That all his crafte ne coude his sorowes bete

Kyght so fare I vnhappyly for me  
I loue one breste and that me smerteth sore  
And yet parauenture I maye well rede more  
And not myselfe repreue me no more  
I haue no cause I wote well for to sore  
As dothe and ha wke that hysteth for to playe  
But to thy helpe somwhat can I saye

And of one thyng ryght syker mayst thou be  
That certayne yf I sholde dye in the peyne  
That shall I never more to dyscouer the  
Ne by my truthe I kepe not restrayne  
The fro thy loue though it were Heleyne  
That is thy brothers wyfe yf I it wylst  
Be what she be and loue her as you lyste

Thersore as stendfully in me as ure  
And tell me plat now what is the encheason  
And synall cause of wo that ye endure  
For doubte you no thyng my Intencion  
Ne is to you of reprehensyon  
To speke as nowe for wyght maye bycme  
A man to loue tyll that hym lyste to leue

And wete well that bothe two ben bycnes  
Wystrust all or elles all to leue  
But well I wote the meane of it no byce is  
For to trust some wyght it is a preue  
Of trouthe and for thy wolde I sayne remeue  
Thy wronge conceypte and do the somewhat tryste  
Thy wo to tell and tell me yf the lyste

The wyse seeth who hym that is alone

Troylus.

C.i.

## The fyfte boke

For yf he fall he hath no helpe to ryse  
And syth thou hast a felowe tell thy mone  
For is not certayne the nexte wyse  
For to wynne loue as techeth vs the wyse  
To waple and wepe as kyobe the quene  
Whose teeres in marble yet to this daye ben sent

Let be thy weppinge and thy drecynesse  
And let vs thy wo make lesse with our speche  
So maye thy wofull tyme moche seme the lesse  
Delyte not in wo thy wo for to seche  
As done these fooles that they sorowes eche  
With sorowe whan they haue mysaventure  
They haue never lyste to scke ony cure

Men seen to wretches is consolacyon  
To haue an other felowe in his payne  
That ought well to be our oppynyon  
For bothe thou and I for loue we pleyne  
So full of sorowe am I the sothe for to seyne  
That certaynly no more harde grace  
Maye sytte on me for why there is no space

If god wyl thou arte not agast of me  
Lest I wolde of thy lady the begyle  
Thou knowes thyselfe whome I loue parde  
As I best can gone syth longe whyle  
And syth thou knowest I do it for no wyle  
Thou say's I am he thou trustes most  
Tell me somwhat syth all my mynde thou knowest

pet Troylus for all this no worde sayde  
But longe he laye stille as he deed were  
And after this with syghynge he abrayde

## of Troylus

And to Pandarus boyce/he layde his eere  
And vp his eyen caste he than in fere  
Was Pandarus/lest that in frenesye  
He shoulde fall/or elles soone dye

And cryed awake/full wonderly and shatpe  
What slomberest thou/as in a lytargye  
Or art thou lyke an Isle/vnto the harpe  
That hereth so wne/whan men on stringes pleye  
But in his mynde/of that no melodye  
Maye synke within hym/to glade for that he  
So dull he is/of his bestyalte

And with that Pandare/of his wordes stente  
And Troylus yet hym/no thyngе answerde  
For why to tell/it was not his entente  
Neuer to no man/for whome he so ferde  
For it is sayde/men make ofte a yerde  
With whiche the maker/is hymselfe ybeten  
In sondry maner/as these wyse men treten

And namcly/in his counseyle tellynge  
That toucheth loue/that ought to be secre  
For hymselfe/it wyllyng out sprynge  
But yf that it/the better guyded be  
Somtyme it is crafte/a man harme to st  
For thyngе whiche hurteth/men seken faste  
All this gan Troylus/in his herte caste

But neuertheles/whan he hadde herde hym crye  
Awake he gan/and syghed wondre soze  
And sayde frende/though that I styllye  
I am not deef/nor pess/and crye nomore  
I haue herde thy wordes/and thy loze

Troylus.

C.ii.

## The fyre boke

But suffre me my mysches for to wayle  
For thy prouerbes maye me nothyng auayle

None other cure canste thou for me  
Eke I wyll not be cured, I wyll deye  
What knowe I of the quene Nyobe  
Late be thyne olde ensamples, I the preye  
No quod Pandare therfore I saye  
Suche is delyte of fooles to bywepe  
Theyz wo but seke boote they ne kepe

Now knowe I that reason in the sayleth  
But tell me yf I wyst what shre were  
For whome that the all this my sauenture ayleth  
Durst thou that I tolde it in her eere  
Thy woo syth thou darst not thyselfe for fere  
And her besought on the to haue some rowthe  
Why nay quod he by god and by my trowthe

What not as bysly quod Pandarus  
As though myn owne lyfe laye in this nede  
No certes brother quod Troylus  
And why for that thou sholdest never sped  
Was thou not well that was out of dred  
Quod Troylus for all that euer ye come  
She nyll to no suche wretche as I to be wonne

Quod Pandarus alas what maye this be  
That thou dyspayred art thus causles  
what lyueth not thy lady benedicite  
How wotest thou so that thou arte graces  
Suche euyll is not alwyses bootelis  
Why put not impossyble thus thy cure  
Syr thyng to come is oft hath auenture

of Troylus.

What sholde he therfore fall in dyspayre  
Or be receaunt for his owne tecne  
Or flee hymselfe all be his lady sayre  
Nay nay but euer in one be fresshe and grene  
To serue and loue his dere hertes quene  
And thynke it is a guerdon for to serue  
A thousande folde more than he can deserue

And of that worde toke hede Troylus  
And thought anone what folye he was in  
And how that sothe hym sayde Pandarus  
That for to sle hymselfe myght he not wynne  
But bothe do vnmankode and also synne  
And of his dethe his lady not to wyte  
For of his wo god wote she knewe but lyte

And with that thought he gan full sore syke  
And sayde alas what is me best to do  
To whome Pandare answerde yf the lyke  
The beste is that thou tell me of thy wo  
And haue my trouthe but thou fynde it so  
I be thy boore or that it be full longe  
And elles to peces do me drawe and honge

ye so says thou quod Troylus tho alas  
But god wote it is not the rather so  
full harde were it to helpe me in this caas  
For well fynde I that fortune is my my fo  
Not all the men lyuyng whiche ryde or go  
Waye of her cruell whele the harme withstande  
For as she lyste she playeth with fre and bonde

I graunt well that thou endurest wo  
As sharpe as dothe Tyxus in hell

Troylus.

C.iii.

## The fyfte boke

Whose stomake fowles tyten euer mo  
That hyght vultures/as bokes tell  
But I maye not endure that thou dwelle  
In so an vnkyllfull oppynyon  
That of thy wo is no curacyon

Thou wyll not ones/for thy cowherde herte  
And for thyne Ire/and foolyshe wylfulnes  
For mystruste/tell of thy woundes smerte  
He to thyne owne helpe/do besynesse  
As moche as speke/a reason more or lesse  
But lyggest as he/that lyste of nothyng retche  
What woman coude than loue suche a wretche

What maye shc deme/other of thy deth  
Yf thou thus dye/and not why it is  
But that for drede/is yelden vp thy brethe  
For Grekes haue bysyged vs pwyg  
Lorde suche a thanke/shall thou haue of this  
Thus wyll she saye/and all the towne at ones  
The wretche is dead/the deuyll haue his bones

Thou mayst alone/here knele/wepe/and crye  
But loue a woman/that she wote it nought  
And she shall quyte it/thou shalte it not espye  
Unknowe vnkylste/and lost that is unsought  
What many a man/hath loue dere pbought  
Thenty wynter/that his lady ne wylste  
That never yet his lady/the mouthe he kylste

Quod Pandarus thou blamest fortune  
For thou art wrothe/nor ryght well I se  
This knowes thou well/that fortune is comune  
To every maner wyght/in some degré

of Troylus.

And yet thou hast this comfor<sup>t</sup>e to parde  
So as her Joves muste ouergone  
So must her sorowes passe then euerychone  
For yf her whel<sup>e</sup> stynt ony thyng<sup>e</sup> to tourne  
Than sealeth she anone fortunc to be  
Now syth her whel<sup>e</sup> by no waye maye soiourne  
What knowes thou of her mutabylyte  
Byght as thy selfe lyste she wyll do by the  
Or yf she be not seen at thy helppynge  
Perauenture thou hast a cause for to syng<sup>e</sup>  
And therfore knowes thou what I the bescche  
Let be thy wo and tournyng<sup>e</sup> to the grounde  
For who so lyste haue helppynge of his leche  
To hym behoueth lyste vncouer his wounde  
To Cerberus in hell aye be I bounde  
Were it for my sustre all thy sorowe  
By my wyll she sholde be thyne to morowe  
Loke vp I saye and tell me what she is  
Anone that I maye go aboue thy heade  
Knowe I her not for my loue tell me this  
Than wolde I hope rather for to sped<sup>e</sup>  
Tho gan the veynes of Troylus to blede  
For he was hyt and was all reed for shame  
A ha quod Pandare here begynueth the game  
And with that worde he gan hym to shake  
And sayde these thou shalte her name tell  
But tho gan scly Troylus to quake  
As though men sholde haue ledde hym to heli  
And sayde alas of all my wo the wyl  
That is she my swete calid Cresseyde  
Troylus.

The syste boke

And with that wōde/for sere nygh he dēyde  
And whan Pandare herde hym/het name heuene  
Lordē he was gladdē and sayde frēnde so dēre  
Now fare aryght/for Ihesus name in heuene  
Loue hath besette the well/be of good chere  
For of good name/wysdome and manere  
She hathe ynoughe/and eke of gentylnesse  
If she be fayre thou knowest thy selfe I gesse  
Neuer sawe I none more bounteouis  
Of her estate/ne gladder of speche  
A frēndlyer/ne more gracyous  
For to do well/ne lasse hadde nedē to seche  
What is for to done/and all this let to eche  
In honour/to a sfer as she maye stretche  
A kynges herte/semeth by herres a wretche  
And also thynke/and therwith gladdē the  
That syth thy lady/vertuous is all  
So foloweth it/that there is some pyte  
Amonge all these other/in generall  
And for thy saye/that in especyall  
Requyze not that is/agaynste her name  
For vertue stretcheth not/hym selfe to shame  
Now bete thy brest/and saye to god of loue  
Thy grace lordē/for now I me repent  
ys I my spake aforē now my selfe I loue  
Thus saye with all thy herte/with good entent  
Quod Troylus/a lordē I me consente  
And praye to the my Japes to foryeue  
And I shall neuer more/whyle I lyue  
Thou say's well quod Pandare now I hope

of Troylus.

That thou the goddes wrath/hast apeased  
And syth thou hast/wepte many a drope  
And sayde suche thyngē/wherwith thy god is pleased  
Now wolde never god/but thou were easēd  
And thynke well she/of who/ne ryse all thy wo  
Here afore thy confort may be also

For that grounde/that bereth the wedes quycke  
Bereth also/the holsome herbes full ofte  
Nexte the soule nettle/rough and thicke  
The rose wexith swete/smothe and softe  
And nexte the baley/is the hyll alofte  
And nexte the derke nyght/is the gladde morowe  
And also Joye/is nexte the ende of sorowe

Now loke that attempre/be thy brydell  
And for the best/are suffre to the tyde  
Or elles all our labour/is all ydell  
He hasteth well/that wylly can abyde  
Be dylygent and true/and alwaye hyde  
Be lusty fre/perseuer in thy seruise  
And all is well/yf thou werke in this wyse

The tymē thou mayst blesse/that euer þ were borne  
And the goddes thanke/that in so good a place  
Haue the bystowed in loue/I durst haue sworne  
That thou sholde never haue hadde/so fayre a grace  
And why/for thou/we're euer wonte to chace  
At loue in scorne/and for dyspyte hym call  
Delyuer the worlde/lorde of this fooles all

full ofte haste thou made/thy nyce Japes  
And sayde/that loues seruauntes euerychone  
For nycete/ben veraye goddes apes

## The fyfte boke

And some wolde mowche theyr mete alone  
Lyggyng a bedde and make them for to grone  
And some thou saydest hadde a blaunce feure  
Thou prayed god they myght never cure

And some of them toke on them for the colde  
More than ynough/so saydest thou full ofte  
And some haue feyned often tyme and tolde  
How that they waken whan they slepen softe  
And thus they wolde haue brought themselfe alofte  
And lowest were vnder than at the laste  
Thus saydest thou and I aped full fafte

Yet saydest thou that for the more parte  
These louers wolde speke in generall  
And thoughten it was a syker art  
For faylyng for to assaye ouer all  
And many a Jape of the yf that I shall  
But nethenes thoughte that I sholde deve  
That thou art none of tho I durste seye

But he that parted is in euery place  
Is not grounded as wytenclekes wyse  
What wondre is thoughte suche one haue no grace  
Eke well thou knowes it lacketh of some seruyce  
As plant a tree or herbe in sondry wyse  
And on the morowe pull it vp as blyue  
No wondre thoughte it maye never thyue

And syth that god of loue hathe the bystowed  
In place dygne vnto thy worthynesse  
Stonde fafte for to good porte hast thou rowed  
And of thy selfe for ouyr heuynesse

## of Troylus.

Hope alwaye well/for but yf dreyfynesse  
Ouer haste/our labours bothe yshende  
I hope of this/to make a good ende

And knowes thou why/I am the lesse asfered  
Of this mater/with my nece to treate  
So this haue I herde saye/ost of lered  
Was never man/ne woman yet bygete  
That was bnapte/to softre loues hete  
Celestyall/or elles loue of kynde  
For thy some grace/in her I hope to synde

And for to speke/of her in specyall  
Her beaute bethynke/and than her sauor  
It semeth her not to be celestyall  
All tho she bethynke/she haue no make by fer  
But truely it semeth/never no louer  
A worthy knyght/to loue and cheryce  
And but he do/I holde it for a vyce

Wherfore I am/and wyll be all redy  
To peyne me/to do you this seruyce  
For bothe you to please/thus hope I  
Here afterwarde/ye be bothe wyse  
And can it counsayll kepe/in suche awyse  
That no man shall the wyser therof be  
And so we maye/be gladde all thre

And by my trouthe/I haue ryght now of the  
A good conceyce/in my wyt as I gesse  
And what it is/I wyll now that thouse  
I bethynke syth that loue/of his goodnesse  
Hath the conuerted/out of wyckednesse  
That thou shalte be/the best post I leue

The fyrete boke

Of all his laye / and most his foos greue

Ensample nowe se / these grete clerkes  
That are althermost / agaynste the lawe  
And ben conuerted / frome theyz wycked werkes  
Throughe grace of god / that lyf them drawe  
Than ben they folke / that haue god moste in awe  
And strongest ben in saythe / as I vnderstonde  
And can an errour / alderbest withstonde

Whan Troylus hadde herde / Pandare assented  
To be his helpe / in louynge of Creseyde  
Ware of his wo / as who saythe vntourmented  
But hotter was his loue / and than he sayde  
With sobre chere / as thoughe his herte hadde playde  
Now blystfull venus / helpe or that I sterue  
Of the Pandare / I may somethanke deserue

But dere frende / how shall my wo be lesse  
Cyll this be doone / and good eke tell me this  
How wylt thou sayc / of me and my dystresse  
Lest she be wrothe / this drede I moost ywylg  
Or wyll not here / or trowen how it is  
All this drede I / and eke for the manere  
Of the her Emme / she wyll no suche chynge here

Quod Pandarus / thou hast full grete care  
Lest that the choyle / fall out of the moone  
Why lord / I hate of the thy nyce fare  
What entremete of that / thou hast to doone  
For goddes loue / I byde the a boone  
So let me alone / and it shall be thy beste  
What frende quod he / nowe do as the leste  
But herke Pandare / o worde for I nolde

of Troylus.

That thou in me wendest so grete wolye  
That to my lady I desyre sholde  
That toucheth harme or ony bylonye  
For dредeles me were leuer dye  
Than she of me ought elles vnderstode  
But that that myght sowne in to good

Tho lowgh this Pandare and anone anherde  
And I thy borowe sy no wyght dothe but so  
I caught not though she stode and herde  
How that thou says but fare well I wyll go  
A dieu be gladde god sped us bothe two  
Yeue me this labour and this besynesse  
And of my sped be thyne all the swetenesse

Tho Troylus gan downe on his knees fall  
And Pandare in his armes hent faste  
And sayde now sye on the grekes all  
Yet parde god shall helpe us at the laste  
And dредeles yf that my lyse maye laste  
And god to forne yet some of them shall smerte  
And yet me athynketh this auaunt me asterte

Now Pandarus I can nomore seye  
But thou wyle yf woste thou mayste thou arte all  
My lyse my dethe hole in thyne hande I laye  
Helpe now quod he yes by my crowthe I shall  
God yelde the frende and this in specyall  
Quod Troylus that thou me recommaunde  
To her that maye me to the dethe comaunde

This Pandarus tho desyrous to serue  
His full frende tho sayde in this manere  
Fare well and thyng I wyll thy thanke deserue

## The fyfte boke

Haue here my truthe / & that thou shalt well here  
And wente his waye / thynkyng on this matere  
And how he myght best / byseche her of grace  
And fynde a tyme / thereto and a place

For euery wyght / that hath an hous to founde  
He remmeth not / the werke for to begynne  
With rakyll hande / but he wyll byde a stounde  
And sende his hertes lyne / out from within  
Altherfyste / his purpose for to wyune  
All this Pandare / in his herte thought  
And caste his werke / full wysely or he wrought

But Troylus tho / laye no lenger downe  
But vp anone / vpon his stede baye  
And in the felde / he played the lywone  
Wo was the Greke / that mette with hym that daye  
And in the towne / his maner he holdeth aye  
So goodly he was / and gate hym so in grace  
That ech he hym loued / that loked in his face

For he became / the frendlyest knyght  
The gentyllest / and eke the moost fre  
The thyfystest / and also the beste wyght  
That in his tyme / was or myght be  
Deed were his iapes / and his cruelte  
His hye porce / and his maner straunge  
And ech of tho / gan for a vertue chaunge

Now let vs synte of Troylus a stounde  
That fareth lyke a man / that hurte is soze  
And is somdelc akyng / of his wounde  
Dressed well / but heled no dele more  
And as an easly pacyent / the loze

of Troylus.

Ibydeth of hym that goth aboute his cure  
And thus he dryueth for the his aduenture

Here followeth the prologue of the seconde boke.

**D**it of the blacke wawes/for to sayle  
O wynde the weder/begynneth to clere  
for in this se þ bote hath suche trauayle  
Of my cunnyngē/that bnneth I sit stere  
This see clepe I/the tempestous matere  
Of dysspāye/that Troylus was in  
For now of hope/the kalendes begynne

O lady myne that called art Cleo  
Thou be my spedē fro this forthe and my muse  
To ryme well this boke/tyll that I haue do  
Me nedeth here/none other arte to vse  
For why to euer louet/I me excuse  
That of no sentement/I this endyte  
But out of latyn/into my tongue I wryte

Wherfore I wyll haue/neyther thanke ne blame  
Of all this wetke/but praye you mickely  
Dysblaine you me/þfony wōrde be lame  
For as myn auctour sayth/so saye I  
Eke thoughe I speke/þf loue vnſelyngely  
No wondre is/for it of thyngē now newe is  
A blynde man can not/well Juge who he w̄is

I knowe eke/that in forme of speche is chaunge  
Within a thouande yere/of wordes tho  
That hadden pr̄yce/ben now newe and straunge  
Us thynketh them/and yet we speke them so  
And spedē as well in loue/as men now do

## The systre boke

Eke for to wynne loue/in sondry ages  
In sondrye londes/sondrye ben blages  
And for thy p[er]fit hap/in ony wyse  
That there be ony louer in this place  
That herkeneth/as the story can deuyse  
How Troylus came to his ladys grace  
And thynketh so nolde I loue purchase  
Or wondreth on his speche/or doyng[e]  
I not but vnto me/it was no wondryng[e]  
For euery ryght/whiche that to Rome went  
Held[e] not one path/ne all one manere  
Eke in some londe/were all the gameysuent  
ys they ferde in loue/as men done here  
As thus in open doyng[e]/and in chere  
In bysytyng[e] in forme/or sayde our lawes  
For why men seen/ech[e] countre hathe his lawes  
Eke scarsly be there/in this place thre  
That haue in loue sayde lyke/and done all  
For to thy purpos/this maye lyke the  
And the ryght nought yet all is sayde and shall  
Eke some men graue/in the stone wall  
As it betydeth/but lyth I haue begonne  
By auctour shall I folowe/ys that I conne

Here endeth the prologue.

And here begynneth the seconde boke.



Consequently foloweth the secunde boke  
of Troylus / and it sheweth how that Pan  
dare / vncle to Cresseide / dyde the message  
of Troylus vnto Cresseide / a3 foloweth.



Troylus.

D. i.

## The secunde boke

**M**ayye that moder is of monethes glade  
That fresshe floures blewe whyte and rede  
Ben quykned agayne þ wynter deed made  
And full of bawine is fletyng euery mede  
Whā Pheb<sup>9</sup> doth his bryght beames sprede  
Ryght in the whyte bull it is betyde  
As I shall syng on Mayes daye the thyrde

That Pandarus for all his wylle speche  
Felte eke his parte of loues shottes kene  
That coude he never so well of louyng preche  
It made his hewe full ofte a daye grene  
And soddynly brought Pandare in to tene  
In loue for the whiche within hym so wrought  
Longe or the dayerowe he toke many a thought

The swalowe proyneth with a sorowfull laye  
For whan morowe came she made waymentynge  
Why she forshape was and all astyll laye  
Pandare a bedde halfe in a slombryng  
Tyll she so nyghe hym made her chyterynge  
How Tereus gan forthe her syster take  
That with the noyse of her he gan awake

And gan to call and dresse hym to ryse  
Remembryng hym his erande was to done  
From Troylus and eke his grete enterpryse  
And caste þ knewe in good plyte was the mone  
To do byage and toke his waye full sone  
Unto his neys palays there besyde  
Now Janus god of ente thou be my guyde

Whan he was come unto his neys place  
Wherc is my lady to her folke quod he

of Troylus.

And they hym tolde/and he forthe in gan pace  
And founde two other ladyes/syt and she  
Within a paued parlour/and they thre  
Herde them a mayden/redynge a gest  
Of the syege of Thebes/whyle them leſt

Quod Pandarus/madanis god you se  
With your booke/and all the compayne  
By vncle now/welcomie ywys quod she  
And vp she rose/and by the hande in hye  
She toke hym faste/and sayde thus nyght thrye  
To good maye it tourne/of you I mette  
And with that worde/she on the beuche hym sette

Ye nece/ye shall fare well the bet  
Yf god wyl/all this vere quod Pandarus  
But I am sorry/that I haue you let  
To herken on your booke/ye praysen thus  
For goddes loue what saythe it/tell it vs  
Is it of loue/or some good thyngye ye melle  
Uncle quod she/your maystres is not here

With that they gan laughe/and tho she sayde  
This romaunce is of Thebes/that we rede  
And we haue herde/how that kyng Layus deyde  
Throughe Edyppus his sone/and all that dede  
And here we stynt/at these lettres rede  
How the bysshop/as the booke gan tell  
Amphyvorax fell/throughe the grounde to hell

Quod pandarus/all this knowe I my selue  
And all the syeges of Thebes/and the carc  
For heres ben there bookes made twelue  
But let be this/and tell me how ye fare

Troylus.

D.ii.

## The secunde boke

Do wape your wynple/and shewe youre face bare  
Do wape your boke/ryse vp and let vs daunce  
And let vs do to Maye/some obseruaunce

A god forbede quod she/be ye madde  
Is this a wydowes lyfe/so god you saue  
Be god you make me now/ryght soze a dradde  
Ye be so wylde/it semeth as yeraue  
It semeth me better/to be in a caue  
To byde and rede/on holy sayntes lyues  
Let maydens go daunce/and these yonge wyues

Is euer thyng I/quod this Pandarus  
Yet couthe I tell a thyng/to do your herte playe  
Now vncle dere quod she/tell it vs  
For goddes loue/is than the syege awaie  
I am of the Grekes/so ferde that I deye  
Nay nay quod he/as euer mote I thyng  
It is a thyng/moche better than such syng

Ye holy god quod she/what thyng is that  
Better than such syng/may wylgs  
For all this woldene can I rede what  
It shall be some Iape/I trowe it is  
And but yourselfe vs tell/what it is  
My wyte to arede it/is all to lene  
As helpe me god/I not what you meane

And I your bozowe/me never shall quod he  
This thyng betolde to you/so mote I thyng  
And why so vncle myne/why so quod she  
By god quod he/that wyl I tell as blyng  
For powder woman/is there none on lyng  
And ye it wylste/in all the towne of Troye

of Troylus.

I lye not so euer houe I Joye

Tho gan she wondre more than byorne  
A thousande folde and dwone her eyen caste  
For neuer syth the tyme she was borne  
To knowe a thynge desyred she so faste  
And with a sygh she sayde hym at the laste  
Now vncle myne I wyll you not dysplease  
Ne axe thynge that maye do you dyssease

So after this with many wordes gladde  
And frendly tales and with mery chere  
Of this and that they gon to playe and wade  
In many vncowth gladde and depe matere  
As frendes done whan they ben mette in fere  
Tyll she gan aske hym how that Hector ferde  
Thas was the wall of Troye and Grekes yerde

full well I thanke god quod Pandarus  
Saue in his arme he hath a lytell wounde  
And eke his frende brother Troylus  
The wylle worthy Hector the secunde  
In whome that euery vertu lyste habounde  
Is all trawthe and all gentylnesse  
Wysdome honour fredome and worthynesse

In good saythe Emme she sayde that lyketh me  
They faren well god saue them bothe two  
For treuly I holde it grete deynite  
A kynges sone in armes well to do  
And he of good condycyons thereto  
For grete power and morall vertu here  
Is selden sene in one persone I fere  
In good saythe that is sothe quod Pandarus  
Troylus.

D.iii.

## The secunde boke

But by my trouthē the kynge hathē sones tweye  
That is to saye Hector and Troylus  
That certaynly thoughtē that I sholde deye  
They ben as boyde of dyces dare I saye  
As ony men that lyuen vnder the sonne  
They myght is wyde knownen and what they conne

Of Hector nedeth nothyngē for to tell  
In all this worlde there nys a better knyght  
Than he that is of worthynesse well  
And he well more vertue hathē than myght  
This knoweth many a wylle and worthy knyght  
The same pryce of Troylus I say  
God helpe me so I knowe not suchē twey

By god quod she of Hector that is sothe  
Of Troylus the same thynge I  
For dzedelē men telleth that he dothe  
In armes daye by daye and that so worthyly  
And bereth hym here at home so gentilly  
To euery wyght that ouer all pryce hathē he  
Of them that were me leuest praysed be

Ye saye ryght sothe wyls quod Pandarus  
For yesterdaye who hathē with hym ben  
Wyght haue wondred vpon Troylus  
For neuer yet so thycke a swarne of been  
As than the grekes frome hym gan flee  
And throughtē the felde in euery wyghtes ere  
There was no crye but Troylus was there

Now here now there he hunted them to faste  
There was but Grekes blodde and Troylus  
Now them he hurte and now them downe caste

## of Troylus.

Here he wente it was arayed thus  
He was theyr dethe and shelde and lyfe for vs  
That as that daye there durste none with stonde  
Whyle he helde his blody swerde in honde  
Therto he is the frendelyest man  
Of grete estate that euer I sawe in my lyue  
And where hym lyft best felawshyp can  
To suche as hym thynketh able for to thryue  
And with that worde tho Pandarus as blyue  
Toke of them leue and sayde he wolde go henne  
Nay blame haue I quod she vncle thenne  
What eyleth you to be this very soone  
And namely of women wyll ye so  
Nay sytte you downe by god I haue to doone  
With you to speke of wysdome or ye go  
And euery wyght that was aboute them two  
That herde that gan fer awaye to stonde  
Whyle they two hadde all that them leste on honde  
Whan that her tale brought was to an ende  
Of her estate and her gouernauice  
Quod Pandarus now is tymie I wende  
But now I sayc aryse and let vs daunce  
And caste your wydowes habyte to my schaunce  
What lyste you thus your selfe to dyslygure  
Sith you is betyd so gladde an auenture  
A well bythought for loue of god quod she  
Shall I not wryte what ye meane of this  
No this thynge asketh lesur quod he  
And che me wolde moche greue ywys  
Yf I it tolde and ye toke it amyg  
Yet were it better my tongue for to styll

## The secunde boke

Than saye a thynge that were agaynste youre wyll

For nece by the goddesse Mynerue  
And Jubyter that maketh the thundre to ryng  
And by the blyssfull Venus that I serue  
Ye be the woman in this worlde lyuyng  
Without peramoures to my wptyng  
That I best loue and loshest am to greue  
And that you knownen well yourselfe I leue

Wys myne uncle quod she gramecy  
Your frenshyp haue I founde euer yet  
I am to no man holden treuly  
So moche as you and haue so lytell quyt  
And with grace of god with my full wyt  
As in my gylte I shall you never offendre  
And yf I haue or this I wyll amende

Be not you agaste me quake not wherto  
He chaunge you not for fere so your hewe  
For hardely the worse of this is do  
And though my tale be now as to you newe  
Yet trust alwaye ye sholde fynde me trewe  
And were it thynge me thought vnsyttyng  
To you wolde I no such tales bryng

Now my good Emme for goddes loue I praye  
Quod she come ol and tell me what it is  
For bothe I am agaste what ye wyll saye  
And eke me longeth to wete wrys  
For whether it be well or be amyng  
Saye and let me not in this fere to dwell  
So shall I do now herken I shall tell  
Now nece myne the kynges dere sone

of Troylus.

The good wyse worthy/fresshe and fre  
Whiche alwaye for to do well/is his wone  
The noble Troylus/so loueth the  
But that you helpe/it wyll his dethe be  
Lo here is all/what sholde I more scye  
Do what you lyste/make hym lyue or deye

And yf you let hym dye/than wyll I sterue  
Haue here my trowthe/for I wyll not lye  
All shoulde I with this knyfe/my throte to kerue  
With that the teres braste out of his eye  
And sayd yf that ye do vs bothe deye  
What meane you/thoughe we bothe apayre  
Thus gyltles/than haue ye fylched fayre

Alas he/whiche is my lord so dere  
That trewe man/that noble knyght  
That nought desyret/h but youre frendly chete  
I se hym dye/there he gothe vpryght  
And hasteth hym/with all his full myght  
For to bslayne/yf his fortune assent  
Alas that god/suche a beaute you sent

Yf it be so/ye so cruell be  
That of his dethe/ye lyste not to retche  
That is so trewe/and worthy as we se  
Nomore than of a Japer/or of a wretche  
Yf ye be such/e youre beaute may not stretche  
To make amiedes/of so cruell a dede  
A iysciment is good/byfore the nede

Wo worth the fayre Gemme vertules  
Wo worth that herbe/that dothe no bote  
Wo worth that beaute/that is rotelis

Troylus.

E.i.

## The secunde boke

And all suche as trede men vnder fote  
And ye that be of beaute/croppe and rote  
Yf that withall/in you be no rowth  
Than is it harme/yelyuen by my trowth

And also thynke well/that this is no gawde  
For me were leuer/bothe you I and he  
Were hanged/than I sholde be his bawde  
As hyz as ony man/mayght ou vs se  
I am thyne Came/the shame were to me  
As well as thyne/yf that I sholde assente  
Through my counsayll/that he thyne honour shente

Now vnderstonde/for I not requere  
To bynde you to hym/by no byheste  
But onely/that ye make hym better chere  
Than ye haue done/or this/and make hym more fest  
So that his lyfe be sauad/at the leste  
This is all and some/and playnly our entent  
God helpe me so/I neuer other ment

To this request/is not but skyll ywys  
Ne doubt of treason/parde is there none  
I sette the worse/that ye haue vredde this  
Men wolde woundre/to se hym come and gone  
There agaynte/answere I thus anone  
That euery wyght/but he be soole of kynnde  
Wyll deme it loue/and frenshyp in his mynde

What who wyll deme/though he se a man  
To temple go/that he the ymage eteth  
Thynke eke how well/and wylsly that he can  
Gouerne hymselfe/that he no thyngc forgeteth  
That wher he cometh/the pycce & thanke he geteth

of Trolyus.

And eke therto/he shall come here so selde  
What force were it/þf all the towne behelde

Suche loue of frendes/reygneth in all this towne  
And wþye you in that mantell/euermo  
And god so wþþly/be my saluacyowne  
As I haue sayde you/best is to do so  
But good nece alwaye/to stynte his wo  
So let your daunger/sugred be alyte  
That of his dethe/þe be not to wyte

Cresyde whiche that herde hym/in this wþse  
Thoughe I shall sele/what ye meane ywys  
Now came quod she/what wþl ye deuyse  
What is your reed/I sholde do of this  
That is well sayde quod he/certayne best is  
That ye hym loue agayne/for his louynge  
As loue for loue/is skyfull gwerdonnyng

Thynke you also/therre wasteth euery houte  
In eche of you/a party of beaute  
And therfore/or a ege you deuoure  
So loue for olde/therre wþl no wyght of the  
Lette this prouerbe/a loze vnto you be  
To late I ware/quod beaute whan it is past  
And a ege daunteh/daunger at the laste

The kynges foole/is wonete to crye lowde  
Whan that hym thynketh/a woman bereth her hþe  
So longe mote ye lyue/and all proude  
Cyll crowes feete/ben were vnder your eye  
And sende you than/a myzrour in to þrye  
In whiche that you maye/se your face a morowe  
Abide than and wþþle you to no more sorowe

Trolyus.

C.ii.

## The secunde boke

With this he stynt / and cast downe the heed  
And she began / to brest to wepe anone  
And sayde alas / I wolde I were dced  
For of this worlde / the saythe is all gone  
Alas what shoulde / a straunger to me done  
Whan that he / who my beste frende I wende  
Wyll make me loue / and shoulde me defende

Alas I wolde / haue trusted doubtles  
That yf that I / throughe my dysauenture  
Hadde loued hym / other Achylies  
Hector / or ony other creature  
Ye wolde haue hadde / no mercy ne misure  
On me but alwaye / hadde me in repres  
This false worlde / alas howe maye it leue

What is this all / the Joye and the feest  
Is this youre rede / is this your blyffull caas  
Is this the veraye mede / of your byhest  
Is all this peynted proces / come to this alas  
Byght for this fyne / o lady myne Pallas  
Thou in this dredfull cas / for me purueye  
For so astonyed am I / that I dye

With that she gan / sorrowfully to syke  
And maye it be no better / quod Pandarus  
By god I shall no more / come here this weke  
And god to forne / that am mystrusted thus  
I se ryght well / ye sette lytell of vs  
O xofour dethe / alas I wofull wretche  
Myght he yet lyue / of me it were no retche

O cruell god / o dyspytous smarte  
O furyes thre of hell / on you I crye

of Troylus.

So let me never/out of this house departe  
Yf that I ment harme/or bylonye  
But sythe I se/my lord must nedes dye  
And I with hym/here I me shryue and seye  
That wyckedly/ye do vs bothe deye

But syth it lyketh you/that I be dead  
By Sceptunus/that god is on the see  
Fro this furthe/shall I never ete breste  
Tyll I myne owne/herete blode maye se  
For certayne I wyll dye/as soone as he  
And vp he sterte/and on his waye he caught  
Tyll she agayne hym/by the lappe caught

Creshde with that/sore agaste for fere  
So as she was/the ferdefullst wyght  
That myght be/and herde eke with her ere  
And sawe the sorowfull crnest/of the knyght  
And in his prayer/eke sawe none bnyght  
And for the harme/that myght eke fall more  
She gan to rewre/and drede her wondre sore

And thought thus/bnhappes fallen thycke  
All daye for loue/in suche maner caas  
As men ben cruell/in thenselv and wyke  
And yf this man sle hymselfe alas  
In my presence/it wyll be no solas  
What men wyll it demie/I can not saye  
It nedeth me/full wylsely to playe

And with a sorowfull syke/she sayde thrye  
I lorde that me is tyde/a sorry chounce  
For myn estate/lyeth in Jeopardy  
And eke my lames lyse/lyeth in balaunce

Troylus.

C.iii.

The secunde boke

Neuerthelesse with goddes gouernaunce  
I shall so do myne honour shall I kepe  
And eke his lyfe and stynt for to wcpē

Of harmes two the lasse is for to chese  
Yet hadde I leuer make hym good chere  
In honour than myne owne Cames lyfe to lese  
Ye saye ye no thyngel elles requere  
That is well sayde my nowe nece dere  
Now well quod she and I wyll do my payne  
I shall my herte agaynste my luste constraine  
But that I wyll not to holde hym in honde  
Ne loue a man ne can I not ne maye  
I gaynste his wyll but elles wyll I sondē  
Myne honour saue please hym frome daye to daye  
Therto nolde I not ones haue sayde naye  
But that I drede as in his fantasye  
But cease of the cause ceaseth the maladye

But here I make a protestacyon  
That in this proces or ye forther go  
That certaynly for no saluacyon  
Of you thoughte ye sterue bothe two  
And all the worlde on a daye be my so  
Ne shall I neuer of hym haue other rowthe  
I graunt well quod Pandare by my crowth

But may I trust well to you quod he  
That of this thyngel that ye haue me here  
Ye wyll holden trewly vnto me  
Ye doubtē it not quod she my vncle dere  
Ne that I shall haue cause in this mateer  
Quod he to playne or after you to preche

of Troylus.

Why no parde/what nedeth more speche

Tho sell they/in other tales glade  
Tyll at the laste/o good Cane quod she tho  
For his loue/whiche vs bothe made  
Tell me how fyoste/ye wisten of his wo  
Wote none of it but ye/he sayde no  
Can he well speke of loue/quod she I you praye  
Tell me for I the bet/shall me puruaye

Tho Pandarus/a lytell gan to smyle  
And sayde by my trouthe/I shall you tell  
This other daye/not go full longe whyle  
Within the gardyn palays/by a well  
Gan he and I/halfe a daye to dwell  
Ryght for to speke/of an ordynaunce  
How we the Grekes/myght dysauaunce

Soone after that/we gan to lepe  
And caste with our dartes/to and fro  
Tyll at the laste/he sayde he wolde slepe  
And on the gras/adowne he layde hym tho  
And I after/gan come to and fro  
Tyll that I herde/as I walked alone  
How he began/wofully to grawne

Tho gan I stalk hym/softely behynde  
And lykyly/the sothe for to sayne  
As I can clyppe agayne/to my mynde  
Ryght thus to loue/gan hym for to playne  
He sayde lord haue rowthe/upon my payne  
All haue I be rebell/in myne entente  
Row(mea culpa)lord I me repent  
O god/that thy dysposycyon

Troylus.

C.iii.

## The secunde boke

Ledeth the syne/b<sup>y</sup> Juste purveyaunce  
Of euery wyght/b<sup>y</sup> lowe confessyon  
Accepte in gre/ and sende me suche penaunce  
As lyketh the/but frome desperaunce  
Let not thy ghost/departe awaye fro the  
Thou be my shelde/for thy bengnyte

For certes lord/e so sore hakhe sh<sup>e</sup> me wounded  
That stode in blacke/with lokynge of her eye  
That to my hertes bottum/it is sounded  
Throughe whiche I wote/that I must nedes deye  
This is the worste/I dare not bewraye  
And well the hotter/ben the gledes reed  
That men them wraye/with askynge pale and deed

With that he smote his heed downe anone  
And gan to thynke/I not what trewly  
And I with that/gan stylle awaie to gone  
And lete therof/as nothyng wyste hadde I  
And came agayne anone/and stode hym by  
And sayde awake/ye slepen all to longe  
It semeth not/that loue dothe you longe

That slepeth so/that no man maye you wake  
Who saue euer or this/so dull a man  
Ye frende quod he/do ye your hedes ake  
For loue and lette me/lyue nowe as I can  
But though he that he for wo/was pale and wan  
Yet made he tho/as fressh a countenaunce  
As though he sholde/haue lede the daunce

This passed for the tyll now this other daye  
It fell that he came romyng all alone

of Troylus.

Into his chambre/and founde how that he laye  
Upon his bedde/but man so sore growne  
He herde I never/ne what was his mone  
He wiste I not/for as I was comynge  
All sodaynly/he leste his complaynynge

Of whiche I tooke somwhat suspeccyon  
And nere I came/and founde hym wepyng soze  
And god so wys/be my saluacyon  
Neuer yet of thyngē/hadde I rowthe more  
For nother with engyne/ne with loze  
Unmethes myght I/come the dethē hym kepe  
That yet sele I for hym/mynē herte wepe

And god wote/neuer syth I was borne  
Was I so bely/no man to preche  
He never was to wyght so depe ysworne  
O he me tolde/who myght be his leche  
But now to reherse/all this his speche  
O all his wosfull wodes/for to sowne  
He bydde me not/but ye wyll se me sowne

But for to saue his lyfe/and elles nouḡt  
And to none harme of you/thus am I dryue  
As for the loue of god/that vs hath wrought  
Suche chere hym dothe/as he and I maye lyue  
Now haue I plate to you/mynē herte shryue  
And sythe ye wote/that myne herte is clene  
Take hede therol/for I none euyll meane

And ryght good thyfste/I praye to god haue ye  
That haue suche one/caught withouten net  
And be ye wylle/as ye be fayre to se  
Well in the ryngē/than is the Ruby set

## The secunde boke

There were never two so well ymet  
Whan ye be his all hole/as he is youre  
All myghty god graunte vs to se that houre

Naye therof spake I not/a ha quod she  
As helpe me god/ye shenden euery dele  
A mercy dere nece/anone quod he  
That so I spake/I mene but wele  
By Mars the god/that helmed is with stede  
Now be not wrothe my blode my nece dere  
Now well quod she/for gyuen be it here

With this he toke his leue/and whome he wente  
A lord so he was gladd/and well bygone  
Cresyde arose/no lenger she ne stent  
But streyght in to the closet/she wente anone  
And sette her downe/as styll as ony stome  
And euery worde/gan vp and downe to wynde  
As he hadde sayde/as it came to her mynde

And was somwhat astonyed/in her thought  
Byght for the newe caas/but whan that she  
Was full auyled/than founde she ryght nought  
Of peryll/whiche she ought aferdet to be  
For men maye loue/of pollybylyte  
A woman maye so/his herte to breste  
And she not loue agayne/but her leste

But as she satte alone/and thought thus  
Acrye arose at scarlyshe/all without  
And men cryed in the strete/se Troylus  
Hath nowe put his flyght/the Grekes route  
With that gan her meyne/for to showte  
I go we se/caste vp the gates wyde

of Troylus.

for through this strete he muste to paye ryde  
for other waye is fro the gate none  
Of Dardanus there open is the chayne  
With that came he and all his folke anone  
An easy pas rydyng in rowtes twayne  
Byght as his happy daye was sothe to sayne  
for whiche men seen maye not dystourbed be  
That shall betyde muste be of necessite

This Troylus satte on his baye stede  
All armes sauie his heed full rychely  
And wounded was his horse and gan to blede  
In whiche he rode a pale full softly  
But suche a knyghtly syght truely  
As was on hym was not withouten fayle  
To loke on Mars that is god of batayle

So lyke a man of armes and a knyght  
He was to se fulfylled of hye prowesse  
for he bothe hathe a body and a myght  
To do a thynge as well as hardynesse  
And to se hym in his gere hym dresse  
So fresshe so yonge and worthy seemed he  
It was an heuen vpon hym to se

His helme to hewen was in twenty places  
That by a tassell hynge his backe behynde  
His shelde to dasched with swerdes and maces  
In whiche men myght many an arowe fynde  
That thrylled hadde horne nerke and rynde  
And aye the people cryed here cometh oure Joye  
Nexte his brother holder vp of Troye  
For whiche he waxed all reed for shame

## The secunde boke

And whan he herde the people on hym crye  
That to beholde it was a noble game  
How soberly than he caste downe his eye  
And Cressyde gan all his chere espye  
And lete it so softe in her herte synke  
That to herselfe she sayde/ who gaue me drynke

For of her owne thought he waxed all reed  
Remembryng her ryght thus/ lo this is he  
Whiche that myne uncle swereth/ he must be dead  
But I on hym haue mercy and pyte  
And with that thought alhained was she  
She can her heed in pull/ and that as faste  
Whyle he and the people forthe by her paste

And gan to caste/ and roule vp and downe  
Within her thought/ his excellent proesse  
And his hye estate/ and all his renowne  
His wytte/ his shappe/ and eke his gentylnes  
But most her fauour was/ for his dystresse  
Was all for her/ and thought it was a rowthe  
To see suche one/ yf that he ment trowthe

Now myght some enuyous/ I angle thus  
This was a sodayne loue/ how myght it be  
That she so hastely/ loued Troylus  
Byghe for the fyfth syght/ ye parde  
Now who so sayth/ m[e] he never the  
For every thyng/ begynnyng/ hathe it neede  
Or all be wrought/ without ony d[re]de

For I saye not that she/ so sodaynly  
Gau hym her loue/ but that she dyde enclynie  
To lyke hym fyfthe/ and I haue tolde you why

of Troyus.

And after that his manhode and his pyne  
Madeloue in her herte for to myne  
for whiche by processe and by good scruyse  
He gate her loue and not in sodayne wylle

And also blyssfull Venus well arayed  
Sat in her seuenth house of heuen tho  
Dysposed well and with aspectes payed  
Than to helpe sely Troylus of his wo  
And sothe to sayne she was not all his fo  
To Troylus in his natuyte  
God wote that well the soner spedde he

Now let vs stynte of Troylus a thowte  
That rydeth for the and let vs tourne faste  
Unto Cresseide that hynge her heed full lowe  
There as she sate alone and gan to caste  
Where that she wolde apoynte her at the laste  
Yf it so were her Emme nolde ceace  
for Troylus vpon her more for to preace

And lorde so she gan in her thought argue  
In this matere of whiche I haue you tolde  
And what to do best were and what to eschewe  
That plyted she full ofte in many a folde  
Now was her herte warme now was it colde  
And what she thought somwhat shall I wryte  
As that myne auctor lyseth to endyte

She thought well that Troylus persone  
She knewe by syght and eke his gentylnesse  
And thus she sayde all were it not so done  
To graunt hym loue yet for his worthynesse  
It were honour with playe and with gladnesse

## The secunde boke

In honeste with such a lord to dele  
for myne estate and for his hele

Eke well wote I a kynges sonc is he  
And sythe he bathe to se me such a delyte  
Yf I woldc bterly his syght sle  
Perauenture he myght haue me in dyspyte  
wherthroughe I myght stande in wors plyte  
Now were I wylc my hate to purchase  
Withouten nede there I maye stonde in grace

In every thynge I wote there lyeth misure  
for though a man forbede dronkennesse  
He not forbedeth that euery creature  
Be drynketes for alwaye as I gesse  
Eke syth I wote for me in his dystresse  
I ne ought not for that thynge hym dyspyse  
Syth it so is he meaneth in good wylle

And eke I knowe of longe tyme agone  
His maners good and that he is not nyce  
He a bauntour certayne men saye he is none  
To wylle he is to do such a byce  
And eke I wyll not so hym cheryce  
That he maye make a vaunte by such a cause  
He shal me never bynde in such a clause

Now sette a caas the hardest is ywys  
Men myght deme that he loueth me  
What dyshonour were to me this  
Day I let hym of that why nay parde  
I knowe also and all daye here and se  
Men louen women all besyde theyr leue  
And whan them not lyste then let them leue

of Troylus.

I thynke how he/able is to haue  
Of all this noble towne/the chyftyest  
To be his loue/so she her honour saue  
For in and out/he is the worthyest  
Saue onely Hector/whiche is the best  
And yet his lyfe/lyeth all in my cure  
So suche is loue/and eke myre auenture

Ne me to loue/a wondre it is nought  
For well wote I my selfe/so god me spede  
All wolde I that no man wylste/of this thought  
I am one the fayrest/withouten drede  
And goodlyest/who so taketh hede  
And so men sayne/in all the towne of Troye  
What wondre is/thoughe he of me haue Joye

I am myne owne woman/wele at ease  
I thanke it god/as for myne estate  
Byght yonge and stonde vnyted/in lusty lease  
Without Falowsy/or suche debate  
Shall no husbande/saye to me chekemate  
For other they ben/full of folousyce  
Or maysterfull/or louen nouelrye

What shall I do/to what fyne lyue I thus  
Shall I not loue in caas/ys that me leste  
What pardy I am now no relygyous  
And though he that I/myne herte sette in rest  
Upon this knyght/that is the worthyest  
And kepe alwaye/myne honour and myne name  
By all ryght/it maye do me no shame

But ryght as whan the sonne shyneth bryght  
In marche that chaungeth/ost tymē his face

## The secunde boke

And that a clo wde / put with wynde to flyght  
Whiche ouerspradde / the sonne as for a space  
A clowdy thought / gan throughe her herte pace  
That ouerspradde / her bryght thoughtes all  
So that for fere / almost she gan to fall

That thought was this / alas syth I am fre  
Shoulde I loue / and put in Jeopardye  
My sykekeruesse / and thralen lyverte  
Alas how durste I / thynke that folye  
Waye I not well / in other folke espyc  
Theyr dredefull Joye / theyr constreynt / theyr payne  
There loueth none / þe ne hathe waye to playne

For loue is yet / the moste stormy lyfe  
Ryght of hymselfe / that euer was bygonne  
For euer some mystruste / or nyce stryfte  
There is in loue / some clo wde ouer the sonne  
Wherto we wretched women / nothyng conne  
Whan vs is wo / but sytte / wepe / and thynke  
Oure wretche / this oure owne wo to dynke

Also these wycked tonges / ben so prest  
To speke vs harme / eke men ben so vntrewe  
That ryght anone / as ceasyd is theyr leste  
Deceasyth theyr loue / and furch to loue a newe  
But harme ydo is do / who so it rewe  
For though the these men / for loue themselves rende  
Full sharpe begynnyng / breketh ofte at ende

How often tymes / hathe it knownen ben  
The treason / that to women hathe be done  
To what syne is such loue / I can not seen  
Or where becometh it / whā it is gone

of Trolyus.

There is no wyght that knoweth ryght soone  
Wher it bycometh/ no wyght therat sporneth  
That erst was nothyng in to nought tourndeth

How bysye yf I loue/muste I be  
To please them/that Iangle of loue & dremen  
And please them/that they saye no harme of me  
For though he there be no cause/ yet them semen  
All be for harme/that folke her frendes wenem  
Or who maye stoppe/euery wycked tunge  
Or sowne of belles whan they ben runge

And after that thought/gan to clere  
She sayde that he/no thyng vndertaketh  
No thyng a cheueth/be hym lothe or dere  
And with an other thought/her herte quaketh  
Than slepeth hope/and after drede awaketh  
Now hote now colde/but thus byt wyre tweye  
She ryste her vp/and wente her for to playe

Adowne the steyre/anone ryght sowne she wente  
And to the gardyn/with her necces thre  
And vp and downe/they made many a went  
flexyble/and she/Tarbe/and Antygone  
To playe that it was/grete Joye to se  
And other of her women/a grete route  
Her folowed in the gardeyne all aboute

This yerde was large/and rayled all the alayes  
And shadowed well/with goodly bowes grene  
Pbenched newe/and sanded all the wayes  
In whiche she walked/arme in armee byt wene  
Tyll at the laste/Antygone the shene  
Gan on a Troyan songe/syngencle

Troylus.

f.i.

The secunde boke

That it an hauen was for to here

She sayde o loue to whome I haue and shall  
Ben humble subiecte trew in myne entent  
As I best can to you lordes gyue I all  
For euermore myne herces lust the rent  
For neuer yet thy grace no wyght sent  
So blyssfull cause as me my lyfe to lede  
In all Joye and suerte out of dñe

The blyssfull god bathe me so well be set  
In loue ywys that all that bereth lyfe  
Imagyn me cowde how to be bet  
For lordes without Holowly or Itryse  
I loue one whiche is most ententys  
To seruen well vnwyty and vnfeyned  
That euer was and leste with harme dystayned

As he that is the well of worthynesse  
Of crowthe grounde myroure of goodlyhed  
Of wytte Appollo stone of secretenesse  
Of vertue roote o flust synder and heed  
Throughe whiche is all my sorowe from me deed  
Ywys I loue hym beste so dothe he me  
Now good thyfste haue he wher so euer he be

Whome shoulde I thanke but you god of loue  
Of all this blys in whiche I bathe now in  
All thanked be the lordes for that I loue  
This is the ryght lyfe that I am in  
To eschewe all maner byce and synne  
This dothe me so to vertue entende  
That daye by daye I in my wyll amende  
And who that sayth that for to loue is byce

of Troylus.

O thralldome/though he sele in it dystresse  
He other is enupous/or ryght nyce  
O is vnymyghty/for his wredenesse  
To loue so suche maner folke/as I gesse  
Defamyn loue/as nothyng of it knowe  
They speke/but bende they never his bowe  
  
What is the sonne/the worg of kynde ryght  
Though he that a man/for feblenes of his eyen  
May not endure on it/to loke for bryght  
O loue the worg/though he wretches on it cryen  
Fro wele is he worthe/that maye no sorowe dryen  
And for thy wo that hath an heed of verre  
Fro cast of stones/beware hym in the verre  
  
But I with all myne herte/and my myght  
As I haue sayde/wyll loue unto my laste  
My dere herte/and all myne owne knyght  
In whiche myne herte/grauen is so falte  
And his in myne/that it shall cuer laste  
Ildredre I fynde loue hym to begynne  
Now wote I well/there is no perell Inne  
  
And of her songe/ryght at that worde stynt  
And therwithall/naw nece quod Cresyde  
Who made this songe/with so good entent  
Antygone answered/anone and sayde  
Madame ywys/the goodlyest mayde  
Of grete elate/in all the towne of Troye  
And ledde her lyfe/in most honour and Joye  
  
Forsothe so it semeth/by her songe  
Quod tho Cresyde/and gan ther with to syke  
And sayde lord/is therre suche blys amonge  
Troylus.

f.ii.

## The secunde boke

These louers/as they sayre endyte  
Yes forsothe/ quod scellhe Antrygone the whyte  
For all the folke that haue or ben on lyue  
Ne coude not well the blys of loue dyscryue

But wene ye that every wretche wote  
The parfyte blysse of loue naye ywys  
They wene all loue ylone behote  
Do wye do wye/ they knowe no thyng of this  
Men must aske of sayntes/ yf it is  
Dought sayre in heuen for they can and tell  
And aske sendes/ yf it be soule in hell

Cresyde vnto that purpose nought answered  
But sayde ywys/ it wyll be nyght as faste  
But every worde/ whiche that she of herde  
She gan to pynce it/ in her herte faste  
And aye gan loue/ it lessed more to agaste  
Than it dyde erste/ and synke in to her herte  
That she ware somwhat/able to conuerte

The dayes honour/ the heuynes in cye  
The nyghtes so/ all this clyppe / the sonne  
Gan westren faste/ and downe warde for to wryte  
As he that hadde his dayes course yronne  
And whyte thynges/ waxen dynme and donne  
For lacke of lyght/ and sterres to appere  
That she and all her folke/ home wente in fere

So whan it lyketh her/ to go to reste  
And boyded were tho/ that boydenought  
She sayde that to slepe/ well her leste  
Her wemen soone/ in to her bedde her brought  
Whan all was done/ tho laye she styll and thought

of Troylus.

Of all these thynges the maner and the guyse  
To reherce it nedeth not for ye ben wyse

A nyghtyngale upon a Cedre grene  
Under the cambre wall there as she laye  
Full lowde songe agayne the mone shene  
Pirauenture in her byrdes wyse alaye  
O loue that made her herte freshe and gaye  
That herkeneth she so longe in good entente  
That at the laste the deed slepe her hente

And as she slepte anone ryght her mette  
How that an Egle fethered as whyte as bone  
Under her breste his longe clees sette  
And out her herte rente and that anone  
And dyde his herte in to her breste gone  
Of whiche she nought moued ne no thynges smerte  
Than for the dyde he slye with herte lefte for herte

Now let her slepe and we our tales holde  
Of Troylus that is to Palays ryden  
For the scarmyshe of whiche I tolde  
And in his chambre sytte and hathe abyden  
Tyll two or thre of his messangers yeden  
For Pandarus and sought hym so faste  
Tyll they hym founde and brought hym at the laste

This Pandarus came lepynge in at ones  
And sayde thus who hathe ben well ybete  
To daye with swerdes slynges and stones  
But Troylus that hathe caughte hym an hete  
And gan to Iape and sayde lord ye swete  
But ryse and let vs soupe and go to reste  
A none he answerde go we where the leste

Troylus.

f. iii.

## The secunde boke

With all the haste goodly that they myght  
They spedde them frome the souper and to bedde  
And euery wyght out at the doore hym dyght  
And wher he hym lyste vpon his waye hym spedde  
But Troylus thoughe his herte bledde  
For woo vyl he herde some tydynge  
Hesayd scende shall I now wepe or syng

Quod Pandarus be styll and let me slepe  
And do on thy hode thy nedes spedde be  
And cheyse vt thou wylte syng syng daunce or lepe  
At shorte wordes thou shalte cruste in me  
And my nece vyl do well by the  
And loue the best by god and by my trouthe  
But lacke of poursute make in it thy slowthe

For this ferforthe haue I thy werke begonne  
Frome daye to daye to this daye by the morowe  
Her loue and scenshyp haue I to the wonne  
And ther to hathe she layde her saythe to borowe  
Aigare one fote is lessed of thy sorowe  
What shall I lenger sermon of it holde  
As ye haue herde by fore he all hym tolde

But ryght as floures through the colde of myght  
Yclosed it oupen on her stalkes lowe  
Redressen agayne the sonne by ryght  
And spreden out they colours kyndely by rowe  
Byght so gan he tho his eyen vp thowre  
This Troylus and sayde o Venus dere  
Thy myght thy grace yhetped be it here

And to Pandare helde vp bothe his handes  
And sayde lord be all thyne be it that I haue

of Troylus.

for I am hole/all brosten be my bondes  
I thousande Troyes/who so that me gaue  
Eche after other/god me wylle and sauue  
He myght me so glade/so to my herte  
It spreocheth so for Joye/it wolde out sterre

But lord how shall I do/how shall I lyuen  
Whan thall I nexte/my dere herte se  
How shall this longe tyme/awaye be dryuen  
Tyll thou be agayne/at her frome me  
Thou mayst answeare/abyde abyde but he  
That hangeth by the necke/sothe to sayne  
In grete dysease/abydereth fro the payne

All easly now/for loue and charyte  
Quod Pandarus/for all thyng he hathe tyme  
So longe abyde/tyll that the nyght departed be  
For syker/as thou lyest here by me  
And god to forne/I wyll be there at pyme  
And for thy werke/somewhat shall I saye  
O: on some other wyght/this charge laye

for god it wote/that I haue euer yet  
Beteed to serue/in to this nyght  
Haue I not seyned/but enforced my myght  
Do now as I shall saye/and fare a ryght  
for I haue do thy lust/with all my myght  
And yf thou nylte/wyte thy selfe thy care  
On me is not alonge/thynne cuyll fare

I wote well that thou/wyser art than I  
I thousande folde/but and I were as thou  
God helpe me so/I wolde vterly  
Ryght of myne owne hande/wypte to her nowe

## The secunde boke

His hertes lyfe/his luste/his sorowes leche  
His blys/and eke these other termes all  
That in suche caas/ye louers all seche  
And in full humble wyse/as in his speche  
He gan hym recomaunde,vnto her grace  
To tell all how/it a slacke moche space

And after this/full lowly he her prayde  
To be not wrothe/though he of his foly  
So harde was/hir to wryte/or sayde  
But loue it made/or elles must he dye  
And pytously/gan mercy for to crye  
And after he sayde/and iycd lowde  
Hymselfe was lytell wrothe/and lesse good coude

And prayed her/hauic excused his vncunnyng  
That lytell was/and eke hymselfe also  
Was well nyc deed/in his wrytynge  
And after that/than gan he tell his woo  
But that was endeles/withouten hoo  
And sayde he wolde/mcrowthe all waye hym holde  
And radde it ouer/and gan the lettre folde

And with his salte teres/gan he bathe  
The Ruby in his sygnet/and it he set  
Upon the waye/deuersely and rathe  
Therwith a thousande tymes/or he let  
He kyste the lettre/and after that it shet  
He sayde letter/a blyssul destyne  
The shapen is/my lady shall the see

This Pandare toke the lettce ryght by tyme  
On morowe/and to his neces palays hym sterke  
And faste he swore/that it was passed pyme

## of Trolyus.

Ind gan to Iape/ and sayde ywys myn heste  
So fresshe it is/all thougherit sore durete  
I maye not slepe/ neuer a mayes morowe  
I haue a Ioly wo/ and a lusty sorowe  
Cresyde whan she her buncle herde  
With dycedfull herde/ and dcsyrous to here  
The cause of his compnyng/ thus awerde  
Now by your saythe myne buncle quod shedere  
What maner wynde/guydeth you now herde  
Tell vs your Ioly wo/ and your penaunce  
How fer for the venye/ put in loues daunce

By god quod he/ I hoppe alwaye bchydde  
And sh: to laughe/ her thought her herde brest  
Quod Pandarus/ loke alwaye that ye fynde  
Game in my hode/ but herken and ye leste  
There is now ryght come/ to towne a gest  
Of Grekes a spye/ and telleth new thynges  
Wherfore I come to tell you tydylnges

In to the gardyn walke/ and ye shall here  
All pryuely of this/ a longe sermon  
With that they wente/ arme in armes yfere  
In to the gardynne/ frome the chambre downe  
And whan he was so fer/ that the sowne  
Of that he spake/ no man here myght  
He sayde her thus/ and out the lettre plyght

Lo he that is/ all holy yores fre  
Hym recommaundeth/ lowly to your grace  
And sent you this lettre/ here by me  
Iuyse you on it/ whan ye haue space  
And of some goodly awerde/ you purchace

Trolyus.

G.ii.

## The secunde boke

Or so helpe me god/ playnly for to sayne  
He maye not longelyue in this payne  
full dredfully tho/gan she stande styll  
And toke it not/but all her humble chere  
Gan for to chaunge/and sayd scrypte ne byll  
For loue of god/that toucheth suche matere  
He bryngē me none/and also vncle dere  
To myne estate/haue more regarde I praye  
Than to his luste/what sholde I more saye

And loke you now/yl this be resonable  
And let you not/for fauour ne for slowthe  
To saye the sothe/were it couenable  
To myne estate by god/and by your trowthe  
To take it/to haue of hym rowthe  
In armes of my selfe/or repreue  
Were it agayne/for hym that ye on leue

This Pandarus/gan on her to stare  
And sayde now/this is the most wondre  
That euer I sawe/late be this nyce fare  
To dethe must I simpce be/with thondre  
Yf for the cytee/whiche that stondeth yonder  
And I a lettre to you/bryngē or take  
To harme of you/what luste ye thus to make

But thus ye fare well nyce all and some  
He that most desyreteth you to serue  
Of hym he retche leste/where he become  
Or whether that he lyue/or elles sterue  
But for all that/I maye deserue  
Refuse it not quod he/and hente her faste  
And in her bosum/downe the lettre thraste

## of Troylus.

And sayde her/caste her faste awaye anone  
That folke maye se/and gase on vs twey  
Quod she I can abyde/tyll they be gone  
And gan to smyle/and sayde Came I praye  
Suche answere as you lyte/suche yourselfe puruaye  
For treuly I nyll/no lettre wyte  
No than wyll I/so that ye endyte

Therwith she loughē/and sayde go we dyne  
And he gan at hymselfe/I ape faste  
And sayde nece I haue so grete a pyne  
For loue/that every other daye I faste  
And gan his Iapes/best for the to caste  
And make her so to laughe/of his folye  
That she for laughter/wende for to dye

And whan she was comen/into the hall  
Now Came quod she/we wyll go dyne anone  
And gan some of her women to call  
And it ryght vnto her chambre/gan she gone  
But of her besynesse/this was one  
Amonge other thynges/out of drede  
Full priuely/this lettre gan she rede

Iuyed worde by worde/in euery lyne  
And found no lacke/she thought he cowde good  
And vp it put/and wente her in to dyne  
Dat Pandarus/that in study stode  
Or he was ware/she toke hym by the hode  
And sayde ye were caught/or that ye wyste  
I vouchesause quod he/do what ye lyste

Tho wasshed they/and set them downe to ete  
And after anone full slyly Pandarus

Troylus.

G.iii.

## The secunde boke

Gan drawe hym to the wyndo we nexte the strete  
And sayde nece who hath arayed thus  
That yonder hous that is streyght ouer vs  
Whiche house quod she and came for to beholde  
And knewe it well and whose it was hym tolde

And talked forthe in speche of thynges small  
And satyn in the wyndo we bothe twey  
Whan Pandarus sawe tyme unto his tall  
And sawe well her folke were awaie  
Now nece myne tell on quod he I saye  
How lyketh you this lettre that ye wote  
Can he there on for by my trouthe I note

Therwith all roose helded tho waxe she  
And gan to homme ye so I crowe  
And wryte to hym well for goddes sake quod he  
My selfe to medes wyll the lettre so we  
And helde his handes vp cuer cryenge so  
Now good nece be it never so lyte  
Gyue me the labour it to sowe and plyte

Ye for I can so wryte quod she tho  
And eke I not what I shal to hym saye  
Raye nece quod Pandare saye not so  
Yet at the leste thanke hym I you praye  
Of his good wyll o do hym not to dye  
Now for the loue of me my nece dere  
Refuse not at this tyme my prayer

God graunt quod she all thynges be wele  
God helpe me so this is the fyreste lettre  
That cuer I wrote ye ony dele  
And in to a closet for to auyse her lettre

of Troy lus.

She went alone/and gan her herte vnsett  
Out of dysdeynous prylon/amased a lyte  
She set her downe/and gan a lettre wryte

Of whiche to tell/in shorte is myne entent  
The effecte as fer/as I can vnderstonde  
She thanked hym of all/that he well ment  
Towardes her/but holden hym in honde  
She wolde not/me make hirselfe bonde  
In loue but as his syster/hym to please  
She wolde aye sayne/do his herte ease

She shyt it/and to Pandare gan gone  
There as he sat/and loked in to the strete  
And downe she set her/by hym on a stone  
Of Jasper upon a quysshed/of golde Ibete  
And sayde as wylly/helpe me god the grete  
I neuer dyde a thynge/with more payne  
Than wryte this/to whiche ye me constraine

And toke it hym/he thanked her and sayde  
God wote of thynge/full ofte bothe by gonnes  
Cometh ende good/and nece myne Cresyde  
That ye to hym/of harde now be wonne  
Ought he be gladde/by god and by yonde sonne  
For why men seen/imprelyons lyght  
Full lyghtly ben/all redy to the flyght

But ye haue playde/the tyraunt nyc to longe  
And harde was it/your herte for to graue  
Now synt that ye/do lenger on it honge  
All wolde the fourme/of daunger it saue  
But hasteth you/to do hym Joyc to haue  
For trust you well/to longe I do hardnesse

Troylus.

5.iii.

The secunde boke

Causeth dyspyte full ofte for dystresse

And ryght as they declared this matere  
Lo Troylus ryght at the strete ende  
Came rydynge with his people in fere  
All softely and thyderwarde gan bende  
There as they sat as was his waye to wende  
To Palays warde and Pandare hym aspyed  
And sayde nece lo who cometh at this tyde

O sle not in he seeth vs I suppose  
Lest he maye thynke that we hym eschew  
Naye naye quod she and ware as reed as rose  
With that he gan her humly salew  
With dredfull chere and ofte his hew was new  
And vp his heed debonayrly he caste  
And bekened on Pandare and forthe he paste

God wote yf he sat on his horse aryght  
Or goodly was besene that ylke daye  
God wote whether he was lyke a manly knyght  
What sholde I wryte or tell of his araye  
Cresyde whiche that all these thynges saye  
To tell in shorte she lyked all in fere  
His persone his araye his loke his chere

His goodly maner and his gentylnesse  
So well that never syth she was borne  
He hadde she suche rowthe of his dystresse  
And though he hadde be harde there to forne  
To good hope she hache now caught a thorne  
She shall not pull it out this nexte weke  
God sende her mo suche thornes on to pyke  
Pandare whiche that stode her faste by

of Troylus.

Felte the yren hote/and began to smyte  
And sayde nece/I praye you hertly  
Tell me that I shall aske you a lyte  
A woman that were of his dethe to wytte  
Without his gylte/but for lacke of rowthe  
Were it well done/quod she naye by rowthe

God helpe me so quod he/ye saye me sothe  
Yf yc felte your selfe/that I not lye  
Loke where he rydeth/quod she so he dothe  
Well quod Pandare/as I haue tolde you thy  
Lat be your nyce shame/and foly  
And speke with hym/in easynge of his herte  
Lat nycte not do/you bothe to smerte

But theron/was to heue and done  
Consyderynge all thynges/it maye not so be  
And why for speche/and eke it were to soone  
To graunt hym yet/so grete a lyverte  
For playnly her entente/as sayde she  
Was for to loue hym/unwiste yf she myght  
And gwerdon hym with nothyng/but with syght

But Pandare thought/it sholde not be so  
Yf that I maye/this nyce opynyon  
Shall not beholde/fully yeres two  
What sholde I make of this a longe sermon  
She must assent/on that conclusyon  
As for the tyme/and whan that it was eue  
And all was well/he roos and toke his leue

And on his waye homwarde/full faste hym spedde  
And ryght for Joye/he felte his herte daunce  
And Troylus he founde/alone abedde

## The secunde boke

That laye as done these louers in a traunce  
Betwyx hope and derke desperaunce  
But Pandare ryght at his uncomynge  
He sang as who saythe somwhat I bryng

And sayde who is in his bedde so soone  
I buryed thus it am I frenche quod he  
Who Troylus may helpe me so the moone  
Quod Pandarus thou shall vp rysse and se  
A charme that was ryght now sent to the  
The whiche gan hele the of thyne accesle  
So that thou do sorthe with thy besynesse

Ye through the myght of god quod Troylus  
And Pandarus gan hym the lettere take  
And sayde parde god hathe holpe vs  
Haue here a lyght and loke ouer all this blake  
But ofte gan his herte glade and quake  
O Troylus whyle he gan it rede  
So as the wordes gaue hym hope and drede

But fynally he toke all for the best  
That shz hym wrote for somwhat he behelde  
On whiche he thought he myght his herte rest  
All couered sh the wodde vnder shelde  
Thus to the more worthier parte he helde  
That what for hope and Pandarus byhest  
His grete woo foryede at the leste

But as we maye aldaye our seluen se  
The more woode and cole the more fyre  
Byght sooincreas of hope what so it be  
Theer with full ofte encraseth his desyre  
O as an oke cometh of a lytell sprye

## of Troylus.

So throughe this lettrediche that he hym sent  
Encreace gan desyre with whiche he brente  
Wherfore I saye alwaye that daye and nyght  
This Troylus gan to desyre more  
Than he dyde erst through hope and dyd his myght  
To prece forthe on as by Pandarus loore  
And wrote unto her of his sorowes sore  
From daye to daye he lete it not refreyde  
That by Pandare somwhat he wrote or sayde

And dyde also his other obseruaunces  
That to a louer longeth in this case  
And after that his dyce torneth on chaunces  
So he was other gladde or sayde alas  
And helde after his gyftes aye his pag  
As after suche answeres as he hadde  
So were his dayes soray other gladde

But to Pandare alwaye was his recours  
And pytously gan unto hym playne  
And hym besought of rede or some socours  
And Pandarus saue his woodly payne  
Waxe well my deed for rowthe soathe to sayne  
And besely with all his herte he calle  
Some of his wo to sle and that as faste

And sayde lord and frende and brether dete  
God wote that thy dysease dothe me wo  
But wylt thou stynt all this wofull chere  
And by my trouthe or it be dayes two  
And god to forne yet shall I shape it so  
That thou shalte come into a certayne place  
There as thou mayst thyselfe pray her of grace

## The secunde boke

And certaynly I note yf thou it wost  
But tho that ben experte in loue I saye  
It is one of the thynges that furthereth most  
A man to haue a leyser for to praye  
And syker place his wo for to be wrye  
For in good herte there muste rowthe impreesse  
To her that seeth the gyltles in dystresse

Perauenture thynkest thou thoughte it be so  
That kynde wolde done for to begynne  
To haue a maner rowthe vpon my wo  
Say the daunger nay thou shall me never wynne  
In that manere for no maner gynne  
Thoughte that he bende yet she stande on roote  
What in effecte is this unto my boote

Than there agaynst whan that the stourdy oke  
In whiche men hake ofte for the nones  
Receyued hathe the happy fallynge stroke  
The grete weyght dothe it fall at ones  
As done these rockes to the myll stones  
For swyster course cometh thynges of weyght  
Whan it descendeth than done thynges lyght

But Reedeth that boweth downe with euery blaste  
Full lyghtly with the wynde it wyll aryse  
But so wyll not an oke whan it is caste  
It nedeth me not the longe to deuyse  
Ven sholde riouse of grete empysse  
Acheueth well and stondeth out of doubte  
All haue men ben the lenger ther aboue

But Troylus tell me now yf the less  
I thynges the whiche I shal aske the

of Trolyus.

Whiche is the broder/that thou loueth best  
As in thy betay herres pruypte  
ywyg my dere broder/Deyphebe  
Now quod Pandare/or houtes twyes twelue  
He shall the case/wiwyg hym selue

Now let me alone/and werke as I maye  
Quod he/and to Deyphebus wente he tho  
Whiche had his lord/and grete frende ben aye  
Haue Troylus/no man he loued so  
To tell it shorte/without wordes mo  
Quod Pandarus/I pray you that you be  
Frende to a cause/whiche that toucheth me

Yes parde quod Deyphebus/Well thou knowest  
In all that euer I maye/and god toforc  
All nere it but for one man/that I loue most  
My brother Troylus/but saye me wherfore  
It is for syth the daye/that I was bore  
I was nor neuer moare/to be I thynke  
Agaynste a thynge/that myght the for thynke

Pandarus gan hym thanke/and thus he sayde  
Lo syr/I haue a lady in this towne  
That is my nece/and called is Cresyde  
Whiche some men/wolde do oppresyon  
And wrongefullly/haue her possesyon  
Wherfore your lordeshyp/I you beseche  
To be our frende/without more speche

Deyphebus answered it is this  
That thouto me spake of/so straungely  
Cresyde my frende/he sayde she is  
Than nedeth quod Deyphebus hardyly

## The secunde boke

No more of this for truste you well that I  
Wyl be her chamyowne with spere and swerde  
Irought not though he all her foes it herde  
But tell me for thou knowes this matere  
I myght her best auayle now let se  
Quod Pandatus yf ye may lordes so dcre  
Wolde as now do this honour unto me  
To praye her this to morowe that she  
Come unto you her playntes to decryse  
Her aduersaries wolde therof agryse

Lordes yf that more I durste you praye as nowe  
And charge you to haue so grete trauayle  
To haue some of your bretherne here with you  
Than myght her cause the better auayle  
Than wote I well she myght never sayle  
For to beholpe what at your instaunce  
What with her other frendes sustenaunce

Deiphbus whiche that was come of kynde  
To all honour and bounte to conente  
Answered it shall be done and I can fynde  
Yet gretter helpe to this in myne entente  
That thou wylte saye yf for Heleyne I lens  
To speke of this I crowe it be best  
So; she maye lede patrys as her iest

For Hector whiche that is my lord my brother  
It nedeth not to praye hym frende to be  
For I haue herde hym bothe one tyme and other  
Speke of Crescyde suche honour that he  
Maye saye no bet suche happy to hym hath he she  
So nedeth not his helpe now for to crue

of Troylus.

He shall be sucher ryght as we wyll hym haue

Speke thou thy selfe also to Troylus

On my behalfe and praye hym with vs dyne

Syr all this shall be done quod Pandarus

And take his leue and never gan to syne

But to his necces house as streyght as alyne

He came and founde her frome the mete aryse

And set hym downe & spake ryght in this wyse

He sayde o veraye god so haue I ronne

Lo nece myne se ye not how I swete

I not whether ye me thanke conne

Be ye not wate how false Polyphete

Is now aboute este soone to playte

To bryng on you aduocates newe

I ne quoo she and chaungeth all her hewe

What is he more aboute me to dretche

And do me wronge what shall I do alas

Yet of hymselfe no thyng wolde I retche

Not it for Anchenor and Eneas

That ben his frendes in sucher maner case

But for the loue of god myne uncle dere

No fors of it let hym haue all yfere

Without that I haue ynough for vs

Any quod Pandare it shall no thyng be so

For I haue be ryght nowe with Deiphibus

At Hector and myne other lordes mo

And shortly made este of them his so

That by my thryste he shall it never wynne

For ought he can whan so that he begynne

And as they caste what was best to done

## The secunde boke

Deiphbus of his owne curtesye  
Came her to praye in his owne propre persone  
To holde hym on the morowe compayne  
At dynet whiche she wolde hym not deny  
But goodly gan to his prayer obeye  
He thanked her and went vpon his waye

Whan this was done this Pandare vp anone  
To tell in shorte for the he gan to wende  
To Troylus as styl as ony stome  
Of all this thynge he tolde hym wodde and ende  
And how Deiphbus gan to blende  
And sayde now is tyme yf that thou conne  
Bere the wele to morowe and all is wonne

Now speke now praye now pytously complayne  
Leue not for nyce shame or drede or slowthe  
Somtyme a man must tell his payne  
Byleue it and she wyll haue on the rowthe  
Thou shalte be sauued by thy faythe in rowthe  
But well wote I thou arte in a drede  
And what it is to I can it rede

Thou thynkest now how shall I do all this  
For by my chere must folke espye  
That for loue is that I fare amys  
Yet hadde I leuer for sorowe deye  
Now thynke not so thou doest grete folye  
For I ryght now haue founde a mancre  
Of leyght for to couet all thy chere

Thou shalte go ouer nyght and that as blyue  
Unto Deiphbus hous the to playe  
Thy maladye the bet awaie to dryue

## of Troylus.

for why thou semest secke the sothe to saye  
Soone after that downe in thy bedde the laye  
And saye thou mayste no lenger bpendure  
And be ryght here and byde thy auenture

Saye that the feuer is wonte the to take  
The same tyme and last tyll a morowe  
And let vs se nowe how well thou can it make  
for parde seke is he that is in sorowe  
Go now fare well and Venus here to borowe  
I hope and thou thy purpos holde ferme  
In grace she shall the fully conferme

Quod Troylus ywys thou nedeleys  
Counseylest me sykerly to fayne  
for I am seke in ernest doubles  
So well nye that I sterue for the payne  
Quod Pandarus thou halte the letter playne  
And haste the lasse nedye to counterfete  
for hym men deme hote that men se swete

To holde the at thy Tryste clos and I  
Shall well thy dere unto thy bowe dryue  
therwith he toke his leue all softely  
And Troylus to paleys went blyue  
So gladd he was neuer in his lyue  
And to Pandarus rede gan all assent  
And to Deiphibus house at nyght he went

What nedeth you to tell now of the chere  
That Deiphibus gan his brother make  
for his grete feuer and sekely manere  
They dyde hym cheryce and tyche clothes take  
He beyng ryght seke with hym dyde they wake

Troylus.

H.i.

## The secunde boke

But all for nought he helde forthe his guyse  
As ye haue heroe Pandare hym deuyse

But certayne is/or Troylus hym leyde  
Deiphebus prayed hym ouer nyght  
To be a frende/and helpynge to Cresyde  
God wote that he/it graunted anone ryght  
To be her full frende/with all his myght  
But sucho a nede it was/to praye hym thenne  
As for to bydde/a wodde man for to ren

The morow we came/and nyghen gan the tymie  
Of micle tyde/that the fayre quene Hclayne  
Sope her to be/an houre after the pryme  
With Deiphebus/to whomie she wolde not fayne  
But as her syster/homely sothe,to sayne  
She came to dynet/in her playne entente  
But god and Pandare/wylste none what this mente

Came eke Cresyde/all innocent of this  
Untygone her syster/and Targe also  
But ne we now/Prolixite best is  
For loue of god/and let vs faste go  
Byght to the effecte/without tales mo  
Why all these folke/assembled in that place  
And let vs of theys salowynges pace

Grete honour dyde them/Deiphebus certayne  
And fedde them well/with all that myght; them lyke  
But euermore alas/was his restayue  
My good brother/Troylus the seke  
Lyeth yet/and therwith he gan to syke  
And after that/he payned hym to glade  
Them as he myght/and good cheare them made

of Troylus.

Complayned eke Clayne of his sckenesse  
So saythefullly that pyte was to here  
And euery wyght than was for that accesse  
A leche anone and sayde in this manere  
Men turen folke this charme I wyl you lere  
But there sat one all lyte her not to teche  
That thought yet best coude I be his leche

Aster complaynte than gan they hym to prayse  
As folke yet whan some haue begonne  
To prayse a man and vp with hym to reyse  
A thousande soldē yet hyer than the soune  
He is that can that fewe lordes conne  
And Pandarus of that they wolde afferme  
He not for gote his praysyng to conferme

Herde of this Cresyde well ynoughē  
And euery worde gan to notyfye  
For whiche with sobre chere her herte loughē  
For who is that nolde hym gloryfye  
To moone suchē a knyght to lyue or dye  
But all passe I leste ye to longe dwell  
For all is for a fyne that I you tell

The tyme came frome dynner for to ryse  
And as them ought they tisen euerychone  
And gan a whyle of this and that deuyse  
But Pandarus brake all that speche anone  
And sayde to Deiphēbus wyl we gone  
Pſ your wyll be as I you praye  
To speke here of the nedes of Cresyde

Helayne whiche that by the hande her helde  
Toke fyre the tale and sayde go blyue

Troylus.

H.ii.

The secunde boke

And goodly on Cresyde she behelde  
And sayde Iouys let hym never thyue  
That do the you harme and bryngē hymselfe oflyue  
And gyue me sorowe but he shall it rewē  
Yf that I maye and all folkes be trewe

Tell thou thy neces caas quod Deiphēbus  
To Pandarus for thou can best it tell  
My lordes and my ladyes it standeth thus  
What shulde I lenger do you dwell  
He rongē hym out a proces lyke a bell  
Upon her foo that hyght polyphete  
So haynous that men myght on it spete

Answer of this eche worse than other  
And Polyphete thus gan they warye  
And hanged be suchē one were he my brother  
And so it shall for it maye not warye  
What shulde I lenger in this proces tarye  
Playnly all at ones they her behyght  
To be her frende in all that euer they myght

Spake than Eleyne and herde Pandarus  
Wote ought my lord my brother this matere  
I meane Hector or wote it Troylus  
He sayde ye but wyll ye me now here  
He thynketh thig syth Troylus is here  
It were good yf that ye wolde assent  
She tolde hym herselfe all this or she went

For he wyll haue the more her grele at herte  
Bycause lowe that she a lady is  
And by youre leue I wyll but insterte  
And do you wete and that anone ywyg

of Trolyus.

ys that he slepe/or wyllought here of this  
And in helepe/and sayde hym in his ere  
God haue thy soule/brought haue I thy bere

To smyle he gan/this good Troylus  
And Pandarus/without restynge  
Out wente anone/to Eleyne and Deiphibus  
And sayde them so/there be no taryenge  
Ne more I wyl well/that ye bryng  
Cresyde anone/my lady that is here  
As he maye endure/he wyl you here

But well ye wote/the chambre is but lyte  
And fewe folke maye lyghtly/make it warme  
Now loke ye/for I wyl haue no wyte  
To bryng in prees/that myght do hym harme  
O hym dysease/for by my better arme  
It were better/she abyde tyll este soone is  
Now loke ye/that knowe/what to done is

I saye for me beste is/as I gan knowe  
That no wyght/naw wende in but you twep  
But it were/for I can in a thowre  
Reherse her cause/bulyke that she gan saye  
And after this/she maye hym ones praye  
To be her good lord/in shorte and take her leue  
This may not moche/of his ease hym reue

And for that she is straunge/he wyl forbere  
His ease/whiche he dare not for you  
Eke other thynges/whiche toucheth not to here  
He wyl you tell/I wote it well ynowe  
That secrete is/and for the townes proue  
And she that nothyng knewe of this entent

Troylus.

H.iii.

## The secunde boke

Without more to Troylus in went  
Helayne in all her goodly softe wyse  
Gan hym salew/and womanly playe  
And sayde ywys/ye must algate aryse  
Now sayre brother/beal hole I you praye  
And gan her atme/bp on his shoulder laye  
And hym with all her herte/she gan dyspose  
As she best coude/of sorow hym to conforte

Soone after quod she/we you byseche  
By dere brother Deiphbus/and I  
For loue of god/and so dothe Pandare eke  
To be good lord/and frende ryght hertly  
Unto Cresyde/whiche that certaunly  
Receyueth wronge/ae knoweth well Pandare  
That can her cas/well bet than I declare

This Pandarus/gan now his tongue affyle  
And all her caas rehersed/and that anone  
Whan it was sayde/soone after in a whyle  
Quod Troylus/as soone as I may gon  
I wyll ryght fayne/with all my myght anon  
Haue god my trowthe/her cause to sustayne  
Good chynte haue ye quod Clayne the quene

Quod Pandarus/and your wyll be  
That she maye take her leue/or that she go  
Now elles god forbede/it tho quod she  
Yf that ye bouchesauke/for to do so  
And with that worde/quod Troylus yetwo  
Deiphbe/and you my syster dere  
To you haue I/to speke of a matere  
To be aduyced/by your aduyse the better

## of Trolyus.

And had as hap was at his beddes heed  
The copy of a tretysse/and a lettre  
That Hector hadde hym sent to aske hym rede  
ys such a man/were worthy to be deed  
Not I not who/but but in a grysele wyse  
He prayed them bothe/anone on it auyse

Deiphobus/gan this lettred vnsfolde  
In ernest grece/so dyde Elayne the quene  
And romyng out warde/faste gan it beholde  
Dounwarde a stayre/and in to an herber grene  
This ylike thynge/they reddent hem betwene  
And largelyst/the mountenaunce of an houre  
The gan on it/for to rede and powre

Now lete them rede/and tourne we anone  
To Pandarus that gan full fast ppre  
That as well in as out/gan he gon  
Unto the chambre a lofste/and that on hy  
And sayde god saue all this companye  
Cowe now my nece/my lady quene Elayne  
Abydeth you/and eke my lordes twayne

Bysse take with you/your nece antygonye  
Or whome ye lyste/or no fors hardyly  
The lesse preace the bet/come forthe with me  
And loke that ye thanke humbely  
Them all thre/and whan ye maye goodly  
Your tymes se/take you of them your leue  
Lest we to longe/his rest hym byrcue

All innocent/of Pandarus entent  
Quod tho Cresydes/go we vncle dcre  
And armes in armes/inwarde with hym she went

## The secunde boke

Alvsyng well her wordes/and her chere  
And Pandarus/in crne full est manere  
Sayde all folke/for goddes loue I praye  
Sytnte you ryght here/and softely ye playe

Aluse ye what folke/ben here within  
And in what plyte one is/god hym amende  
And in warde thus/full softely begyn  
Frece I coniure/and holy defende  
On his halse/whiche that vs soule hathe sende  
And in the vertu of the corownes twayne  
Sle not this man/that hathe for you this payne

If on the deuyll/thynke whiche one he is  
And in what plyte he lyeth/come of anone  
Thynke all suche taryed tyde/lost is  
That wyll ye bothe saye/whan ye ben one  
And sykerly there yet/dyuyngeth none  
Upon you two/come of now yf ye conne  
Whyle folke ben blynde/so all the tyme is wonne

In tyterynge in pursute/and delayes  
Folke wyll dyuyne/at waggyng of a stre  
That thoughte ye woldes/haue after mery dayes  
Than dare ye not for why/for he and he  
Spake suche a worde/thus loked she and she  
Thus tyme ylostes/I dare not with you dele  
Come of therfore/and bryng hym to his hele

But now to you ye louers that ben here  
Was not Troylus/in a cankeedore  
That laye and myght/the whysperynge of her here  
And thought o lordes/norreneth my sorte  
Fully to dye/or haue no conforte

of Troylus.

And was the fyre tyme/he shoulde her praye  
Of loue/o myghty god/what shall I saye

Here endeth the secunde boke/and here begyneth  
the prologue of the thyrde boke.

**D**lyssfull lyght/of whiche þ beames clere  
Adourneth/all the hyc heuens sayre  
Of sonnes lyfe/o Jouys daughter dere  
Pleasaunce o loue/o goodly de bonayre  
In gentyll hertes/redy to repayre

O veraye cause of hele/and of gladnesse  
þ herted be thy myght/and thy goodnesse

In heuen/and hell/erthe and se  
Is fyre thy myght/þ that I well dyscerne  
Is man/byrde/best/fyssh/herbe and grene tre  
The felde in tymes/with vapour eterne  
God loueth and to loue/he wyll not wern  
And in this worlde/no lyues creature  
Without loue is worthe/or may endure

In Jouys fyre/to clothe the effectes glade  
Thorugh whiche that thynges/lyuen all and be  
Commended/and amerous them made  
O mortall thyng/and as thou lyste aye se  
Haue them in loue/ease/and aduersyte  
And in a thousande fourmes/downe them sent  
To loue in erthe/and whome he lyste it blent

The fyers Mars/to payen of his fre  
And as ye lyste me/make hertes bygne  
Algates them/that ye wyll sette a fyre  
That dreden shame/and vyses yet resygne

Troylus.

J.i.

## The thyrde boke

Yeto them curteys/ fresshē be and benyngē  
And theym promoteth/ after a wyght endyteth  
The Joye that he hathe/ your myght hym sendeth

Ye holden regne/ and hous/ in bnyte  
The sothefal cause/ and frenshyp be also  
Ye knowe all thosē/ couerel qualyte  
Of thynges whiche/ that folkes wondren on so  
That they can not constrewe/ how it mye go  
She loueth hym/ or whyp loueth he not here  
Or whyp this fyshe/ and that comith to the were

The men of lawe/ haue sette in bnyuers  
And this knowe I/ by them that louers be  
That who so stryuech with you/ hathe the werg  
Now lady bryght/ for thy benygnyte  
At reuerence of them/ that seruen the  
Whose cicerke I am/ teche me deuyse  
Some Joye of that/ is felte in thy seruyce

Ye in my naked/ hertes sentement  
Inelde/ and do me shewe of thy wytnesse  
Calyope/ thy dayes ben now present  
For now is nedē/ seest thou not my dystresse  
How I must tell anone/ ryght the gladnesse  
Of Troylus/ to Venus herynge  
To whiche gladnesse/ who nedē hathe god h̄p bryngē

Here endeth the prologue.

The thyrd boke of Troylus.

Here be gynneth the thyrd boke of Troylus.

The secunde boke fynsshed/here begynneth  
the thyrd and sielweth how that Cresyde  
came to Troylus/and of the ryght pycous  
complaynise of Troylus/as foloweth.



## The thyde boke

**S**aye all this meane whyle Troylus  
Recordynge his lesson in this manere  
Mafey thought he thus wyll I say & thus  
Thus wyll I playne vnto my lady dere  
That wodre is good & þ þal be my matere  
This wyll I not forgeten in no wylle  
God gyue he werke as gan deuyse  
And lord so his herte gan tho to whappe  
Herynge her come and sore for to syke  
And Pandarus that ladde her by the lappe  
Came nere and gan in at the curtayne pyke  
And sayde god do bote on all syke  
Se who is here you comen to vysyte  
Lo here is she that is your dethe to wyte  
Therwith it semed that he wepte almost  
Ha ha god quod Troylus so sorrowfully  
Where me be wo o my ghyt y god thou wost  
Who is all there I se not trewly  
Syr quod Cresyde it is Pandare and I  
Pyswete herte alas I may not ryse  
To knele and do you honour in some wylle  
And dressed hym vwarde and she ryght tho  
Bygan her handes softe vpon hym laye  
O for the loue of god do ye not so  
To me quod she what is this to saye  
Syr come am I to you for causes tweye  
Fyste you to thanke of youre good lordes shyp eke  
Contynuance therol I you besyke  
Troylus that herde thus his lady praye  
O lord eshyp hym was nother quycke ne dede

of Troylus.

He myght one worde/for shame to her saye  
And though men shulde/haue smytc of his hede  
But lord so he was/sodaynly rede  
And his lesson/that he wende had conne  
To pray her/was thugh his hert I conne

Crysayde all this espyed well ynough  
for she was wyse/and loued hym neuer the lasse  
All though he were not malapert/ & made it though  
O was to holde/to synge a foole a masse  
But whan his shame/began somwhat to passe  
His wordes as I may/my rymes holde  
I wyll you tellen/as techen bokes olde

In chaunged voyce/ryght for his lady drede  
Whiche voyce dyde quake/and therto his manere  
Goodly abashed/and now his heveg rede  
Now pale vnto Cresyde/his lady dere  
With loke downe cast/and humble lowly chere  
Lo alther syrste worde/that hym asterte  
Was twyes/mercy mercy swete herte

And stynt a whyle/and whan he myght out bryng  
The nexte worde was/god wote for I haue  
As ferforthe/as I haue hadde cunnyng  
Be youres all/so god my soule sauie  
And shall tyll that I/wofull wyght be graue  
And though he I ne dare/ni can to you complayne  
Wys I suffre not/the lasse payne

Thus moche as now/o womanly wyfe  
I maye out bryng/and it you dysplease  
That shall I wreke/vpon myne owne lyfe  
Wyght soone I trowe/and do your herte an ease

Troylus.

3.iii.

## The thyde boke

Yf my dethe youre herte maye apayse  
For sythe ye haue me herde somwhat saye  
Now retche I never how soone that I deye

Therwith his manly sorowe to byholde  
It myght haue made an herte of stone to rewe  
And Pandare wepte as he to water wolde  
And sayde wo begone ben hertes trewe  
And poled his nece euer ne we and ne we  
For loue of god make of this thyng an ende  
O sle vs bothe at ones or we hens wende

Ep what quod she by god and by my crowthe  
I wote not what ve wolde that I saye  
Ep what quod he that ye haue of hym rowthe  
For goodes loue and do hym not to dye  
Now than quod she thus I wolde hym praye  
To tell me the synne of his entent  
Yet wylste I never well what he ment

What that I meane o swete herte dete  
Quod Troylus o goodly fre  
With the streames of your eyen clere  
Ye wolde scendly somtyme on me se  
And that ye suffre that I never be he  
Without braunche of vyce in ony wyse  
You for to serue lyke as ye wyll deuyse

As to my lady ryght and chefe resorte  
And all my wytte and all my dylygence  
And I to haue ryght as you lyste conforte  
Under your yerde egall to myne offence  
As dethe ye yf I do ony offence  
And that ye lyste me somoche honoure

of Troylus.

Me to commaunde ought in ony houre  
And I to be youre veraye humbly trewe  
Secrete and in my paynes pacient  
And euermore desyre fresshly newe  
To serue and be ylyke dylygent  
And with good herte all holy your talent  
Receyue in gre how soe that me smerte  
Lo thus meane I myne owne swete herte

Quod Pandarus lo here an harde request  
And resonably a lady for to werne  
Now nece myne by natall Jouys fest  
Were I a god ye shoulde sterue as yerne  
That heren well this man nothynge yerne  
But youre honour and se hym almost sterue  
And be so lothe to suffre hym you to sterue

With that she gan her eyen on hym caste  
Full clyp and full debonayrly  
Buyssyng her and hyed her not to faste  
With neuer a worde but layde hym soberly  
Myne honour saue I wyl well trewly  
And in suche fourme as ye conne deuyse  
Receyue hym shall fully to wy seruise

Beschyng hym for goddes loue that he  
Wolde in honour tcouthe and gentylnesse  
As I well meane eke meane he well to me  
And myne honoure with all my besynesse  
Aye kepe yf I maye a do hym gladnesse  
Frome heisforthe wrys I wyl not fayne  
Now be all hole no lenger that ye playne  
Accuerchelesse this warne I you quod she

Troylus.

I.iii.

## The thypde boke

Akynges sone/though he ye be ywys  
Ye shall nomore/haue soueraynte  
Of me in loue/ryght but as in that cas is  
He I wyl forberere/ysye done amys  
To wrathe you/and whyle ye me serue  
Cherysshre you ryght/after you deserue

And shottly dere herte/and all my knyght  
Be gladde and drawe you/to lustynesse  
And I shall treuly/with all my myght  
Youtre bytter torne/all in to swetenesse  
Yf I be she/that may do you gladnesse  
For euery wo/ye shall recouer a blysse  
And hym in armes toke/and gan hym kylle

Fell Pandare on knees/and vp his eyen  
To heuen he threwe/and helde his handes hys  
Immortall god quod he/that mayste not dyc  
Cupido I meane/of this mayste gloryfye  
And Venus thou mayste make melodye  
Withouten hande/me semeth that in towne  
For this myracle/I here eche bell sowne

But honomore as now/of this matere  
For why this folke/wyll come vp anone  
That haue the letter redde/lo I them here  
But I adiourne the Cresyde anone  
And the Troylus/that whan thou mayste gone  
That at myne house/ye be at my warnynge  
For I full well shall shape your comynge

And easeth there your hertes/ryght ynoughe  
And let se whiche of you/shall bere the bell  
To speke of loue/a lytell ther with he loughe

of Troylus.

For ther haue ye a layser for to tell  
Quod Troylus, how longe shall it dwell  
Or this be do quod he whan thou mayste ryse  
This thynge shall be ryght as I deuyse

With that Clayne and Deiphebus  
Than comen upwarde at the stayre ende  
And lordes so to grone tho gan Troylus  
His brother and his syster for to blende  
Quod Pandarus tyme is that we wende  
Take nece myne your leue at all thre  
And let them speke and come forthe with me

She toke her leue at them full honestly  
As she well coude and her reuerence  
Unto the full they dyden hardely  
And wondre well spake in her absence  
Of her in praysyng of her excellencie  
Her gouernance her wytte and her manere  
Commendyng it that Joye it was to here

Now let her wende to her owne place  
And to me we to Troylus agayne  
That gan full lyghtly of the lettre pace  
That Deiphebus hadde in the gardyne sene  
And of Clayne and hym he wolde fayne  
Delyuered be and sayde that hym leste  
To slepe and after tales to haue reste

Clayne hym kyste and toke her leue blyue  
Deiphebus eke and home wente euery wyght  
And Pandarus as faste as he maye dryue  
To Troylus came tho as blyue ryght  
And on a pylet all that glade nyght

## The thyde boke

By Troylus he laye with blysshfull chere  
To talke and well was hym they were in sere  
Whan cuery wyght was boyded but they two  
And all the dores were faste yslid  
To tell in shorte withouten wordes mo  
This Pandarus without ony let  
Up ros and upon his beddes fete hym set  
And gan to speke in a sobre wyle  
To Troylus as I shall you now deuyse

Myne alther best lorde and brother dere  
God wolde and thou that it sat me so sore  
Whan I the sawe so languysshynge to yere  
For loue of whiche the wo waxe cuernire  
That I with all my myght and my lere  
Haue cuer syth do my besynessee  
To bryng the to Joye out of dystresse

And haue it brought to suche plyte as thou wost  
So that thorughe me thou stondest now in waye  
To fare well I saye it soz no bost  
And wost thou why for shame it is to saye  
For the I haue begonne a game to playe  
Whiche that I never do shal este soz other  
All though he were a thousande folde my brother

That is to saye for the am I becomen  
Betwyx game and ernest suche a meane  
As maken women unto men comyn  
Thou wost thyself what that I wolde meane  
For the haue I my nece of vyces cleene  
So fully made thy gentylnesse to tryst  
That all shall be ryght as thy selfe lyf

of Troylus.

But god that all wote/take I to wytnesse  
That I never this/sor couetyse wrought  
But onely to abredge thy dystresse  
For whiche well iugh thou dyed as methought  
But good brother do now as the ought  
For goddes loue/and kepe her out of blame  
So as thou arte wyse/kepe her out of shame

For well thou woste/the name is yet of her  
Amonge the people/as who sayth halowed is  
For never was yet wyght/I dare well swere  
That ever wyste/she dyde amys  
But wo is me/that I that cause all this  
May thynde/that she is my nece vere  
And I her came/and traytour bothe I sere

And were it wyste/that I through myne engyne  
Had in my nece/put this fantasye  
To do thy lust/and holy to be thyne  
Why all the people/wolde vpon it crye  
And saye that I/the worste trechery  
Dyde in this case/that ever wag bygonne  
And she fordone/and thou ryght nought ywonne

Wherfore or I/wyll further go a pas  
The I praye este/though he thou shouldest dye  
That pruyte/go with vs in this cas  
That is to saye/thou never vs bewraye  
And be not wrothe/though he I the ofte praye  
To holde secre/suche an hygh matere  
For skylfull is/ thou wost well my prayer

Thynke what wo/there hath betyde or this  
For makynge of auauanteg/as men rede

## The thyde boke

And what myschaunce yet in this worlde is  
Fro daye to daye ryght for that wycked dede  
For whiche these wyse clerkes that ben deed  
Haue wryte of this as yet men teche vs yonge  
The fyreste vertu is to kepe the tongue

And nere it that I wolde as now abyedge  
Dyffusyon of speche I cowde almost  
A thousaunde olde stoyres the alcedge  
Of women throughe fals and foolcs boste  
Proverbes canste thy selfe ynow and wost  
Agayne that wyce for to be a labbe  
Thoughe men sothe saye as often as they gabbe  
For tongue alas so olte here byorne  
Hath he made full many a lady bryght of hewe  
Daye wela waye the daye that she was borne  
And many a mayden sozow for to newe  
And for the more parte all is vntre we  
That men of yelpe and it were brought to pzeue  
By reason none auauntour is to leue

I vauntour and a lyer all is one  
As thus I suppose a woman loueth me  
And saythe certayne that other wyll she none  
And am sworne to holde it secre  
And after I go and tell it two or thre  
Wyng I am a vauntour at the leste  
And a lyer in brekyng of my behest

Suche maner folke what shall I clype them what  
And loke that I be ryght nought to blame  
That them auaunt of women and saye she is that  
That never yet in ernest nor in game

of Troylus.

I knew her nomore/than the deuylls dame  
No wondre is/so god me sende hele  
Though he women drede/with vs men to dele

I saye not this/for no mystruste of you  
Ne for no wyse man/but for fooles nyce  
And for the harme/that in the worlde is now  
As well for sory vsed/as for malycie  
For well I wote/that wyse folke that vyce  
No woman dredeth/yf she be well auysed  
For wyse folke ben/by fooles haringes chalysed

But now to purpos/lese brother dere  
Haue all this thynge/that I haue sayde in mynde  
And kepe the close/and be now of good chere  
For at thy daye thou shalte me trewe fynde  
I shall thy proces/set in suche a kynde  
And god tofore/that it shall the suffyse  
For it shall be ryght/as thou wylte it deuyse

For well I wote thou meanest well pard  
Therefore I dare this fully vndertake  
Thou knowes eke/what thy lady graunted the  
And daye it set/the charters vp to make  
Haue now good nyght/I maye no lenger wak  
And praye for me/sythe thou arte now in blysse  
That god the sende deth/or ryght soone thy wylshe

Who myght tell/halfe the Joye or feest  
Whiche that the soule of Troylus tho felte  
Herynge the effecte of Pandarus bcheste  
His olde wo/that made his herte swete  
Sant thou for Joye to wasten and to melte  
And all the thoughtes/of his syghes soze

## The thyrde boke

At ones fledde he felte of them nomore  
But ryght as these holtes/and these hayes  
That haue ben in wynter/died and dryen  
Reuesten theym in grene/whan that Maye is  
Whan euery lusty/lysteth for to playen  
Byght in that selfe wylle/sothe for to sayen  
Ware sodaynly his herte/full of Joye  
That gladder was there/neuer man in Troye

And gan his loke/on Pandarus vp caste  
Full soberly/and frendly vnto se  
And sayde frende in Apryll the laste  
Well thou woste yf it remembre the  
Well nyghe the deth/for wo thou founde me  
And how thou dydest all thy belyngeste  
To knowe of me/the cause of my dystresse

Thou knowes how longe/I forbare to saye  
To the that arte the man/that I best tryste  
And perell none was it/to the bewraye  
That wiste I well/but tell me yf the lyte  
Sith I so lothe was/that thyselfe it wiste  
How durste I no tell/of this matere  
That quake now/and noman maye vs here

But mathenes by that god/I the swere  
That as hym lyte/maye all this woldre gouerne  
And yf I lyc/Achilles with a spere  
My herte cleue/all were my lyfe eterne  
As I am mortall/yf I late or yern  
Wolde it bewraye/it shewe/or conne  
For all the good/that god made vnder sonne  
But rather wolde I dye/and determinyne

## of Troylus.

As thynketh me now stocked in pryson  
In wrschynesse/in sylthe/and vermyne  
Captyle to cruell kyng Agameuon  
And this/in all the temples of the towne  
Upon the goddes all/wyU I the swere  
To morowe daye/ylketh the to here  
  
And that thou haste/somoche ydo for me  
That I ne maye/it neuer more deserue  
This knowe I well/all myght I now for the  
A thousande tymes/in a morowe serue  
I can nomore/but that I wyll the serue  
Wyght as thy slauie/whyder so thou wende  
For euermore/unto my lyues ende  
  
But here with all my herte/I the beseche  
That neuer in me thou deime suche foly  
As I shal lsey/me thought by thy specche  
That this that thou hast/me for company  
Do/I shuld deime it a bawdry  
I am not wood/all yf I lewde be  
It is not bawdry/that wote I well patde  
  
But he that gothe/for golde or for rynges  
On suche mesage/call them what the leste  
But this that thou doest/for gentylnesse  
Compassyon/flowshypp/and cruste  
Departe it so/for wyde wher is wþst  
How that there is/dyuersyte requyred  
Betwyx ethynge/lyke as I haue lered  
  
And that thou knowe/I thynde not ne wene  
That this seruyce/a shame be or a Jape  
I haue my layre syster/Pollexine

## The thyrde boke

Cassandre helayne/or ony of the frape  
Be she neuer so fayre/ne so well yshape  
Tell me whiche thou wylte/of euerychone  
To haue for thyng/and let me than alone

But sith thou hast done me this scruppe  
My lyfe to saue/and for no hope of mede  
So for the loue of god/this grete empypse  
Perfouyme it out/for now is moost nede  
For hyc or lowe/without ony dycde  
I wyl alwaye/thy hestes all kepe  
Haue now good nyght/and let us bothe slepe

Thus helde eche of other/well apayde  
That all the wolden myght it amende  
And on the morowe/when they were arayde  
Eche to his owne nede/gan entende  
But Troylus thought/as the syre he frende  
For sharpe desyre/of hope and of plasaunce  
He not forgate/his wyls gouernaunce

But in hymselfe with manhode gan restrayne  
Eche rechelis dede/and eche brydeled chere  
That all tho/that lyuen sorthe to scyne  
He shulde haue wylste/by worde ne manere  
What that he ment/as touchyng this matere  
Frome every wyght/as far as the clowde  
He was so wyls/and dysymulen he cowde

And all this whyle/whiche I you deuyse  
This was his lyfe/with his full myght  
By daye he was in Martis hysgh scruppe  
That is to saye/in armes as a knyght  
And for the most parte/the longe nyght

of Troylus.

He laye and thought how that he myght serue  
His lady best her thanke for to deserue

For why she founde hym so dyscrete in all  
So secrete and of such obeysaunce  
That well she felte he was to her a wall  
Of stelle a shelde frome euery dyspleasaunce  
That to be in his good gouernance  
So wyse he was she was nome; aferde  
I meane as fer as ought to be requyred

And Pandarus alwaye to quycken the fyre  
Was euer lyke prest and dylygent  
To ease his frende was set all his desyre  
He went aye on he to and fro was sent  
Hedettes bere whan Troylus was absent  
That never wyght wylte as in his frendes ned  
He bare hym bet to do his frende to sped

But now peraunciture some men wayte wolde  
That euery worde or loke sonde or chere  
Of Troylus that I reherse sholde  
In all this whyle unto his lady dere  
I trowe it were a longe thyng to here  
Or of ony wyght that stode in such dysloynt  
His wordes all or euery loke to poynt

Forsothe I haue not herde it done or this  
In story none ne man here I wene  
And though I wold I coude not pwyg  
For there was some epystle sente betwene  
That wolde as saythe my auctour well contene  
An hundred verse of whiche hym lyste not wyte  
How shoulde I than a lyne of it endyte

Troylus.

K.i.

## The thyrde boke

But to the grete effecte/that I saye thus  
That stondyng in concorde/and quyete  
These ylike two/Cresyde and Troylus  
As I haue sayde/in this tyme swete  
Haue onely that/oste tyme they myght not mete  
He leyser hadde/her speches to fulfull  
It befell ryght/as I shall you tell

That Pandarus/whiche þ alwaye dyde his myght  
Byght for the syne/that I speke of here  
As for to bryng/ to his hous som nyght  
His sayre nece/and Troylus yfere  
There as at leyser/all this hye matere  
Touchyng thei loue/were at the full vppounde  
Hadde as hym thought/a tyme therto yfounde

For he with grete delyberacyon  
Had euery thyng/that therto myght auayle  
Forne cast/and put in execucion  
And nother leste for cost/ne for trauayle  
That none of them shoule in nothyngc sayle  
And for to be not espyed ther  
He thought well/an impostyble were

And dideles/it clere was in the wynde  
Of euery pyc/and euery let game  
Thus all is well/and all this worlde is blynde  
In this matere bothe wynde and tame  
This tymbre is redy/for to put in stame  
Us lacketh not/but that we wytten wolde  
Accertayne houre/in whiche she comen shoulde  
And Troylus/that al his puruyaunce  
Knewe at the full/and wayed on it aye

## of Troylus.

Hadde here vpon eke made his ordynaunce  
And founde his cause and eke all the araye  
That ys that he were myssed nyght or daye  
The whyle he was aboute this seruyse  
That he was go to do his sacryfycce

And must at suche a temple allne wake  
And worshyp Appollo there wolde he be  
And fyreste to se the holy laurell quake  
Or that Appollo spacke out of the tre  
To tell hym whan the greces shall fle  
And for thy let hym noman god forbede  
But praye Appollo that he wolde hym spedde

Now is there lytell more for to done  
But Pandare vp and short y to sayne  
Kyght vpon the chaungyng of the mone  
Whan lyghties is the worlde a nyght or twayne  
And that the welwyn shope hym for to rayne  
He streyght a morowe vnto his nece wente  
Ye haue well herde the fyne of his entent

Whan he was there he gan anone to playe  
As he was wonte and at hymselfe to Gape  
And fynally he swore and gan her saye  
Bothe this and that she shoulde hym not escape  
He make hym lenger after her to gape  
But certaynly she must by her leue  
Come soupe with hym at his house at eue

At whiche she loughed and gan herselfe excusen  
And sayde it eyneth lo how shoulde I gon  
Let be quod he my frende ne stande not thus a musen  
This must ye done ye shall be there anone

Troylus.

B.ii.

## The thyrd boke

So at the laste here of they fell at one  
And elles softe he swore her in her ere  
He wolde never come there as he were

And she agayne gan hym for to rowne  
And asked hym yf Troylus were there  
Ho swore her naye for he was out of towne  
And sayde nece I pose that ye were there  
Ye durste never haue the more fere  
For rather than men shoulde men espye  
We were leuer a thoulande folde to dyc

Not lyt myn auctour fully to declare  
What that she thoughte whan he sayde so  
That Troylus was out of towne yfare  
As yf he sayde so the therof or no  
But that she graunted with hym for to go  
Without nayenge sythe he her besought  
And as his nece obeyed as her ought

Neuerthelesse than gan she hym beseeche  
All though he with hym to go was no fere  
For to beware of ghostly peoples speche  
That drementhynges whiche never were  
And well auys hym whome he brought there  
And sayde Came syth I must you tryst  
Loke all be well for I do as you lyste

He swore her tho by stockes and by stones  
And by the goddes that in heuen dwell  
Or elles were hym leuer fell and bones  
With Pluto kyng as depe be in hell  
As Tantalus what sholde I longer dwell  
Whan all was well he roos and toke his leue

of Troylus.

And she to souper came/whan it was eue  
With a certayne of her owne men  
And with her fayre nece/Antygone  
And other of her women/nyne or ten  
But who was gladde/who as trowe ye  
But Troylus that stode/and myght it se  
Throughte a lytel wyndow/ia a stewe  
There he stet was/syth mydnyght in a mewe  
Unwiste of euery wyght/but of Pandare  
But now to purpose/whan that she was come  
With all Joye/and all frendes fare  
Her Came anone/in armes hathe her nome  
And after to the souper/all and some  
Whantyme was/to souper they be sette  
God wote there was no deyntee/for to fette  
And after souper/gan they to ryse  
And easc well/with hertes feshe and glade  
And well was hym/that coude best deuyse  
To lyken her/or to laughen her made  
He songe/she playde/he tolde a tale of wade  
But at the laste/as euery thyng he hathe ende  
She toke her leue/and edes wolde home wende  
But o fortune/executryce of wyerdes  
O indluence/of the se heuenes hye  
Sothe is that vnder god/ye be come oure hyerdes  
Thoughe to vs/ben the causes wrye  
This meane I now/for she gan homwarde hye  
But executed was all/besyde her leue  
The goddes wyll/for whiche she must bleue  
¶ The bent mone/with the hornes pale  
Troylus.

## The thyrde boke

Saturne and Juno in Cancro Joyned were  
That suche rayne from heuen gan auale  
That euery man and woman that was there  
Had of the smoky rayne a very fere  
And pandare loughe tho and sayd chenne  
Now it were tyme a lady to go henne

But now good nece yf I myght ever please  
Yow ony thynge I praye you now quod he  
To do myne harte as now so grete an ease  
As for to dwel here this nyght with me  
For nece this is your owne hous perde  
Now be merci I saye it is now no game  
To wende now home it were to me a shame

Cresyde whiche that coude as moche good  
As halfe a worlde toke hede of his prayere  
And sawe it rayned and all was on a floode  
She thought as good chepe maye I dwel here  
And graunt it gladly with a frendly chere  
And haue a thanke than grutche and than abyde  
For home to gone it well not well betyde

I wyll quod she myne uncle lefe and dece  
Suh that you lyst it skyll is to be so  
I am ryght gladde with you to dwellen here  
I sayd it but in game that I wold go  
Ywys graunt mercy nece quod he tho  
Were it in game or sothe so to tell  
I am now glad lyth that ye lyst to dwell

Thus all is well but tho began a ryght  
The newe Joye and all the fest agayne  
But Pandarus yf goodly had he myght

of Troylus.

He wolde haue lyed her to bedde full fayne  
And sayde lordes this is a huge rayne  
This were a wedder now for to slepe in  
And that I rede vs soone to begynne

And nece wote ye where I shall you lave  
For that we shoulde not lygge fer a sondre  
And for ye shall neyther dare I saye  
Here noysse of rayne ne of thonder  
By god ryght in my lytell closet ponder  
And I wyll in that lytell house alone  
Be wardenye of your women euychone

And in this myddle chambre that ye se  
Shall all your women slepe fayre and softe  
And all within shall your selfe be  
And yf ye lygge well to nyght come more ofte  
And care not for the wedder though it be a lofte  
The wyne was brought and whan so that ye leste  
Than it is tyme for to go to rest

There was nomore but there after soone  
They boyde drakk and trauers draue anone  
Gan euery wyght that hadde nought to done  
More in the place out of the chambre gone  
And alwaye in this meane whyle it rone  
And blewe therwith so wonderly lowde  
That well nye no man other here coude

Tho Pandarus ryght as hym ought  
With women suche as were her nyghe aboute  
Full gladde vnto her beddes syde her brought  
And toke her leue and gan full lowe loue  
And sayde at this closet doze without

## The thyde boke

Byght ouerthwarte your women lyggen all  
That whome ye lyste of them ye maye soone call

So whan she was in closet layde  
And all her women forthe by ordynaunce  
A bed were they as I haue you sayde  
This was nomore to skyppe ne to traunce  
But bade them go to bedde with myschauice  
Yf ony man was styringe ony where  
And lete them slepe that abedde were

But Pandarus that well coude eche a dale  
The olde daunce and euery poynt therin  
Whan that he sawe that all thyngē was wele  
He thought he wolde vpon his werke begynne  
And gan the stewe dore all softe vnyrune  
And styl as stone without lenger let  
By Troylus adowne he by hym sette

And shortly to the poynte now for to gone  
Of all this thyngē he tolde hym wōde and ende  
And sayde make the redy ryght anone  
For thou shalte in to heuen blysse wende  
Now goodly Venus thou me grace sende  
Quod Troylus for never yet nonede  
Hadde I o; now nor never somoche drede

Quod Pandarus ne drede the never a dale  
For it shall be ryght as thou wyl desyze  
So thryue I this nyght I shall make it wele  
D caste all the gruell in the fyre  
That blyfull Venus this nyght me enspyre  
Quod Troylus as wys as I the serue  
And euer bet and bet shall tyll I sterue

of Troylus.

And yf I hadde o Venus full of mythe  
Aspectes bad o Mars o of Saturne  
Or through combust o let were in my bythe  
Thy fader praye all suche hame dyforne  
Of grace and that I gladde agayne maye to ne  
For loue of hym thou louedest in the shawe  
I meane Adonis that with the boore was flawe  
O loue eke so the loue of the fayre europe  
The whiche in fourme of a bull awaye the set  
Now helpe me Mars with thy blody cope  
For loue of Cypas good god me not let  
O Phebus thynke whan Diane her fest shet  
Under the darke and ranne awaye for drede  
Yet for her loue now helpe at this nede

Mercurie for the loue of her eke  
For whiche Pallas was with Aglaurus wrothe  
Now helpe Dyane and eke I the beseeke  
That this byage be not to be lothe  
O fatall sustren whiche o any clothe  
Ne shapen was my destync me sponne  
So helpe to this werke that is here vygonne

Quod Pandarus thou wretched mouses herte  
Arte thou agaste so that she wyll the byte  
Why do on this furred cloke vpon thy shert  
And follow me for I wyll haue the whyte  
But byde and lat me go afore a lyte  
And with that worde he gan vndo the trappe  
And Troylus he brought in by the lappe

The sterne wynde so loude gan to rowte  
That nowyght others noyse myght here

Troylus.

L.i.

## The thyrde boke

And they that laye at the doore without  
full syketly they slepte all in sete  
And Pandarus with a full sobre chere  
Gothe to the doore adowne without let  
There as they laye and softly it shet

And as he came agaynwarde full pruely  
His nece awoke and asked who is there  
My dere nece quod he it am I  
He wondreth not ne haue of me no sete  
And here he came and sayde her in her cre  
No worde for the loue of god I you beseche  
Let no wyght aryse and here of our speche

What whiche waye ben ye come benedicte  
Quod she and how thus vnwyste of them all  
Here at this lytell trappe done quod he  
Quod tho Cresyde let me some wyght call  
O god for bede that it shoulde befall  
Quod Pandarus that ye suche folye wrought  
They myght deme that they never er thought

It is not good a slepyng hounde to wake  
He gyue a wyght a cause to dyuyne  
Yore women slepe all I vndertake  
So that for them the hous men myght myne  
And slepe wel that tyll the sonne shyne  
And whan my tall brought is to an ende  
Unwyste ryght as I came so wyll I wende

Now nece myne ye shall well vnderstonde  
Quod he so as ye women do men all  
That for to holde a man longe in honde  
And hym her lyfe and dere herre call

of Troylus.

And make hym an houe/aboue a call  
I meane as loue an other/in the meane whyle  
She dothe her selfe a shaine/and hym a guyle

Now wherby/that I tell you all this  
Ye wote your selfe/as well as ony wyght  
How that your loue/all fully graunted is  
To Troylus/the worthyprest knyght  
One of this worlde/and therto trouthe ye plyght  
That but it were on hym a longe/ye nolde  
Hym never fassen/whyle ye lyue sholde

Now standeth thus/sythe I fro you went  
This Troylus platly/for to sayne  
Is thorughe a gutter/by a preuy went  
In to my chamb're came/in all this rayne  
Unwiste/of ony maner wyght certayne  
Daufe of my selfe/as wylly haue I Joye  
And by the fayth/I owe Pyram of Troye

And he is come/in suche payne and dystresse  
I trowe he be/all fully wode by this  
He sodaynly must fall/in to wodenesse  
But god helpe/and why the cause is this  
He saythe hym tolde is/of a stende of his  
How that he shoulde loue one Horast  
For sorowe of whiche this nyght wyll be his last

Cresyde/whiche that all this wondre herde  
Gan therwith/aboute her herte colde  
And with a syght/she sodaynly answerde  
Alas I wende/who so tales tolde  
Wy dere herte/wolde me not holde  
So lyghtly false/alas conceytes wronge  
Troylus.

## The thyrd boke

What harme they do/sor now I lyue to longe

Horaſt alas/and falſen Troylus

I knowe hym not/god me helpe so quod she  
Alas what wycked ſpyryte tolde hym thus  
Now certes Came to morowe and I hym ſe  
I shall of that/as fully excusen me  
As cuer dyde woman/yl that hym lyke  
And with that worde ſhe gan for to ſyke

O god quod ſhe/ſo worldly ſelyneſſe  
Whiche clerkes call/worldly felycyte  
Pinedled is/with many a bytternesse  
Full anguylous/that is god wote quod ſhe  
Condycyon of bayne proſperyte  
For eyther Joyes/come not aye in fere  
Or elles no wyght/hathe them alwaye here

O brytell wile/of worldly Joye vnyſtable  
With what wyght/ſo that thou be or playe  
Eyther he wote that thou arte Joye mutable  
Or wote it not/it muſt be one of tweye  
Now yf ye wote it not/how maye ye ſeye  
That he hathe veraye Joye/and ſelyneſſe  
That is of Ignoraunce/aye in derkneſſe

Now yf ye wote/that Joye is transytorpe  
As euery Joye/of worldely thyng maye be  
Now eueryche/that hathe in memorye  
The drede of lesyng/maketh hym that he  
Maye in no parfyte ſykerneſſe be  
And yf to leſe his Joye/he ſette a myte  
Than ſemeth that Joye/is worth but lyte  
Wherfore I wyll dyſſyne/in this manere

of Troylus.

That treuly for ought I can espye  
There is no veraye wele in this woldē here  
But o thou wycked serpent Falowsye  
Thou mysvyleued enuyous folye  
Why hast thou made Troylus me vntyste  
That never yet agylted hym that I wiste

Quod Pandarus thus fallen is this case  
Why uncle myne quod he who tolde hym this  
Why dothe my dere herte thus alas  
Ye wote ye nece myne quod he what is  
I hope all shall be well that is amyng  
For ye maye quenche all this ylye leſt  
And dothe ryght so I holde it for the best

So shall I do to morowe ywys quod he  
And god to forne so that it shall suffyce  
To morowe alas that were fayre quod he  
Nay nay it maye not stande in this wyse  
For nece myne thus wryten clerkes wyse  
That per ell is with drenchyng in I drawe  
Nay suche abodes ben not worth an hawe

Nece all thyng he hathe tyme I dare auowe  
For whan a cambre abyre is or an hall  
Well more mayster is it sodaynly rescowe  
Than to dyspute and aske amonge them all  
How this candell in the strawe dyde fall  
I benedicte for all that longe fare  
The harme is do and fare well felde fare

And nece myne ne take it not a grefe  
Yf that ye suffre hym all nyght in this wo  
God helpe me so ye hadde hym never leſe

Troylus.

L.iii.

## The thyde boke

That dace I saye now there is but we two  
But well I wote ye wyl not do so  
Ye be to wyle to do so grete foly  
To put his lyse all nyght in Jeopardy

Hadde ye hym neverlese by god I wene  
I hadde never thynges solese by god quod he  
Now by my trouthe quod he that shall be sene  
For sythe ye make this ensample of me  
Yf I all nyght wold hym in sorowe se  
For all the tresour in the towne of Troye  
I byd god nevermore haue I Joye

Now loketh than yf tha ye be his loue  
To put all nyght his lyse in Jeopardye  
For thynges of nought now by that lord aboue  
Not onely this delaye cometh of foly  
But of malycy yf I shall not ly  
What platly and ye se hym in dystresse  
Neyther ye wylcly done ne gentylnesse

Quod tho Cresyde wyl ye do onc thynges  
And ye therwith shall stynt his dysease  
Haue here and bere hym this blewe ryng  
For there is nochynge maye hym better please  
Haue I my selfe ne more his herte case  
And saye my dere here that his sorowe  
Is causeles and that ye shall se to morowe

A ryng quod he ye hasylwode is shaken  
Ye nece myne that ryng must haue a ston  
That myght deed men alyue maken  
And such a ryng trowe I that ye haue none  
Dyscrecyon out of your heed is gone

of Troylus.

That sele I now quod he and that is rowthe  
O tyme ylostē well mayste thou curse slowthe

Wote ye not well that nobyl and hyc corage  
Soroweth not ne synscheth not for lyte  
But yfa foole were in a Jalous rage  
Inolde set at his sorowe a myte  
But fesse hym with a fewe wordes whyte  
Another daye whan I myght hym fynde  
But this thyng standeth in another kynde

He is so gentyll and so tendre of herte  
That with his dethē he wyll his sorow wycke  
For trusteth well how soe that hym smerte  
He wyll to you no Jalous wordes speke  
And for thy nece or that his herte b̄eke  
To speke your selfe to hym of this matere  
For with o wordes ye maye his herte stere

Now haue I tolde what perell he is in  
And his comynge vnwyste of euery myght  
And parde harme maye there be none ne synne  
I wyll my selfe be with you all this nyght  
Ye knewe well eke he is your owne knyght  
And that by ryght ye must upon hym cryste  
And I all prestē to fetche hym whan ye lyste

This accydent so pytous was to here  
And eke so lyke a sothe at pryme face  
And Troylus her knyght to her so dere  
His preuy comynge and the syker place  
That though he shē dyde hym as than a grace  
Consydryed all thynges as they stode  
No wondre is sythe shē dyde all for good

Troylus.

L.iii.

### The thyrde boke

Cresyde answerde/as wylly god at rest  
My soule bryngē/as me is for hym wo  
And Came ywys/sayne wolde I do the best  
I that I had grace to do so  
But whether ye dwell/or for hym go  
I am tyll god/me better mynde sende  
At Dulcarnon/at my wyttes ende

Quod Pandarus/ye nece wyllye here  
Dulcarnon is called flemyngē of wretches  
It semeth harde/for wretches wyl not here  
For veraye slouthe/and other wylfull fetches  
This sayde he by them/þ be not worthē two fetches  
But ye be wylle/and haue this in hande  
Nys nother harde/ne saylfull to withstande

Than Came quod she/doeth hereof as ye lyst  
But or ye come/I wyl syste a wylle  
And for the loue ol god/sythe almy tryste  
Is on you two/and ye bothe wylle  
So woketh now/in so dyscrete a wylle  
That I honour maye haue/and he pleasaunce  
For I am here now/in your gouernaunce

This is well sayde quod he/my nece dcre  
Good thryste came on that/wyse gentyli herte.  
But lyggeth stylle/and taketh hym ryght here  
It nedeth not/no further for hym to sterte  
And eche of you/case other sorowes smerte  
For soone hope I/we shall all be mery  
For loue of god/and Venus I the hery

This Troplis full soone/on knees hym set  
Full so byly/ryght by her beddes hede

of Troylus.

And in his best wyse/his lady grette  
But lordes so she was/sodaynly rede  
As though he men shoulde/smyte of her heed  
She myght not o worde/a ryght out bryng  
So sodaynly/for his soone compyng

But Pandarus/that so well coude sele  
In euery thyng to playe/anone bygan  
And sayde nece/se how this lordes can knele  
Now for your trouthe/see this gentylman  
And with that worde/he for a quysshyn ran  
And sayde now kneleth/whyle that you lyste  
That god your hertes/bryng soone at teste

Can I not sayen/for she bade hym not ryse  
If sovor it put/out of remembraunce  
Or elles that she toke it/in this wyse  
Osdutye/as for his obeyaunce  
But well I rede/she dyde hym this pleasaunce  
That she hym kyste/all though he syged soze  
And badde hym kyte adolynge/withouten more

Quod Pandarus/now wyll ye well bygynen  
Now dothe hym kyte/good nece dere  
Upon your beddes syde/all within  
That ech of you/the bet maye other here  
And with that worde/he drewe hym to the fyre  
And toke a lyght/und seyned his countenaunce  
As for to loke/upon an olde romaunce

Cresyde that was/Troylus lady bryght  
And clere stode/on a grounde o/sykerneisse  
All though he she her seruaunt/and her knyght  
He sholde o/s ryght/none vncrouthe in her gesse

## The thynode boke

Neuerthelesse consydered his dystresse  
And that loue is in cause of such folye  
Thus to hym spakke she of his Iolousye

To herte myne as wolde the excellencie  
Of loue agaynste the whiche no man may  
Re ought eke goodly make resystance  
And eke by cause I felt well and saye  
Youte grete trouthe and scrurce euery daye  
And that your herte all myne was sothe to sayne  
This droue me to rewe vpon your payne

And your godnesse haue I founde alwaye yet  
Of whiche my dere herte and my knyght  
I thankē it you as fer as I haue wpte  
All can I not as moche as it were ryght  
And I hensforche my cumynge and my myght  
Haue and aye shall how soere that me smerte  
Be to you crewe and hole with myne herte

And dredcles that shall be sounde at preue  
But herte myne what all this is to sayne  
Shall well be tolde so that ye you not greue  
Thoughe I to you ryght on yorselfe complayne  
For therwith meane I synally the payne  
That holdeth your herte and myne in heuynesse  
Fully to slayne and euery wronge redresse

My good hert not I for why ne how  
That Iolousye alas that wycked wyuere  
So causeles is cropen in to you  
The harme of whiche I wolde sayne delyuere  
Alas that ye all hole or of hym a shuere  
Souldē haue his refute in so dygne a plage

of Troylus.

That loue out soone out of your herte hym race

But o thou loue auctour of nature

Is this an honouer unto thy deynte

That folke vngylty suffre here iniure

And he that gylyt is vnglyt gothe he

O were it lefull for to playne on the

That vndeserued suffryst Falowlye

Of that I wolde vpon the playne and crye

Eke all my wo is this that men now vsen

To saye ryght thus that Falouly is loue

And wolde a bushell of venym all excusen

For that one greyn of loue is in the shoue

But that wote the hyc god that lyt aboue

Yf it be syker loue hate or grame

And after that it ought to vere his name

But certayne is sonie maner Falouly

Is excusyble more than sonie ywyg

Is whan case and some suche fantasy

With pyte so well repressed is

That it vinneth dothe or sayeth amyg

But goodly drynketh vp all his dystresse

And that excuse I for the gentylnesse

And some so full of fury and dyspyte

That it surmounteth his reppressyon

But hert myne ye be not in this plyte

That thanke I god for whiche your paßenyon

I wyll not call it but an Illusyon

Of habundaunce of loue and besy cure

That dothe your herte this dysease endure

Of whiche I am ryght sorry but not wrothe

## The thynde boke

But for my desyre/and your hertes rest  
Whether so ylyste/bp ordall or by othe  
By sorte/or by what wylle/so that you lest  
For loue of god/late preue it for the best  
And yf that I be gylty/do me deye  
Alas what myght I/more done or seye

With that a fewe/bryght tress newe  
Out of her eyen fell/and thus she sayde  
Now god thou wost/in thought/ne dede vntrewe  
To Troylus was never yet Cresyde  
With that her honde/downe in the bedde she leyde  
And with the shete it wryed/and syghed soore  
And helde her peas/not a wodde spacke she more

But now helpe god/to quenche all this sorow  
So hope I that he shall/for he best maye  
For I haue sene a full mysty morowe  
Folowfull ofte/a mery somer daye  
And after wynter/foloweth grene Maye  
Men sene aldaye/and rede cke in storyes  
That after Sharpe shoures/ben wyctoryes

This Troylus/whan he her wordes herde  
Haue ye no care/hymlyste not to slepe  
For it thought hym/no strokis of a yerde  
To here or se/Cresyde his lady wepe  
But well he felte/aboute his herte crepe  
For euery tere/whiche that Cresyde asterte  
The crampis of dethe/steyneth hym by the herte

And in his mynde/he gan the tyme acurse  
That he came there/or that he was boore  
For now is wycke/torned into warse

of Troylus.

And all the labour/he hath do byfore  
He thought it lost/he wende he was but loze  
O Pandarus/alas thought he thy wyle  
Screueth of nought/so welawaye the whyle

And therwithall/he hymg adowne the heed  
And fell on knees/and soowfully he syght  
What myght he saye/he felte he was but deed  
for wrothe was she/that shoulde his sorowes lyght  
But neuertheles/whan he speke myght  
Than sayde he thus/god wote that of this grame  
Whan all is wylt/Than am I not to blame

Therwith the sorowe/of his herte shette  
That scome his eyen/fyll there not a tere  
And euery spyppe/his bygour in knet  
So they astonyed/and oppressed were  
The felynge of his sorowe/and of his chere  
Or of ought elles/fledde was out of towne  
Adowne he fell all sodaynly/in a sowne

This was no lytell/sorowe for to se  
for all was styll/but Pandare vp at the laste  
O nece peas/or we be loste quod he  
Be not agaste/but alwaye at the laste  
for this or that/he hym in to the bedde caste  
And sayde these/is this a mannes herte  
And of he rent/all to his bare herte

And sayde nece/but ye helpe vs now  
wyg your owne Troylus is lorne  
Alas so wolde I/and I wylste how  
full sayue quod she/alas that I was borne  
Ye nece/wyll ye pull out the thorne

## The thyrde boke

That styccketh in his herte quod Pandare  
Sayc all forgyue and stynt all this care

Ye that to me quod she / leuer were  
Than all the good the sonne aboute gothe  
And ther withall / she swore hym in his cre  
Wys my dere herte / I am not wrothe  
Haue herte my trouthe / and many an other othe  
Now speke to me / for yet I am Cresyde  
But all for nought / yet myghte he not abyde

Tho Troplus / gan sorrowfully to syke  
Lest she were wrothe / hym thought his herte deyde  
And sayde alas / vpon my sorrowis syke  
Haue mercy on me / swete herte myne Cresyde  
And yf that in tho wordes / that I sayde  
Be ony wronge / I wyll nomore trespass  
Dothe as ye lyste / I put me in your grace

Cresyde answerde / of gylte my sericorde  
That is for to saye / I forgyue all this  
And euermore / on thi nyght recorde  
And be well ware / ye do nomore amyng  
Saye dere herte myne / quod he wylgs  
And now quod she / that I haue do you smerte  
Forgyue it me / myne owne swete herte

Tho Troylus with blisse / of that suppreysed  
Put all in goddes honde / as he that mente  
Nothyng but well / and sodaynly aysed  
He her in armes / faste to hym hent  
And Pandarus / with full good entent  
Layde hym to slepe / and sayde yf he be wyls  
Swoyne not now / lest mo folkes aryse

of Troylus.

What myght or maye the sly latke saye  
Whan that the sparhawke hathe it in his fote  
I can nomore but of this ylke twey  
To whome this tale sugre be or swoete  
Thoughe that I tary a yere somyme I mote  
After myne auctour tell of theyz gladnesse  
As well as I haue tolde theyz heuynesse

Cresyde with that felte her thus ytake  
As wyten clerkes in theyz bokes olde  
Byght as an aspen lefe she gan to quake  
Whan she her felte in his armes folde  
And Troylus all hole of his cares colde  
Gan thankyn tho the byght goddes seuen  
That sondry paynes bryngē folde to heuen

This Troylus in armes gan her strayne  
And sayde o swete as euer mote I gone  
Now be ye caughte there nyg but we tweyne  
Now yldeth you for other bote is none  
To that Cresyde answered thus anone  
He hadde Ier now my swete herte dere  
Be ylden ywys I were not now here

O sothe is sayde that heled for to be  
As of a feuer or another grete sykenesse  
Men must dynke all daye as men maye se  
full bytter dynke and for to haue gladnesse  
Men duren Payne and grete dystresse  
I meane it here as of this auenture  
That throughe a Payne hathe founde now his cure  
And now swetenesse semeth more swete  
That bytternesse assayed was byforne

## The chyde boke

For out of wo/in blysse/norw they flete  
None suche they feste/syth that they were borne  
Now is this bet/than bothe two be borne  
For loue of god/take every woman hede  
To worke thus/whan it cometh to nede

Cresyde all quyte/ frome euery drede and tene  
As she that Juste cause hadde hym to tryste  
Made hym suche feste/that Joye it was to sene  
Whan she his trowthe/and clene entent wylste  
And as aboute a tree/with many a twylste  
Bytrent and wrythe/the foote woodbynde  
Gan ech of them in armes other wrynde

And as the newe/abasshed nyghtyngale  
That synteth fyre/or she begynne to syng  
Whan she hereth/ony hyperdes tale  
Or in the hedges/ony wryght syryng  
And after sykernesle/her boys dothe out ryng  
Ryght so Cresyde/whan that her drede stent  
Opened her herte/and tolde all her entent

And ryght as he/that sawe his dethe yshapen  
And dye must/by ought that he gan gesse  
And sodaynly rescous/dothe hym escapen  
And frome his dethe/is brought in sykernesle  
For all this woude ryght in suche gladnesse  
Is Troylus/and hath his lady swete  
With worse hap/god let vs never mete

Her armes smale/her streyght backe and softe  
Her sydes longe/freshly smothre and whyte  
He gan to stroke/and bade good thyfte full ofte  
Her snowysch chrote/her brestes rownde and lyte

of Troylus.

Thus in this heuen he gan hym delyte  
And ther withall a thousande tymes her kyse  
That what sor to do for Joye vncethe he wiste

Than sayde he thus o loue o charyte  
Thy moder eke Cytherea the swete  
After thyselfe nexte heryed be she  
Venus meane I the mele wylly planete  
And nexte Umenyus I the grete  
For never man was to you goddes holde  
As I that ye haue brought frome cares colde

Benigne loue thou holy bonde of thynges  
Who so wyl grace and lyste not the honoure  
Lo his desyre wyl sle without wylnges  
For thou nodest of bounte them socoure  
That seruen best and alwaye most labour  
But yf thy grace passed our deserte  
All were lost that daye I saye certes

And for thou me that coude best deserue  
Of them that nombrd be be vnto thy grace  
Hast holpen there I lykely was to sterue  
And me beslowed in so hyghe a place  
That ylke boundes maye no blys pace  
I can no more but laude and reuerence  
Be to thy bounte and thyne excellencie

And ther withall Cresyde anone he kyse  
Of whiche certayne she felte no dysease  
And thus sayde he now wolde god I wylste  
Myne herte swete how I myghe you please  
What man quod he was cuer thus at ease  
As Jon whome the fayrest and the bes

Troylus.

29.1.

## The thypde boke

That euer I salve/dyneth her herte to rest  
Here maye mense/that mercy passeth myght  
The experiance of this/is felte in me  
That am vnworthy/to you my lady bryght  
But herte myne/of your benygnyte  
So thynketh/though he I vnworthy be  
Yet must nede amende in some wyse  
Byght throughe the vertu of your seruise

And for the loue of god my lady dere  
Sþt god hathe wrought me/for you euer to serue  
As thus he wþll/that ye be my stede  
To do me lyue/þt that ye lyste or sterue  
So techeth me/how that I maye deserue  
Your thanke/so that I throughe myne ygnorauice  
Ne do nothynge/that do you dyspleaunce

For certes/ferre the womanly wyfe  
The daye is sythe/that trouthe and dylygence  
Ye shal in me/synden all my lyfe  
I nyll certayne/breke your defence  
And yf I do/present or in absence  
For loue of god/late see me wþt the dcde  
þt that it lyke/vnto your womanhede

þwys quod she myne owne hertes lust  
By grounde of ease/and all my herte dere  
Gramercy/for on that is all my trust  
But let vs fall a waye/frome this matere  
For this suffyseth/whiche that is sayde here  
And at o wþde/without repentaunce  
Well come my knyght/my peas my suffysaunce  
¶ Of theyþ delyte or Joyes/one the leſt

of Troylus.

Were impossiblē in my wytte to saye  
But Iugeth ye that haue at ben the leſt  
Of ſuſhe gladneſſe, yf them lyſte to playe  
I can no more, but thus this ylke twey  
That nyght betwixte dredē and ſykerneſſe  
They felte in loue, the grete worthynelle

O blyſfull nyght, of whome ſo longe I ſought  
How blythe unto them bothe thou were  
Why ne hadde I ſuſhe one, with my ſoule ybought  
Ye for the leſt Joye, that was there  
Awaye thou ſoule daunger, and thou fere  
And let them in this heuen blys dweli  
That is ſo hye, that no man gan tell

These ylke two, that ben in armes laſte  
So lothe to them, a ſondre to go it were  
That eche of them frome other, wende byraſte  
Or elles lo thus, was theyr mooſt fere  
Lest all this thynge, but nyce dreams were  
For whiche full ofte, eche of them ſayde o ſwete  
Clyppe I you thus, or elles do I meete

And lordē ſo he gan, goodly on her ſe  
That neuer his loke, blent from her face  
And ſayde o dere herte, how may it be  
That it be ſothe, that ye be in this place  
Ye herte myne, god thanke I of his grace  
Quod tho Cresyde, and therwithall hym kyste  
That where his ſpyrte was, for Joye he nyſte

This Troylus full ofte, her eyen two  
Gan for to kylle, and ſayde o eyen clere  
It were ye, that wrought me this wo

Troylus.

M.ii.

## The thyrde boke

Ye humble nettes of my lady dere  
Though there be mercy wryten in your there  
God wote that texte full harde is sothe to fynde  
How coude ye without bonde me bynde

Therwith he gan her fast in armes take  
And well a thousande tymes gan he syke  
Not suche sorowfull syghes as men make  
For sorow we elles whan that folke be syke  
But easie syghes suche as ben to lyke  
That shewed his affeccyon within  
Of suche syghes coude he not blyn

Soone after this they spacke of sondrye thynge  
As fell to purpose of ther aduenture  
And playenge bytwyre bothe they chaunged rynges  
Of whiche I can tell no scripture  
But well I wote a broche of golde and a sure  
In whiche a Ruby set was lyke an herre  
Cresyde hym gaue and stacke it on his sherte

Lord trowe ye that a couetous wretche  
That blameth loue and hathe of it dyspyte  
That of the pens that he gan mocre aud ketch  
Was cuer yet gyue to hym suche delyte  
As is in loue in some maner plyte  
Maye doubles for as so god me saue  
So parfyte Joye maye no nygarde haue

They wyll saye this but lord so they lye  
The besy wretches full of wo and drede  
They clype loue a wodnesse or a furye  
But it fall them as I shall now rede  
They shall forgo bothe the whyte and the red

of Troylus.

And lyue in wo/there god gyue them myschance  
And every louer/in his trouthe auaunce

As wolde god these wretches that dyspyse  
Heruyce of loue/hadde eres also longe  
As hadde Wyda/full of couetyse  
And cherto dronken hadde/as hote and stronge  
As Crassus dyde/for his affectes wronge  
To teche them/that couetyse is vycce  
And loue is vertu/though he men holde it nyce

These ylke two/of whiche that you saye  
Whan that theyz hertes/fully assured were  
Tho gan they to speke/and to playe  
And eke rehersen/how and whan and where  
They knewe fyste/and euery wo and fere  
That passed was/but all that heuynesse  
Ythanked god/was touched in to gladnesse

And euermore/whan they fell to speke  
Of ony woo/of suche a tyme agone  
With kyssynge/all that tale shoulde breke  
And fallen in a newe Joye anone  
And dyde all theyz myght/sythe they were one  
For to recouer blys/and be at ease  
And pepysd wo/with Joye counterpease

Reason wyll not/that I now speke of slepe  
For it accordeth not/to my matere  
God wote they toke of that/sull lytell kepe  
But lest this nyght/that was to hym so dere  
He shoulde in bayne/scape in no manere  
It was byset/in Joye and bcsynesse  
Of all that sorweth/into gentylnesse

Troylus.

¶.iii.

### The thyrde boke

But how all thoughte / I can not tell all  
As can myne auctour of his excellencie  
Yet haue I sayde / and god tofore I shall  
In euery thyng / the grete of his sentence  
And yf that I / at loueg reuerence  
Haue ony thyng / echyd for the best  
Do therwithall / ryght as your selfe lest

For my wordes here / and in euery parte  
I speke them all / vnder correccyon  
Of you that felyng haue / in loues acte  
And I put them hole / in your dyscreccyon  
To encrease / and make dymyniucyon  
Of my langage / and I you bysche  
But now to purpos / of my rather spcche

Than that the cocke / the comune astrologer  
Gan on his breste to bete / and after crowe  
And Lucyfer the dayes messanger  
Gan for to rysc / and out her streame thowre  
And Estwarde rose to hym / þ coude it knowe  
Fortuna maior / that anone Cresyde  
With herte sorc / to Troylus thus she sayde

Myne hertes lyfe / my truste and my pleasaunce  
That I was borne / alas that me is wo  
This daye we muste / make dyscreuaunce  
For tyme is to rysc / and hens go  
Or elles I am lost / for euermo  
Onyght alas / why nyll thou ouer vs houe  
As longe as whan / Almena laye by Joue  
Oblacke nyght / as men in bokes rede  
That shapen arte by god / this worlde to hyde

## of Troylus.

At certayne tymes/ with thy blacke wede  
That vnder that/men myght in rest abyde  
Well ought beestes playne/ and folke the chyde  
That there as daye/with labour wolde vs brest  
That thou vs sleeſt/and late vs haue no rest

Thou doest alas/ to shortly thyne offyce  
Thou rakell nyght/ there god maker of kynde  
for thou so downewarde/hasteth of malycce  
Thy cours/ and to our Emyscry bynde  
That neuermore/vnder our grounde the wynde  
for through the rakell/hyenghe out of Troye  
Haue I forgo/ thus hastyly my Joye

This Troylus/that with the wordes felte  
As thought hym tho/for pytous dystresse  
The blody teres/ frome his herte melte  
As he that neuer/ yet such heuynesse  
Assayed hadde/out of to grete gladnesse  
San her withall/Cresyde his lady vere  
In armes streyne/ and sayde in this manere

O cruell daye/accuser of the Joye  
That loue and nyght/haue stole and fast wryten  
Accursed be the comynge/in to Troye  
for euery loue/with one of thy bryght eyen  
Enuyous daye/what lyste the to espyen  
What hast thou lost/what sekest thou in thy place  
There god thy lyght/so quenche for his grace

Alas what haue these louers/the agylte  
Dyspytous daye/ thyne be the pyc of hell  
for many a louer/hast thou slayne and wylte  
Thy powrynge in/wyll now here lette them dwell

## The chynde boke

What proferest thou thy lyght here for to sell  
Go sell it them that small scales graue  
We wyll the not vs nedeth no daye to haue

And eke the sonne Tytan wolde he chynde  
And sayde foole well maye men the dysppse  
Thou hast all nyght the dawnyng by thy syde  
And that suffred her so soone frome the tyme  
For to departen louers in this wyle  
What holde thy bedde thou and eke thy morowe  
I praye to god so gyue you bothe sorowe

Therwith full sore he syghed and thus sayde  
My lady ryght and of my well and wo  
The veraye roote o goodly myne Cresyde  
And shall I ryse alas and shall I so  
Rowse I that myne herte must a two  
For how shoulde I my lyfe an houre saue  
Sith that with you is all my lyfe I haue

What shall I do for certes I not how  
Ne whan alas I maye the tyme yse  
That in this place I maye be este with you  
And of my lyfe god wote how that shall be  
So that desyre ryght now so strayneth me  
That I am deed anone but I retorne  
How shoulde I longe alas fro you forcurne

Neuertheles myne owne lady bygght  
Yf it were so that I wiste vterly  
That I your seruaunt and your knyght  
Were in yur herte shytte as syrmely  
Ie ye in myne the whiche thynge circulys  
Micer were than these worldes twyne

of Troylus.

yet shoulde I bet/ endure all my Payne

To that Cresyde/ answered thus anone  
And with a syghe/ he sayde herre dere  
The game ywys/ so fer for the now is gone  
That erst shall Phephus/ fall stome his spere  
And euery Egle/ be the hawkes fere  
And euery Bocke/ out of his place sterte  
O Troylus go out/ of Cresydes herre

Ye be so depe/ within my herre y graue  
That thoughte I wolde it tourne out of my thought  
As wylly betayne god/ my soule sauie  
To dyc in the Payne/ I coude nougat  
And for the loue of god/ that vs hathe wrought  
Let in your brayne/ none other fantasye  
So crepe that it cause me to dye

And that ye me wyl haue/ as fast in mynde  
As I haue you/ that wolde I you beseche  
And yf I wylste sothely/ that to fynde  
God myght not apoynte my Joyes eche  
But herre mynne/ withouten more speche  
Be yeto me trewem/ elles wete it towthe  
For I am thyne/ by god and by my crowthe

Be gladde for thy/ and lyue in sykernesse  
Thus sayde I never or now/ ne shall to mo  
And yf to you/ it were a grete gladnesse  
To come agayne/ soone after that ye go  
As sayne wolde I as ye/ that it were so  
As wylly god mynne herre/ bryng to reste  
And hym in armes take/ and este kest  
Agaynst his wyl/ syche it must nedes be

Troylus.

A. i.

## Chethypde boke

This Troylus hym rose and faste hym cladde  
And in his armes took his lady he  
An hundred tymes and on his myre hym spedde  
And with suche boyce as though he his herte bledde  
He sayde fare well vere herte sweete  
That god vs grante sounde and soone to mete  
To whiche no woorde for sorowe she answerde  
So sore gan his partyng her restrayne  
And Troylus vnto his palays sterde  
Is wo bygone as she was forthe to sayne  
So harde hym wronge of her desyre the payne  
For to be there este he was in plasaunce  
That it myght never out of his remembraunce  
Retourned than vnto his palays soone  
He lost in to his bed gan to synke  
To slepe longe as he was wonte to done  
But all for nought he maye well lygge and wynke  
But slepc maye none in his herte synke  
Chynkyng how she for whome desyre hym bende  
A thousande folde more worse than he wende  
And in this thought gan vp and downe to ronde  
Her wordes all and every countenaunce  
And hymselfe Impressed in his mynde  
The lest poynt that to hym was plasaunce  
And veryly of chylik remembraunce  
Desyre all newe hym bende and lust to bende  
Gan more than erist and yet tolde he none he de  
Cresyde also ryght in the same wyse  
Of Troylus gan in det herte shete  
His mouthynesse his lust his dede mynde

of Troylus.

His gentynesse/and how she with hym mette  
Thankyng lour he so well her blyste  
Desyryng este to haue her herte dere  
In such a plyte she durst make hym chere  
Pandare a morowe wch chat comen was  
In to his nece he gan her for to grete  
Sayde all this nyght it reyned so alas  
That all my driepe is y e my nece swete  
full lytell lcyser hadde to slepe or meete  
All nyght quod he rayne bathe do me so wake  
That some of vs our heedes ought to ake

And nere he came and sayde how stonde it now  
This bryght morowe now how conne ye fare  
Cresyde answerde never the bet for you  
For that ye beu god gyue you herte care  
God helpe me so y e cause of this fare  
Crows I quod she for all your wordes whyte  
Who so seeth you knoweth you full lyte

With that she gan her face for to wryte  
With the shete and waxe for shame all rede  
And Pandarus gan vnder for to wryte  
And sayde nece yf that I shall be ded  
Haue here my swerde and smythe of my heod  
With that his arme all sodayly he thyste  
Under her nekke and at the last her kyste

I passe all that whiche nedeth not to saye  
What god forgaue his dethe/and she also  
forgaue/and with her uncle gan to playe  
For other cause was therenone than so  
But of this thyng ryght to the effecte to go

Troylus.

¶.ii.

The thyrde boke.

Whan trine was home to her house she wente  
And Pandarus hache hys entent

Now tourne we agayne to Troylus  
That restes full longe abedde laye  
And ppyucl sent after Pandarus  
To hym to come. In all the haste he maye  
He came anone, not ones sayde he naye  
And Troylus full sobyrlly hym grette  
And downe on his beddes syde hym sette

This Troylus with all the affeccyon  
Of frendly loue that herte maye deuyse  
To Pandarus on knees fell adowne  
And or that he wolde of that place aryse  
He gan hym thanke in the best wyse  
A thousande tymes, and gan the daye to blesse  
That he was borne to bryng hym frome dystresse

And sayde o frende of frendes alther best  
That curc was the sothe for to tell  
Thou hast in heuen brought my soule at rest  
Fro Cochita the fyry flode of hell  
And though I myght a thousande tymes fell  
Upon a daye, my lyfe in thy seruise  
It myght not amounce ne in that suffysse

The sonne whiche that all the woldre maye se  
Was never yet my lyfe dare I saye  
So inly fayre so goodly as is he  
Whose I am and shall, till that I depe  
And that I thus am here, I dare well saye  
That thanked be the hye worthynesse  
Of loue and eke thy kynde besynesse

## of Troylus.

Thus hast thou me/not a lytell gyue  
For whiche alleged be/to the for aye  
My lyfe for why/for throughc thy helpe I lyue  
Or illes deed hadde I be gon many a daye  
And with that worde/downe in his bedde he laye  
And Pandarus/full soberly hym herde  
Tyll all was sayde/and than he thus answerde

My dere frende/yf I haue do for the  
In ony case/god wote it is my lyfe  
And am as gladde/as man of it maye  
God helpe me so/but take it not agrese  
For loue of god/beware of this myschese  
That there as now/brought arte to blysse  
That thou thyselfe/ne cause it not to mysse

For offortunes sharpe aduersyte  
The worse kynde/of infortune in this  
A man to haue be in prosperyte  
And it remembre/whan it passed is  
Thou arte wyse ynowe/for why do not amys  
Be not to rakell/though he thou sytte warme  
For yf thou do/certayne it wyll the harme

Thou arte at ease/holde the nowtherin  
For all so surc/as redy is/cuer syre  
As grete a crafte is/to kepe well as wynne  
Brydle thy speche/and thy desyre  
For worldly Joye/holde not/but by a wyre  
That priueth well/it brest alwaye so ofte  
For thy nede is/to worke whyle it is softe

Quod Troylus I hope/and god to forne  
My dere that I shall me so bere

Troylus.

## The thyrd boke

That in my gylte/there shal nothyng be loyme  
Ne I wyll do/as for to greuen here  
It nedeth not this mater/oke to stere  
For wyste thou well myne herte thou Pandare  
By god of this thou woldest lytell care

Tho gan he tell hym/ of his gladde nyght  
And wherof his herte/dredd and how  
And sayde frende/as I am crewe knyght  
And by the saythe/ I owe to god and you  
I hadde it neuer/halfe so hote as nowe  
And aye the more/that desyre me bytch  
To loue her best/the more me delytch

I not myselfe/wysly what it is  
But now I sele/a newe qualyte  
Ye all another/than I syde or this  
Pandare answerde/and sayde thus that he  
That ones maye/in henen blysse be  
He seleth otherwyse/that dare I saye  
Than thylike tyme/he herde of it syste saye

This is o worde/for all this Troylus  
Was neuer full/to speke of this matere  
And for to preysse/unto Pandarus  
The beaute of his ryght lady/dere  
And Pandarus to thynke/and make hym chere  
This tale was alwaye/spanne newe to begynne  
Tyll that the nyght/departed them a twynne

Soone after this/for that fortunc it wolde  
Ycomen was/the blyffull tyme swete  
That Troylus was warned/that he shoulde  
There he was erste/Cresyde his lady mete

of Troylus.

For whiche he felte in Joye his herte slete  
And saythefully gan all the goddes hertye  
And let se now yf that he can be merye

And holden was the four ne and all the wyse  
Of her comynge and eke of his also  
As it was erst whiche nedeth not to deuyse  
But playnly to the effecte for to go  
In Joye and suerte Pandarus them two  
Hed brought whan them bothe leste  
And thus they be in quyet and in rest

Not nedeth to you sythe they ben mette  
To aske of me yf they blythe were  
For yf it erst was wele tho was it bette  
A thousande folde this nedeth not to enquyre  
Agon was euery care and euery fere  
And bothe wrys they hadde and so they wende  
As moche Joye as herte maye comprehendre

This is no lytell thyng of for to saye  
This passeth euery wyght for to deuyse  
For eche of hem gan others luste obaye  
Felycye whiche that these clerkes wyse  
Commenden so ne maye not here suffyse  
This Joye may not wryten be with ynke  
It passeth all that ony herte maye thynke

But cruell daye so welawaye the stounde  
Gan for to approche as they by sygnes knewe  
For whiche them thought they felde dethes wounde  
So wo was them that chaungen gan they hewe  
And they bygan to dyspyse all newe  
Callynge it traytour enuyous and worse

Troylus.

¶.iv.

## The thyrde boke

And bytterly the daye lyght they curse

Quod Troylus alas now am I ware  
That pyterys and the swyfte stedes thre  
Whiche that drawen forthe the sonnes chare  
Haue gone some bypathe in dyspyte of me  
That maketh it so soone daye to be  
And for the sonne hasteth hym thus to ryse  
Ne shal I neuer do este hym sacryfyle

But nedes daye de parte must them soone  
And whan they speche done was and they chare  
They tweyne anone as they ben wonte to done  
And sette a tyme of metyng eft in lere  
And many a nyght they wrought in this manere  
And thus fortune a tyme ladde them in Joye  
Cresyde and eke the kynges sonne of Troye

In suffisaunce in blysse and in syngynges  
This Troylus gan all his lyfe to lede  
He spendeth Justeth and maketh festynges  
He gyueth frely ofte and chaungeth wede  
And holte aboute hym aye without drede  
A worlde of folke as can hym well of kynde  
The fresshest and the best that he coude fynde

That suche a boyse of hym was and a steuen  
Throughout the worlde of honour and largesse  
That it vpronge to the gate of heuen  
And as in loue he was in suche gladnesse  
That in his herte he demed as I gele  
That there nyg louer in this worlde at ease  
So well as he and thus gan loue hym please  
The goodly heed and bounte whiche that kynde

## of Troylus.

In ony other lady hadde yset  
Cannot the mounteiance of a knot vnbynde  
Aboute his herce of all Cresydes net  
He was so narowe masked and yknet  
That it to vndo on eny maner syde  
That wyll not be for ought that maye betyde

And by the honde full ofte he wolde take  
This Pandarus and in to the gardyn lede  
And suche a feste and suche a processe make  
Hym of Cresyde and of her woman hede  
And of her beaute eke withouten drede  
It was an heuen his wordes for to here  
And than he wolde syng in this manere

Loue that oferthe and see hath in gouernaunce  
Loue that his hestes hath in heuens hye  
Loue that with an holsome alyaunce  
Holt peoples Joyned as he lest them gye  
Loue that endueth lawe of compayne  
And couples dothe in vertu for to dwell  
Bynde this accorde that I haue tolde and tell

That that the woorde with fapthe that is stable  
Dyuerseth so his stoundes concordyng  
That Clementes that ben so dyscordable  
Holde in a bonde perpetually duryng  
That Phebus must his rosy daye for the bryng  
And the mone haue lordshyp ouer the nyghtes  
All thys dothe loue all heryd be his myghtes

That that the see gredy is to floyn  
Constrayneth to a certayne ende so  
As nodes that so freshly they ne groyn

## The thyrde boke

To drentche the erthe/and all for cuermes  
And yf that loue ought let his brydell go  
And that now lyueth/a sundre shoulde kepe  
And lost were all/that loue now holte to hepe

So wolde god/that auctoures of kynde  
That with his bonde of loue/of his vertu lyf  
So serchen hertes all/and faste brynde  
That from his bonde/no wyght out of the waye wylle  
And hertes colde them wolde/that he twylle  
To make them loue/and that them lyste aye rewe  
On hertes sore/and kepe them that bencewe

In all nedes/for the townes were  
He was and aye fyre in his armes dyght  
And certaynly/but yf that booke erre  
Saue Hector most dredde/of ony wyght  
And this encres/of hardynes and myght  
Comelym of loue/his lady for to wyinne  
That altered his spypye so within

And most of vertu/and loue was his speche  
And in dyspyte/had all wrytchydnesse  
And doubtles no nede/was hym beseche  
To honour them/that hadden worthynesse  
And easen them/that were in dystrese  
And gladde was/yon wyght well ferde  
That louer was/whan he it wylle and herde

For sothe to saven/he loste)helde euery wyght  
But yf it were/in loues hys scrupule  
Imeane folkes/that ought be bryght  
And ouer all this so well coude he deuyse  
Ofsentement/and in so vncouche wyse

of Troylus.

All his apace/that every louer thought  
That all was well/what so he sayde or wrought  
And all though he came/of blode ryall  
Hym lyst not of pryde/at no wyght to chace  
Benygne he was/to eche in generall  
For whiche he gate hym helpe/in euery place  
Thus wolde loue/þheryd be his grace  
That pryde and Ire/enuye and auaryce  
He gan to ste/and many an other byce

Thou lady bryght/doughter to Dyone  
Thy blynde and wynged/soone dame Cupyde  
Your sustren eke/that by Elycone  
In hym þernaso/lysten for to abyde  
That ye thus ferre/haue deyned me to guyde  
I can nomore/but lyth that ye wyll wende  
þheryd be ye for aye/withouten ende

In tyme of trewes/on hawkyng wolde he ryde  
Or elles hunte Bore/Bere/or Lyowae  
The small bestes/lete he go belyde  
And whan that he came/rydynge to the towne  
Full ofte his lady/frome the wyndo we downe  
As fresshe as sawcon/cometh out of newe  
Full redy was hym/goodly to falewe

Now haue I you sayde/fully in my my songe  
The effecte and Ioye of Troylus seruyle  
All be that þere was/some dysease amonge  
As myne auctour/lysteth to deuyse  
My thyrd boke now ende I in this wyse  
And Troylus in lust/and in quyete  
Is with Cresyde/his owne lady sweete.

## The fourte boke

Here endeth the thyrd boke of Troylus, & here  
begynneth the prologe of the fourte boke.



It all to lytell wele awaye the whyle  
Lasteth suche Joye, blessed be fortune  
That semeth truest, whā she dothe begyle  
And can to fooleg, so her songe entune  
That she dothe blent, as traytour comune  
And whan a wyght is frome her wele ythrawe  
Than laugheth she, and maketh hym amewe

Frome Troylus gan she her bryght face  
Awys to wrye, and toke of hym none hede  
But caste hym clene, out of her grace  
And on her whele, she sette Dyonicde  
For whiche ryght now, myne herte gryndeth to blede  
And now my penne, alas with whiche I wryte  
Quaketh for drede, of that I must endyte

For how Cresyde, Troylus forsoke  
Or at the leſt, how that she was bnynde  
This must be for thethe, mater of my boke  
As wryten folke, through the whiche it is my mynde  
Alas that euer, she shoulde cause fynde  
To speke hym harme, and yf they on her ly  
Pwyſ themſelue, shall haue the vylany

O ye Herynes, myghtes doughters thre  
That endeles complayne, euer in payne  
Negera, Allecto, and eke Thesypnone  
Thou cruell Mars, eke lader to Nuyryne  
This ylke fourte boke, helpe me to fyne  
So that the lose, and loue, and lyfe I fere

of Troylus.

Of Troylus veray shewethere.

Here endeth the prologue, and here begyns  
neth the fourte boke of Troylus.

Now this my fourte boke sheweth how  
that the Ambassatoures of Grece came to  
Troye for Cresyde and of the grete sorow  
that Troylus and Cresyde made whā they  
herde that Antenor shoulde be delyuered be  
ynge prysoner, and Cresyde rendred for the  
aquytaunce of hym.



## The boutte boke.



Vggynge in hoste as I haue tolde on this  
The grekes stronge aboute Troye towne  
Besell that whā Phebus gan shyne ywys  
Upon the brest of Hercules lywone  
That Hector w̄ bull many a boldc baronne  
Caste on a daye with Grekes for to syght  
Is he was wonke to greate them yf hem ryght

Note I how longe or shorte it was byt wene.  
This purpos and that daye they syghte nient  
But on a daye well bygght and shene:  
With spere in honde and bygge boves bent  
Hector and many a worthy knyghte out went  
And in the verde anone withouten lit  
They soomen in the felde them fast met

The longe daye with speres sharpe ygrounde  
With atowes dartes swerdes and maces fell  
They syght and brynge horse and man to grounde  
And with theyr axes out the braynes quell  
But in the last shoure for the for to tell  
The folke of Troye themself so mysseden  
That with the worse homwarde at nyght they fleden

At whiche daye was taken Anthenore  
Maugre, Pollynydas or Monestyo  
Xandype, Sarpedon, Palestynore  
Polyte or eke the Troyan Mypheo  
And other lasse folke as Phebuseo  
So that for harme that daye the folke of Troye  
Dredden to lese a grete parte of theyr Troye

Neuerthcresse a trewes was there take  
At Grekes request and tho they gan crete

of Troylus.

Of prisoneers/a chalenge for to make  
This thyng a done/was sayde in every stete  
And for the surplus/yauen sommes gree  
Bothe in the syege/and tolone and cuety whete  
And with the syste/it came to Calcas etc

Whan Calcas knewe/the treatyse sholde holde  
In concystryng/amonge Grekes soone  
He gan in thyng forthe with lordes olde  
And set hym therre as he was wonte to done  
And with they chaungynge/he had them a bone  
For loue of god/to do that reuerence  
To stynyt noysse/and gyue hym audyence

Than sayde he thus/lo lordes myne I was  
Troian/as it knowe out of dreve  
And yf ye remembre/I am Calcas  
That alther syste/gaue comforde to your ned  
And tolde well/how he shoulde spede  
For dredeles/throughhe you shall in a stounde  
This Troye be brent/ & drawn downe to the grounde

And in what tourne/and in what maner wylle  
This towne to shende/and all your lust to achiue  
Ye haue ox this/me herde full well deuyse  
This knownen ye my lordes as I leue  
And for the Grekes/were me so leue  
I came my selfe/in my propre persone  
To teche in this/what were best to done

Hauynge vpon my tresour/ne my tent  
Byght no respecte/to respecte of your easse  
Thus all my good I leue/and to you went  
Wenynge in this/my lordes you to please

## The fourte boke

But all this losse dothe me no dysease  
I bouche sause as myself haue I loye  
for you to lese all that I haue in troye

Saufe of a doughter that I leste alas  
Slepyng at home when out of Troye I sterre  
O sterne and cruell fader that I was  
How myght I haue in that so harde an herte  
Alas I ne had brought het in my herte  
For sorowe of whiche I wyl not lyue to morowe  
But yf ye lorde rew me upon my sorowe

For by that cause I saue no tyme or now  
Her to delyuer holde I haue my peas  
But now or never yf it lyke you  
I maye her haue ryght soone doubtles  
O helpe and grace amonge all this prees  
Rewe on me onde Captyle here in this dystresse  
Sythe I for you haue all this heynesse

Ye haue now caught a fetered in prysyon  
Troyans ynowe and yf your wyll be  
My chylde with one maye haue redempyon  
Now for the loue of god and of your bounce  
One of so maner alas so gyue hym me  
What neede were this prayer for to wene  
Sythe ye shall haue bothe towne and folke as yerne

On perell of my lyfe I shall not lyse  
Appollo hathe me tolde it faythfully  
I haue it founde eke by astromy  
By sorte by augury eke trewly  
And dare well saye the tyme is faste by  
That fyre and flamine on all the towne shall sprede

of Troylus.

And thus shall Troye tourne in to asthes dede  
For certayne Phebus and Neptunus bothe  
That maden the walles of the towne  
Ben with folke of Troye now so wrothe  
They wyll este bryngc it to confusyon  
Byght for despyte of kynge Laomedon  
Bycause he nolde paye them theyz hyre  
The towne shall yet be set on a fyre

Tellynge his tale awaie this olde graye  
Humble in speche and in his lokynge eke  
The salte teres frome his eyen tweye  
Full faste ranne downe by eyther cheke  
So longe he gan of socour hym byske  
That for to helpe hym of his syghes sore  
They gaue hym Anchenor withouten more  
But who was gladde yuowe but Calcas tho  
And of all thyngc full soone is layde  
On them that shoulde for the treatyce go  
To bryngc them kynge Thoas and Cresyde  
And them for Anchenor full ofte preyde  
And whan Pyramus his sauke garde sent  
The Ambassatoures full streyght to Troye went

The cause tolde of theyz comyngc the colde  
Pyramus kynge full soone in generall  
Do here vpon his parlyament to holde  
Of whiche the effecte reherse you now I shall  
The Ambassatoures ben answered for fynall  
The chaunge of prysoneis and all this dede  
Them lyketh well and so they forthe procede  
¶ This Troylus was present in the place

Troylus.

¶ i.

## The thyrde boke

Whan asked was for Anthe nor Cresyde  
For whiche full soone chaunged he his face  
Is he that with tho wordes full nyghte deyde  
Neuertheles he no worde to it sayde  
With mannes herte he gan his sorowe dype  
Lest men shoulde his affeccyon aspype

And full of anguylshe and of bryg drede  
Abode what other lordes wolde saye  
And yf they welde graunte as god forbede  
The eschaunge of her than thought he thynges twey  
Fyrste to saue her honour and what waye  
He myght best the eschaunge of her withstonde  
Full fast he cast how all this thyng myght stonde

Loue hym made all prest to make her byde  
Or rather dye than she shoulde go  
But reason hym sayde on that other syde  
Without assent of her ne do not so  
Lest thou her wroche and she than be thy so  
And saye that throughe thy medlyngc is yblowe  
Yore locher loue there was erst yknowe

For whiche he gan deluyern to the best  
That thoughc the lordes wolde that she went  
He wolde let them graunt what them leste  
And tell his lady fyrste what they mente  
And whan that she hadde sayde hym her entente  
Ther after wolde he werke also blyue  
Thoughe all the worlde agayne it wolde stryue

Hector whiche that ryght well the Grekes herde  
For Anthenor how they wolde haue Cresyde  
Gan it withstonde and so brycely answerde

of Troplus.

Byres she nys no prysoner he sayde  
I not on you who this charge layde  
But on my partye maye estesoone them tell  
We vse not here no women for to sell

The noyse of the people vpsterre than all at onys  
As brymme as blase of strawe set a syre  
for infortune it wolde for the nonys  
They shoulde they confusyon desyre  
Hector quod they what ghost maye you enspyr?  
This woman thus to shelde and do vs lese  
Daune Anthenor a wronge waye now ye these

That is so wylle and so holde a barowne  
And we haue nede offolke as men maye se  
He is eke one of the gretest of this towne  
Daue Hector let tho fantasyes be  
Of kynge Pryamus quod they thus saye we  
That all our boys is to forgo Cresyde  
And to delyuer Anthenor they prayde

O Iuuenall lorde full sothe is thy sentence  
That lytell wyten folke what is to yern  
That they ne fynde in her desyre offence  
For cloude of errour let them to dyscerne  
What best is to here ensample as yern  
This folke desyre now delyuerance  
Of Anthenor that brought them to my schaunce

For he was after traytour to the towne  
Of Troye alas they quyte hym out to rathe  
Onyce woldes to thy dyscrecyowne  
Cresyde whiche that never dyde them skath  
Shall now no lenger in her blysse bathe  
Troplus.

## The fourte boke.

But another shall come home to towne  
And she shall oute thus all they sayd and sondre

For whiche deluyered was by parlyament.

For another to yeuen out Cresyde

And it prououed by the presydent

And though he that heccor nay full of pryde

That fynally what wyght that it wulslayde

It was for nought it must be and sholde

For substaunce of the parlyament it wolde

Departed out of parlyament echide

This Troylus without wordes moo

In to his chaumbre sped hym fast alone

But yf it were a man of his or two

The whiche he bad oute fast to goo

Bycause he wolde slepe as he sayde

And hastely vpon his bed hym layde

And as in wynter leues ben yrafte

Eche after other till the tree be bare

Soo that there nys but braunche and barkē yleste

Ryght so Troylus byrafte of eche Welfare

I bounde within with bondes of care

Dysposed wood out of his wyt to breyde

So sore hym sat the chaungyng of Cresyde

He ryft hym vp and euery doze he shet

And wyndowes eke and tho this sorowfull man

Upon his beddes syde downe hym set

Ful lyke a deed ymage pale and wan

And in his brest the heped wo began

Oute brast and he wrought in this wyse

In his woodnesse as I shall you deuyse

## of Troylus.

Ryght as the wylde bull/begynneth spryng  
Now here now there/darted to the herte  
And of his dethe/rozech in complaiyninge  
Ryght so gan he/aboute his chambre sterre  
Smytyng his brest/aye with his sytis smerte  
His heed to walles/his body to the grounde  
Full ofte he swapped/hymselfe to confounde

His eyen two/for pyte of his herte  
Out stremeden/as swyft welles tway  
The hye sobbes/of his sorowfull smerte  
His speche hym rest/vnches myght he saye  
O dethe alas/why nyll thou do me dye  
Acursed be that daye/whiche that nature  
Shope me to be/alyues creature

But after/whan the fury and all this rage  
Whiche that his herte/twylste and fast threst  
By length of tymie/somwhat gan aswage  
Upon his bed/he leyd hym downe to reste  
But tho bygan/his feres more oute breste  
That wonder is/the body maye suffyse  
To halse this wo/whiche that I you deuyse

Than sayd he thus fortunz alas the whyle  
What haue I doo/what haue I thus agylt  
How myght thou for rowth me begyle  
Is there no grace I shall thus be iptylt  
Shall thus Cteseyde for that thou wylt  
Alas how mayst thou in thyn harte fynde  
To be to me thus cruell and vnykynde

Haue I the not honoured all my lyue  
Is thou well woost aboue the goddes all

Troylus.

D.iii.

## The fourte boke

Why wylte thou thus frome Joye me depryue  
O Troylus/what maye men the now call  
But wretche of wretches/out of honour fall  
Into myserie/whiche I wyl bewayle  
Cresyde alas/tyll that the brethe me fayle

Alas fortune/ys that my lyfe in Joye  
Dyspleased hadde/bnto thy soule enuye  
Why ne haddeſt thou/my fader kyng of Troye  
Byraste the lyfe/or do my bretheryn dye  
Or slayne my ſelfe/that thus complayne and crye  
I combe worlde/that maye of nothynge ſerue  
But alwaye dye/but never fully sterue

If that Cresyde/alone were laſte  
Frought rought whyderwarde/thou woldest ſterre  
And her alas/thou haſt me berafte  
But cuermore/lo this is thy manere  
To reue a wyght/lo that is to hym dere  
To preue in that thy gyrefull wyolence  
Thus am I loſt/there helpeth no deſence

O beraye god/o loue/o god alas  
That knowest best/myne herte and all my thoughe  
What ſhall my ſorowfull lyfe/do in thiſ caas  
If I forgo/that I ſo dere haue bought  
Bythe ye Cresyde/and me fully haue brought  
In to your grace/and bothe oure hertes ſealed  
How maye ye ſuffre/in leſſe it be repelled

What ſhall I do/whyle I maye dure  
By lyue in torment/and in cruell payne  
Thus in fortune/or thiſ dysauenture  
None as I was borne/I wyl complayne

of Troylus.

He never wyl I sene shyne or rayne  
But euer wyl I as Edyppe in derkenesse  
Lede my sorowfull lyfe and lyue in dystresse

Overaye ghost that errest to and fro  
Why nylte thou stebut of the wofullest  
Body that euer myght on grounde go  
O soule luryng in this wofull nest  
Fle feroute of myne herte or it breste  
And folowe alwaye Cresyde thy lady dere  
Thy ryght place is now no lenger here

O wofull eyen two syth youre dysport  
Was all to se Cresydes eyen bryght  
What shall ye do but for my dyscomforde  
Stonde for nought and wepen out your syght  
Sythe she is quynt that you was wonte to lyght  
In bayne fro this forthe haue I eyen tway  
I fowrmid sythe your vertu is awaie

O my Cresyde o lady souerayne  
Of that wofull soule that thus cryeth  
Who shall gyue nowe comforde to the Payne  
Alas no wyght but whan myne herte dyeth  
My spyppe whiche that so vnto you hyethe  
Receyue in gre for that shall aye you serue  
For now no force is though the body sterue

And ye louers that hpe vpon the whyle  
Ben set of fortune in good auenture  
God lene that ye fynde aye loue of stede  
And longe maye your lyfe in Joye endure  
But whan ye come by my sepulture  
Rememb're that pour felawe resteth here

## The sourte boke

For I loued eke though he I vnworthy were

O olde vnholsom and my slyuyng man  
Calcas I meane alas what eyleth the  
To ben a greke syth thou were borne Troyan  
O Calcas whiche that wylt my bane be  
In cursed tyme were thou borne for me  
As woldc blysshull Iouc for his Joye  
That I the hadde where I woldc in Troye

A thousande syghes hotter than the glede  
Out of his breste ecche after other went  
Medled with pleyntes newe his fo to sede  
For whiche his wofull teres never stent  
And shortly so his paynes hym to rent  
And was so amased that Joye nor penaunce  
He feleth none but lyeth thus in a traunce

Pandare whiche that at the parlyament  
Had herde what euery lorde and burgayss sayde  
And how full graunted was by one assent  
For Anthenor to yelden to Creyde  
Gan well nyghe out of his wytte to breyde  
So that for wo he nystre what he ment  
But in a rees to Troylus tho he went

A certayne knyght that for the tyme kepte  
The chambre doore vndyd hym anone  
And Pandare that full tenderly he wepte  
In to this derke chambre as styll as stome  
Towarde the bedde gan softly for to gone  
So confuse that he ne wylste to saye  
For veraye wo his wytte was all awaye  
And with his chere and lokynge all to torne

## of Troylus.

For sorowe of herte with his armes soldyn  
He stode this wofull Troylus by sygne  
And on his pytous face he gan beholdyn  
But lord so ofte his gan his herte coldyn  
Seynge his frende in wo whose heuyne  
His herte slowe as thought hym for dystresse

This wofull wyght this Troylus that felt  
His frende Pandare comen hym to se  
Gan as the snowe agaynste the sonne melt  
For whiche this sorowfull Pandare of pyte  
Gan for to wepe as tenderly as he  
Ind spicheles thus these ylke twey  
That neyther myght one worde for sorowe saye

But at the laste this wofull Troylus  
Nyghe deed for smerte gan bresten out to rose  
And with a sorowfull noyse he sayde thus  
Amonge his sobbes and his syghes sore  
Lo Pandare I am deed without more  
Hast thou not herde at parlyament he sayde  
For Anthenor how lost is my Cresayde

This Pandare full deed and pale of hewe  
Full pytously gaue answere and sayde this  
As wylly were it false as it is trewe  
That I haue herde and wote how it is  
O mercy god who wolde haue trowed this  
Who wolde haue wende that in so lytell a thowe  
Fortune our ioye wolde haue ouerthowe

For in this woldre there nys no creature  
As to my dome that euer sauwe ruyne  
Stronger than this throughe caske and aduenture  
Troylus.

P. i.

## The fourte boke

But who maye all eschewe or all dyuyne  
Suche is this for thy I this dyffyne  
That trust no wyght to synde in fortune  
Aye properte her gyttes ben comune

But tell me this why arte thou now so madde  
To sorowe thus why lyest thou now in this wylle  
Wyth thy despise all holy thou hast hadde  
So that by ryght it ought ynowe suffyse  
But I that never felte in my seruysse  
Or frendly chere or lokynge of an eye  
Let me thus wepe and wayle till I dye

And ouer all this as thou knowes well thyselfe  
This towne is full of ladyes all aboute  
And do my dome sayre than suche twelue  
As euer she was shall I synde in some rounte  
Ye onc or two without ony doubt  
For thy be gladde myne owne brother  
If she be loste we shall synde an other

What god forbede alwaye that suche pleasaunce  
In one thyng were and in none other wyght  
If one can syng an other can well daunce  
Yf this be goodly she that is gladde and lyght  
And this is sayre and that can good aryght  
Eche for his vertu holden is full dere  
Bothe Herowue and Fawcon for the Kyuere

And eke as wryte sauys that was full wyse  
The newe out chased ofte the olde  
And vpon newe caas lyeth newe aduyse  
Thynke eke thy lyse to sauex thou arte holde  
Suche syze by proces shall be key tolde

of Troylus.

For syth it nys/but casuall plesaunce  
Some caas shall put out of remembraunce  
For why sure is/as daye cometh after nyght  
Ye newe loue labour/or other wo  
Or elles seynge of another wyght  
Done all affeccyong/soone ouergo  
And for thy parce thou shalte haue one of tho  
To abredge with thy bytter paynes smerte  
Absence of her shall dryuc it out of herte

These wordes sayde he for the nones all  
To helpe his frende/lest he for sorowe deyde  
For doubtles to do his wo to fall  
He rought not what vnykyfe he sayde  
But Troylus that nyc for sorowe deyde  
Toke lytell hede/of all that euer he ment  
One ere is herde/and that other is out went

But at the laste/he answerde and sayde frende  
This leche craste/or haled thus to be  
Were well syttinge yf that I were a frende  
To traye a wyght/that trewe is vnto me  
I praye god/let this counseyle never ythe  
But to do me rather now steruen here  
Or I thus do/as thou woldest me lete

She that I serue/pwyg so what thou saye  
To whome myne herte/enhabytes by ryght  
Shall haue me holy hers/tyll that I deye  
For Pandare sythe I her trouthe behyght  
I wyll not be vntrewe/for no wyght  
But as her man/I wyll aye lyue and serue  
And never other creature serue

Troylus.

p.ii.

## The fourte boke

And there thou sayste thou shalte as sayre fynde  
As she let be make no comparyson  
To creature yf ourmed lyke her by kynd  
O lese Pandare in conclusyon  
I wyll not be of thyne oppynynowne  
Touchyng all this for why I the byseche  
Holde thy peas thou sleest me with thy speche

Thou byddest me I shoulde loue an other  
All fresshly newe and late Cresyde go  
It lyeth not in my power lese broder  
And yf I myght yet wolde I not do so  
But thou canste playe Baket to and fro  
Metell in docke out now this now that Pandare  
Now soule fall her for thy wo that care

Thou farest ebe by me thou Pandarus  
As he that whan a wyght is wo by gone  
He cometh to hym a pas and sayde ryght thus  
Thynke not on smerte and thou shalte fele none  
Than must I fyfste transmuse vnto a stone  
And reue me my pallyngs all  
Or thou so lyghtely do my wo to fall

My deth mayewell out of my breste de parte  
Thy lyfe so longe mayethis sorowe myne  
But fro my soule shall Cresydes darre  
Out nevernore but downe with Proserpyne  
When I am deed I wyll go wonne in pyne  
And there I wyll eternally complayne  
My woo and than twynned be we tweyne

Thou hast here made an arguement for fyne  
How that it shoulde a lesse payne be

of Troylus.

Cre syde to forgo/for she was myne  
And lyue in ease/and in felycyte  
Why gabbest thou/thou saydest thus to me  
That hym is worse/that is frome well ythowre  
Than he that never hadde/of wele yknowe

But tell me now/sythe ye thynke so lyght  
To chaungen in loue/so to and fro  
Why ne haddeſt thou/do besely thy myght  
To chaunge her/that dothe the all thy wo  
Why nyll thou/let her frome thyne herte go  
Why nyll thou loue/an other lady swete  
That myght sette thyne herte in quyete

If thou hast hadde/in loue aye yet myſchaunce  
And canſte it not/out of thyne herte dryue  
I that lyued in luste/ſt in pleasaunce  
With her/as moche as with creature on lyue  
How ſhoulde I that forȝete/aud that ſo blyue  
Lo where haſt thou ben hydde/ſo longe in mewe  
That canſt ſo well loue/not a grewe

Haye nayc god wote/nought worthe is all thy rede  
for whiche/for what that euer maye byfall  
Without wordes moo I wyll be deed  
O deth that ender arte/of ſorowes all  
Come now/syth I ſo ofte after the call  
for happy is that deth/ſo thely to ſayne  
That ofte I cleped/cometh and endeth payne

Well wote I/whyle my lyfe was in quyete  
Or thou me ſlowe/I wold haue gyuen hyre  
But now thy comyng/to me is ſo swete  
That in this worlde/I nothynge ſo desyre

Troylus.

p.iii.

The fourte boke

O deth sythe with this woldē I am a syre  
Thou other do me anone interes drentē he  
O; with thy colde stroke myne herte quentē he

Syth that thou fleest so many in sondrye wylle  
Agaynste theyr wylle unprayed daye and nyght  
Do now at my requeste this seruyle  
Delpuet now the woldē so doest thou ryght  
Of me that am the sorowfulest wylght  
That euer was for tymē that I serue  
Syth in this woldē of ryght nought mape I serue

Thus Troylus interes gan dystyll  
As lycour out of a lembyk full faste  
And Pandarns gan holde his tongue stylle  
And to the grounde his eyen downe he caste  
Neuerthles thus thought he at the laste  
What pardy rather than my selfe we deye  
Yet shall I somewhat more unto hym saye

And sayde stende syth thou hast suche dystresse  
And syth the lyste myne argumentes to blame  
Why nyce thy selfe helpe to redresse  
And with thy manhode letten all this game  
To rauylshe her ne canst thou not for shame  
And other lete her out of towne fare  
O; holde her stylle and leue thy nyce fare

Arte thou in Troye and hast none hardyment  
To take a woman whiche that loueth the  
And woldē he selfe be of thyne assent  
Now is not this a nyce banyte  
Ryse vp anone and let thy wepyng be  
And sythe thou arte a man for in this houre

of Troylus.

I wyll be deed/or she shall be styloure

To this answerde hym/Troylus full softe  
And sayde parde/lese broder dere  
All this haue I/my selfe thoughte full ofte  
And more thynges/than thou deuytest here  
But why it is lafte thou shalte well here  
And whan thou haste/me gyue audpence  
Therafter mayste thou tell chy sentence

Fyrste thou wost/syth this towne hathe all this werte  
For rauysshynge/of a woman by nyght  
It shoulde not be suffred/me to erre  
And it stante now/ne do not so grete vnryght  
I shoulde also haue/blame of euery wryght  
My faderes graunt/yf I so withstode  
Syth she is chaunged/for the townes good

I haue eke thought/syth it were her assent  
To aske her of my fader/at his grace  
Than thynke I thus/it were her accusement  
Syth well I wote/I maye her not purchace  
For syth my fader/in so hye a place  
As parlyament hathe/her eschaunge ensealeo  
He nyll for me/his lettres be repealed

Yet drede I most/her herte to perturbe  
With vpolence/yf I do suche a game  
For yf I wolde/it openly dystourbe  
It must be dysclaundre/bnto her name  
And we were leuer dye/than her defame  
As nold god/but yf I shoulde haue  
Her honoure/as lese as my lyfe saue  
Thus am I loste/for ought that I can se  
Troylus.

The fourte boke

For certayne is syth I am her knyght  
I must her honour leuer sauе than me  
In euery case as louer ought of cyght  
Thus am I with desyre and reason twyght  
Desyre her to dystourbe aye me redeth  
And reason nyl not so my herte dredeth

This wepyng quod he couthe never seace  
He sayde alas how shall I wretche fare  
For well sele I alwaye my loue encreace  
And hope it lasse and lasse alwaye Pandare  
Encreacen eke the causes of my care  
So wela waye why nyl myne herte breste  
For as in loue is there but lytell rest

Pandare answerde stende thou mayste for me  
Do as the lyte but hadde I it so hote  
And thyne estate shoulde go with me  
Though all this towne cryed on this chyge by note  
I nolde not set at all the noyse a grote  
For whan men haue well cryed than wyl they towne  
Eke wondre lasteth but nyne dayes in towne

Dyuyne not in reason aye so depe  
Accuryously but helpe thy selfe anone  
Bet is that other than thyselfe wepe  
And namely syth ye two ben all one  
Ryse up for by my heed shoulde not gone  
And rather be in blame a lytell stounde  
Than sterue here as gnate without wounde

It is no shame vnto you ne byce  
Her to withhold that you loueth most  
Parauenture sholde myght holde you for nyce

of Troylus.

To let her go thus to the grekes host  
Thynke eke fortune as well thy seluen wost  
Helpeth an hardy man to his empysse  
And fleeth for wretches for theyr cowardysse  
  
And thougheth thy lady wolde a lytell het greue  
Thou shalte thyselfe thy peas here afer make  
But as for me certayne I can not leue  
That she wyl now as yet for euyll take  
Why shoulde than for fere thyne hett quake  
Thynke how that Darys whiche that is thy brother  
A loue hathe wonne why not thou another  
  
And Troylus one thynge I dare the swere  
That yf Cresyde whiche is to the lefse  
How loueth the as well as thou doest here  
God helpe me so she nyll not take a grefe  
Thoughe thou do bote anone in this myschese  
And yf she wyl alwaye frome the passe  
Than is she false so loue her well the lasse  
  
For thy take herte and thynke ryght as a knyght  
Throughte loue is broke all daye euery lawe  
Bythe now somwhat thy courage and thy myght  
Haue mercy on thyselfe for ony awe  
Lete not wretched wo thy herte gnawe  
Be manly sette the wroldes at syxe and seuen  
And yf thou dyce a martyre go to heuen  
  
I wyl myselfe be with the all this dede  
Thoughe I and all my kynne upon a stounude  
Shoulde in the strete as dogges lyggen dede  
Throughte synte with many a wyde & bloody wounde  
In euery case I wyl a scende be founde

The fourte booke

And yf the lyfste here sterue as a wretche  
Adyeu the deuyll spedc hym that retche

This Troylus gan with tho wordes quyken  
And sayde frende/gramercy I assent  
But certaynly thou mayste me not so pyken  
Ne Payne none/maye not so me tourment  
That for no case it is not myne entent  
Atte shorte wordes/though he I dye shoulde  
To rauylshe her/but yf her selfe woulde

Byght so meane I quod Pandarus all this daye  
But tell me than/hast thou her well assayde  
That so wwest thus/and he answerde naye  
Wherof art thou/quod Pandarus so dysmayde  
That knowes not yf she be well a payde  
To rauylshe her/syth thou hast not ben there  
But yf that Ioue tolde it in thyne ere

For thy ryse vp/as though he were anone  
And wasshe thy face/and to the kyng he wende  
Or he maye wondre/whyder thou arte gone  
Thou must with wylsdome hym and oþer blende  
Or vpon case/he maye after the sende  
Or thou be ware/and shorly broder dere  
Be gladde/and let me wokre in this matere

For I shall shape it so/that sykerly  
Thou shalte this nyght/somtyme in some manere  
Come speke with thy lady pyuely  
And by her wordes/and by her chere  
Thou shalte well soone/þerçue and here  
All her entent/þe of this case the best  
And fare now well/þor in this poynte I teste

of Troylus.

The swyftc lame/whiche that false thynges  
Egally reporteth lyke thynges crewe  
Was throughout Troye flesde with prest wynge  
Frome man to man/and made this tale all newe  
How Calcas daughter/with her byght he we  
At parlyament/without wordes more  
Ygraunted was/in chaunge of Anthenore

The whiche tale/anone as Cresyde  
Hadde herde as she that other fader rought  
As in this case ryght nought/ni when he dyde  
Full besly to Iubyter bysought  
Gyue hym myschance/that this treatyce wroughe  
But shortly/lest this tale sothe were  
She durste of no wyght/asken for fere

As she that her herte/and all her mynde  
On Troylus yset was/so wonder faste  
That all this worlde/ni myght her loue vnbynde  
Ne Troylus/out of her herte caste  
She wyl be his/wyple her lyfe maye laste  
And thus she brunneheth/bothe in loue and drede  
So that she nyste/what was to rede

But as men se/in Towne all aboute  
That women bse/frendes to bysye  
Soo to Cresyde/of women caine a rowte  
For pytous Ioye/and wende her delyte  
And with theyr tales/dere ynowe a myte  
These women/whiche that in the cyte dwell  
They sette them downe/and sayde as I shall tell

Quod syrste that one/I am gladde crewly  
Bycause of you/ye shall your fader se

The fourte boke

Another sayde ywys/ so am not I  
For all to lytell/hath the shre with vs be  
Quod tho the thyrde/I hope ywys that she  
Shall bryng vs peas/on every syde  
That whan she gothe/ almyghty god her guyde

The wordes/ and the womannys he thynge  
She herde ryght as she theng were  
For god wote her herte/on other thynge is  
All thoughethe body sat amonge them there  
Her audyence is alwaye elles where  
For Troylus/full fast her soule sought  
Withouten worde/alwaye on hym she thought

These women/that thus wenden her to please  
Aboute nought/gan all these tales spende  
Suche vanyte/ne can her toldone none easse  
As she/that all this meane whyle brynde  
Of other passyon/than they wende  
So that she felte her herte almost deye  
For wo and wery/ of that compayne

For whiche no lenger myght/she restrayne  
The teres/so they gan vp to to well  
That gyuen sygnes/of the bytter payne  
In whiche her spyppe was/and must dwell  
Remembryng her/frome heuen in to hell  
She fallen was/sych she forgothe the syght  
Of Troylus/and sorrowfully she syght

And those fooles/that saten there aboute  
Wende that she so wepte/and syghed soore  
Bycause that she shoulde/out of that route  
Departe and play with them never more

of Troylus.

And they that hadde knownen her of youre  
Sawe her so wepe/and thought it kyndenesse  
And eche of them/wepte for her dystreesse

And byslyp/they gan her comforste  
Of chynge god wote/on whiche she lytell thought  
And with her tales/wenden her dysport  
And to be gladde/they often her besought  
But suche an ease/they her therwith wrought  
Byght as a man/is eased for to sele  
For ache of heed/to clawe hym on the hele

But after all this nyce vanyte  
They token they, leue/a home they wenten all  
Cresyde/full of sorrowfull pyte  
In to the chambre/up out of the hall  
And on her byganne/for deed gan to fall  
In purpose/therns never for to ryse  
And thus she wrought/as I shall you deuyse

Her yelowe hepre/that sonnysshe was of hewe  
She rent/and eke her fyngers longe and small  
She wronge full ofte/and badde god on her rewe  
And with her dethe/to do bote on her bale  
Her hewe whylome so bryght/tho was pale  
Bare wytnesse of her wo/and her constrainte  
And thus she spacke/sobbynge in her complaynte

Alas quod she/out of this regyowne  
I wofull wretche/and infotuned wyght  
And borne in cursed constellacion  
Must go/and thus departe fro my knyght  
Wo wot he alas/that ylike dayes lyght  
On whiche I sawe/syfte with eyen tweyne

The fourte boke

That causeth me and hym all this payne  
Ther with the tress from her eyen two  
Downe fell as shoure in Apyll dothe swythe  
Her whyte brest she bette and for the wo  
After the dethe she cryed a thousande sythe  
Sythe he that wonte her wo was to lythe  
She must forgo for suche dysauenture  
She helde her selfe a forloste creature

She sayde how shoulde he do and I also  
How shall I lyue yf I stome hym twynne  
O dere herte eke that I loue so  
Who shall that sorowesle that ye ben in  
O Calcas fader thyne be all this synne  
O moder myne that clyped arte Argyne  
Wo worth the that daye thou bare me alyne

To what syne shoulde I lyue and sorowethus  
How shoulde a fyshe without water dure  
What is Cresyde worth frome Troylus  
How shoulde a plant or lyues creature  
Lyue without his kyndely roture  
For whiche full ofte a byworde here I saye  
That rotles must grene soone deye

I shall do thus sythe none other swerde ne darte  
Dare I none handle for the crucle  
That ylke daye I must stome you departe  
I sorow of that wyll not my bane be  
Than shall no mete ne drynke come in me  
Tyll my soule out of my breste blythe  
And thus my selfe wyll I do to the dethe  
And Troylus my clothes euerychone

of Troylus.

Shall blacke be in tokenyng herte swete  
That I am as out of this worlde agone  
I wont was/you to sette in quyete  
And of myne ordre/aye tyll deth me mete  
The obseruance/euer in your absence  
Shall sorowe be complayne/and abstynence

Myne herte/and eke the wosfull ghost therin  
Byquethe I with your spyrte to complayne  
Eternally/for they shall never twynne  
For though he in erthe/yt wynneth be we twayne  
Yet in the folde of pyte/oute of Payne  
That hyght Elyos/Shall we ben in fere  
As Orpheus is with Crudyce his fere

Thus herte myne/for Antheno: alas  
I soone shall be chaunged/as I wene  
But how shall ye do/now in this case  
How shall your sorowfull herte it sustayne  
But herte myne/forgete this sorowe and tene  
And me also/for sothely for to saye  
So ye fare well/I recke not to deye

How euer myght yredde be or songe  
The playnte that she made/in her dystresse  
I not/but as for my lytell tongue  
Yf I dyscryue wolde/her heuynesse  
It shoulde make/her sorowe seme lesse  
Than that was/and chyldly deface  
Her hye complayne/þ therfore I lete it pace

Pandare whiche that sent was for Troylus  
Unto Crisyde/as ye haue herde deuyse  
That for the best/it was accorded thus

## The fourte boke

And he full gladde to do hym that seruyle  
Unto Cresyde in a full symple wyse  
There as she laye in turment and in rage  
Came her to tell all holy his message

And fonde that she herselue gan to treate  
full pytously for with her salt tere  
Her brest her face ybathed was full wete  
The myghty tresses of her sonnysshe heyrres  
Unbroyded hyng all aboute her eres  
Whiche gaue hym veraye sygne of matere  
Of deth whiche that her herte gan desyre

Whan she hym sawe she gan for sorowe anone  
Her wofull face byt wene her armes hyde  
For whiche this Pandarus is so wo bygone  
That in the house he myght vnethe abyde  
As he that pyte felte on euery syde  
For yf Troylus hadde erst complayned sore  
Than gan she playne a thousand tymes more

And in her asper playnte thus she sayde  
Pandare hyste of ioyes mo than two  
Was cause causyng vnto me Cresyde  
That now transmuted ben in cruell wo  
Whchther shal I saye welcome to you or no  
That altherlyste me brought in to seruyle  
Ofloue alas that endeth in this wyse

Endeth than loue in wo ye or men lyeth  
And all worldly blysse as thynketh me  
The ende of blysse aye sorowe it occupyeth  
And who so troweth that it not so be  
Let hym vpon me wofull wretche se

of **Troylus.**

That my selfe hate/and my byrthe curse  
Felynge alwaye/fro whiche I go to wourse

Who so me seeth/seeth sorowes all at ones  
Pryue wo/payne/tournament/and dystresse  
Out of my wofull body/harme there ynough he is  
As anguysshe/langour/cruell bytternesse  
Anoy/smerete/dredre/fury/and eke sekenesse  
I trowe pwyg/fro me heuen teres reyne  
for pyte of myne/as per cruell Payne

And thou my sister/full of dyscomforde  
Quod Pandarus/what thynk est thou to do  
Why ne hast thou to thy selfe some resorte  
Why wylte thou thus/ alas thy selfe for do  
Leue all this/and take now hede to  
That I shall saye/and herken in good entent  
This whiche by me thy Troylus the sent

Turned tho Cresyde/a wo makyng  
So grete that dethe it was to se  
Alas she sayde/what wordes maye ye bryng  
What wyll my dere herte/saye to me  
Whiche that I dredre/neuer more to se  
I wyll haue pleynt/or teres/or I wende  
I haue ynoughhe/yshe therafter sende

She was ryght suche/to se in her bysage  
As is that wyght/that men on bret bynde  
Her face lyke/of paradyce the ymage  
Was al ychaunged/in to an other kynde  
The playe the laughter men/were wonte to fynde  
On her/and eke her ioyes euynchone  
Benchedde/and thus lyeth Cresyde alone

**Troylus.**

**Q.i.**

## The fourte boke

Aboute her eyen two / a propre ryng  
Bytent in sothe fast token of her payne  
That to beholde / it was a deedly thynge  
For whiche Pandare myght not restayne  
The teres / frome his eyen for to repne  
Neuertheles / as he best myght he sayde  
Frome Troylus / these wordes unto Crisye

To nece / I crowe ye haue herde all how  
The kynge with other lordes for the best  
Hath made a chaunge / for Anthene / and you  
That cause is of this sorowe and vnieste  
But how this case dothe Troylus moleste  
That maye none erthely mannes tongue saye  
As he that shortly shapeth hym to deye

For whiche we haue / so sorrowed bothe he and I  
That in mytell bothe it haue vs slawe  
But through my counsayle / this fynally  
He somwhat is / fro wenunge now withdrawe  
And semeth me / that he desyreteth fawe  
With you to be / all nyght for to deuyse  
Remedye of this / yf there be ony wyse

This is shorte / and pleyn the effecte of my message  
As ferforthe as my wytte can compynde  
For that ye be / oosturment in such a tage  
Ye maye to no longe proioge / as now entende  
All here upon / ye must answere hym sende  
And for the loue of god / my nece deye  
So leue this wo / or Troylus come here

Grete is my wo quod she / and syghed sore  
As she that feleth / dethes sharpe dystre

of Troylus.

But yet to me his sorowe is moche more  
That loue to hym bet than he hymselfe I gesse  
Alas for me hathe he such heuynesse  
Can he for me so pytously complayne  
Wys his sorowe doublith all my payne

Greuous for me god wote is for to twynne  
Quod she but god wote harde is to me  
To se that sorowe whiche that he is in  
For well I wote it wyll my bane be  
And dye I wyll in certayne quod she  
But byd it come or dethe that thus me threteth  
Dyspue out the ghost whiche in myne herte beteth

These wordes sayde she on her armes two  
full sadde and gaunt wepe pytously  
Quod Pandarus alas why do ye so  
Byth well ye wote the tyme is fast by  
That he shall come arysse vp hastely  
That he beweyng thus you now fynde  
But ye wyll haue hym wode out of his mynde

For wyste he ye ferde in this manere  
He wol hymselfe sle yf I wende  
To haue this fare he shoulde not come here  
For all the good that Pyramus maye vspende  
For to what syne he wolde anone pretende  
That knowe I well and therfore yet I saye  
So let this sorowe or platly he wyll deye

And shapeth you his sorowe to abredge  
And not to increase leke nece swete  
Be rather to hym of flitte than edge  
And with some wysdome ye his sorow bete

Troylus.

Q.ii.

The fourte boke

What helpeth it to wepe full a sterre  
Or though ye bothe in salteteres dryght  
Bet is a tyme of cure than of complaingnt

I meane as whan I hyder hym brynginge  
Sith ye ben wylle and of one assent  
So shapeth how to dystourbe your grynginge  
Or come agayne soone after ye be went  
Women ben wylle in shorte auysement  
And let se now your wytte how shall auayle  
And that I maye helpe shall not fayle

Go quod Cresyde and buncle treuly  
I shall do all my myght me to restrayne  
Frome wepyng in his syght and bescly  
Hym for to glade I shall do my payne  
And in my herte seke euery dayne  
Yf to his soke there maye be founde salue  
It shall not lacke certayne in my behalue

Gothe Pandarus and Troylus he sought  
Tyll in a temple he founde hym all alone  
As he that of his lyfe nomore rought  
But to the pytous goddes cuerychone  
Full tenderly he prayed and made his mone  
To do hym soone out of this woldre pace  
For well he thought there was none other grace

And shortly all the sothe to saye  
He was so fall in despayre that daye  
That vterly he shope for to deye  
For ryght thus was his argument alwaye  
He sayde I am but lone so welawaye  
For all that cometh cometh by necessaryte

of Troylus.

Thus to be lo:ne it is my destyne

For certaynly this wote I well he sayde  
That for syght of dyuyne purueaunce  
Hathene sene me alwaye to forgo Cresayde  
Sith god seeth euery thyng out of doubtaunce  
And them dysposeth after his ordynaunce  
In her merytes so thly for to be  
As they shall come by predestyne

Neuertheles whome shall I leue  
For there beu clerkes many one  
That descriue through the argumentes pryme  
And some sene that nedely there is none  
But that fre choysse is gyue you to euerychone  
O wela waye so sly are clerkes olde  
That I not whose opppon I maye holde

For some sene that god seeth all bysorne  
And god maye not be deceyued parde  
Than must it fall though the men hadde it sworne  
That purueaunce hathene seen aforne to be  
Wherfore I saye that frome eterne yfhe  
Hathene wylste byforde or thought eke allour dedes  
We haue no fre choys as these clerkes redes

For nother thought ne other dede also  
Myght never be but such as purueaunce  
Whiche maye not be deceyued neuermo  
Hathene felte byforde without ygnoraunce  
For yf there myght be a baryaunce  
To wachten out frome goddes puruayenge  
There were no prescience of thyng comynge  
But it were rather an oppynyon

Troylus.

Q.iii.

## The fourte boke

Unstydsaste/and not certayne seynge  
And certes that were/an abusyon  
That geod sholde haue/no parfyte clere wytyng  
More than we men that haue doutous wenyng  
But suche an errour/vpon god to gesse  
Were false and foule/and cursed wyckednesse

And thus is eke/an oppynyon of some  
That haue theyr toppe full hpe/and smothe yshore  
They saye ryght thus/that thynge is not to come  
For that prescience/hath the seynit before  
That it shall come/but they that therfore  
That it shall come/therfore the purveyaunce  
Knowe it before/without ygnoraunce

And in this manere/this necessyte  
Receyueth in his parte/contrary agayne  
For nedefully/behoueth it not be  
That those thynges/fall in certayne  
That ben purveyed/but nedely as they seen  
Behoueth it/that thynges whiche that fall  
That they in certayne/ben purveyed all

I meane as though/ I laboured me in this  
To enquyre whiche thyng/ of whiche thyng cause be  
Is whether that the prescience of god is  
The certayne cause/of the necessyte  
Of thynges/that to come ben parde  
Or yfnecessyte as thyng comynge  
Because certayne/of the purveyenge

But now enforse I me not in shewynge  
How the ordre of causes stant/but well wote I  
That it behoueth/that the byfallynge

of Troylus.

Of thynges wylt byfore certaynly  
Ben necessirye all semet not therby  
That presyence/put fallynge necessayre  
Of thynges to come/fall they soule or sayre

For yf there syt a man yonde on a se  
That by necessite behoueth it  
That certes thyne oppynyon sothe be  
That wenest/and coniectest that he syt  
And ferthermore agaynewarde yet  
Lo ryght so/it is of the parte contrarie  
As thus lo herken/for I wyl not tarye

I saye yf the oppynyon of the  
Be sothe for that he syt/than saye I thus  
That he must syt by necessite  
And thus necessite in eyther is  
For in hym nede of syttinge is  
And in the nede of sothe/and thus for sothe  
There must necessite be in you bothe

But thou mayste saye the man sytte not therfore  
That thyne oppynyon of his syttinge sothe is  
But rather for the man syt there byfore  
Therfore is thyne oppynyon sothe ywyg  
And I saye though the cause of sothe of this  
Cometh of his syttinge/yet necessite  
Is enterchaunged/bothe in hym and the  
Thus in the same wyse/out of doubtaunce  
I maye well make/as it semeth me  
By resonynge/of goddes purveyaunce  
As of tho thynges/that to comen be  
By whiche reaso/men maye well se

## The fourte boke

That tholde thynges/that in erthe fall

That by necessyte/they comen all

For throughe chat thynges/shall come ywys

Therefore/they ben/purueyed certaynly

Not that it cometh/for it purueyed is

Neuertheles/behoueth it nedefully

That thyng to come/he purueyed treuly

Or elles thynges/that purueyed be

That they betyme/by necessyte

And this suffiseth/ryght ynoughe certayne

For to destroye/oure fre choyse euery dele

But now is this abusyon/to seyn

That fallynge/of the thynges temporall

Is cause of goodes/prescience eternall

Now treuly/that is a false sentence

That thyng to come/shall cause his prescience

What myght I wene/and I hadde suche a thought

But that god purueyeth/thyng that is to come

For that is to come/and elles nought

So myght I wene/that thynges all and some

That whyleme ben by fall and ouercome

Bycause of thylke souerayne purueyance

That forwote/all without ygnoraunce

And ouer all this/yet saye I more therto

That ryght as whan/I wote there is a thyng

ywys that thyng/must nedefully be so

Eke ryght so/whan I wote a thyng comynge

So must it come/and thus by bysallynge

Of thynges that ben wyle/byfore the tyde

They maye not ben eschwed/on no syde

of Troylus.

Than sayd he thus almyghty Ioue in thron  
That knowes of all this thyng the sothefastnes  
Reue on my sorowe and do me dyre soone  
Or brynge Cresyde and me frome dystresse  
And whyle he was in all this heuynesse  
Dysputyng with hymselfe in this matere  
Came Pandare and sayde as ye shall here

O myghty god quod Pandarus in thron  
Cy who saue euer a wyse man fare so  
Why Troylus what thynkest thou to done  
Hast thou suche luste to thyne owne so  
What parde yet nys not Cresyde go  
Why lyste the so thy selfe so to dzedde  
That in thyne heed thyne eyen semen ded

Hast thou not lyued many yere byforne  
Without her and ferde full well at ease  
Arte thou for her and for none other borne  
Hath kynde wrought the onely for to please  
Here let se & thynke on thy dyslease  
That on the dyse ryght as there fallen chaunces  
Ryght so in loue there come and go plesaunces

And yet this is my wondre most of all  
Why thou thus sorowest syth thou wost not yet  
Touchyng her goynge how it shall fall  
Ne yf she can her seluen dystourben it  
Thou hast not yet assayed all her wytte  
A man maye all by tyme his neck bede  
Whan it shall of and sorowen at nedde  
For thy take hede of that I shall the se  
I haue with her yspoke and long ybe  
Troylus.

R. i.

## The fourte boke

So as was acorded byt wene vs twyng  
And euermore me thynketh thus that she  
Hath somewhat in her hertes pryuyte  
Therwith she can yf I shall ryght rede  
Dyscource all this of whiche thou arte in dred

For whiche my counsyle is whan it is nyght  
Thou to her go and make of this an ende  
And blyssfull Juno throughe his grete myght  
Shall as I hope her grare to the sende  
Myne herte sayeth certaynly she shall not wende  
And for thy put thyne herte awhyle in rest  
And holde this purpose for it is the best

This Troylus answerde and syghed sore  
Thou seest ryght well and I wyl do ryght so  
And what hym lyste he sayde unto hym more  
And whan that it was tyme for to go  
Full priuily hymselfe withouten mo  
Unto her came as he was wonte to done  
And how they wroughe I shall you tell soone

Sothe is whan they gan hyste mete  
So agayne the Payne theyz hertes for to wroste  
That neyther of them other myght grete  
But them in armes toke and after kyste  
The lasse wofull of bothe them myste  
What for to done ne myght one worde out bryng  
As I sayde erst for wo and for sobbyng

The wofull teres that they lete fall  
As bytter were out osteres kynde  
For Payne as is lignum aloes or gall  
So bytter teres wepte not as I fynde

of Troylus.

The wofull Myrra / through the barche and rynde  
That in this worlde there nys so harde an herte  
That ne wolde haue rewed / on theyr paynes smerte

But whan theyr wofull / wery ghostes tweyne  
Retourned ben there / as they ought to to dwell  
And that somwhat to weyken gan theyr Payne  
By lengthe of pleynt / and ebben gan the well  
Of theyr hertes / and the herte vnswell  
With broken boys all hoorse / for wo Cresyde  
To Troylus these ylke wordes sayde

O Ioue I dye / and marcy I beseeche  
Helpe Troylus / and ther withall her face  
Upon his breste she layde / and softe speche  
Her wofull spyrte / frome his propre place  
Ryght with the worde / awaie in poynte to pace  
And thus she lyeth / with heve pale and grene  
That whylome fresshe / and fayrest was to sene

This Troylus / that on her gan byholde  
Clyppinge her name / as she laye for deed  
Without answere / and felte her lynnmes colde  
Her eyen thowne upwarde / in to her hede  
This sorowfull man / can none other rede  
But ofte her colde mouthe / he kyste  
Wher he was wo / god and hym selfe it wiste

He ryste hym up / and longe astreyght her layde  
For sygne of lyfe / for ought he can or maye  
Couthe he none synde / for nothyng on Cresyde  
For whiche his songe full ofte was welawaye  
But whan he sawe that spechles she laye  
With sorowfull boys / and herte of blysse all bare

Troylus.

R. II.

The fourte boke

He sayde how she was fro this woldे yfare

So after that he hadde her longe complayned  
His handes he wronge/ and sayde that was to saye  
And with his teres/her breste bereyned  
He gan the teres/wypen of full dype  
And pytously/gan for the soule praye  
And sayde o lordē that set arte in thy Thronē  
Rewe on me for I shall folowe her soone

She colde was/without sentement  
For ought he wote/breth ne felte he none  
And this was to hym/ preygnant argument  
That she was for the out of this woldē ygone  
And whan he sawe there was none other wonne  
He gan her lymmes dresse in suchē manere  
As men done them that shoulde be layde on bere

And after this with sterne/and cruell herte  
His swerde out of his sheeth he ewyght  
Hymselfe to see/how sore that hym smerte  
Soo that his soule/her soule folowe myght  
There as the dome of Hynos woldē it dyght  
Syth loue and cruell fortune it ne wolde  
That in this woldē he lenger lyue shoulde

Than sayde he thus/fulfylled of hys dyfdayne  
O cruell Ioue/and thou fortune aduerse  
This all and some/that ye falsely haue slayne  
Cresyde/and syth ye maye do no wers  
Iyon your myght/and werkes so dyuerse  
Thus cowardly shall ye me never wynne  
There shall no dethe/me frome my lady twynne  
For I this woldē sythe ye haue her slayne thus

of Troylus.

Wyll let and folowe her spyyte hys or wolde  
Shall neuert louer saye that Troylus  
Dare not for fere with his lady dye  
For certayne I wyll bere her companye  
But syth ye wyll not suffre vs lyue here  
Yet suffre that our soules ben yfere

And thou cyte whiche that I lyue in wo  
And thou Pryamus and bretherne all in fere  
And thou moder fare well for I go  
And Autropos make redy thou my bere  
And thou Cresyde o swete herte dere  
Reccyue now my spyyte wolde he saye  
With swerde at herte full redy for to dye

But as god wolde of slouth he abyde  
And gan to sygh and to Troylus he cryde  
And he answerde lady myne Cresyde  
Lyue ye yet and let his swerde downe glyde  
Ye herte myne that thanked be Cupyde  
Quod she and ther withall she sore syght  
And he bygan to glade her as he myght

Toke her in armes two and kyst her ofte  
And her to glade he dyde all his entent  
In whiche her ghost that flyketed aye alosse  
In to her wofull herte agayne it went  
But at the laste ryght as her eyen glente  
Alsyde anone she gan the swerde aspye  
Is it laye bare and gan for to crye

And asked hym why he it out hadde drawe  
And Troylus anone the cause her tolde  
And how hymself ther with he wolde haue swaue

Troylus

R. III.

## The fourte boke

For whichè Cresyde/upon gan beholde  
And gan hym in her armes faste holde  
O mercy god she sayde/so luche a dede  
Alas how nyghe/we were bothe dede

Than yf I nc hadde spoke/as grace was  
Ye wolde haue slayne yourselfe quod she  
þe doubtles/and she answerde alas  
For by that ylke lordē/that made me  
I nolde a surlonge wape/alyue haue be  
After your dethe/to haue ben crownd quene  
Of all the londe/the sonne on shyneth shene

But with the selfe swerde/whiche that here is  
My selfe wolde haue slayne quod she tho  
But hoo/for we haue ryght ynow of this  
And let vs ryse/and streyght to bed go  
And there lete vs speke of your wo  
For by the morter/whiche I se here brenne  
Knowe I full well/that daye is not fer hemme

Whan they were a bedde/in armes folde  
Rought was it lyke/the nyghes ther by forne  
For pytously/ech other gan bþholde  
As they that hadde/all blys ylorne  
Bewaylynge aye the daye/that they were borne  
Tyll at the laste/this wofull wyght Cresayde  
To Troylus/these ylke wordes sayde

Lo herte myne/well wote ye this quod she  
That yf a wyghte/awaye his wo complayne  
And seketh not/how holpen for to be  
It nys but folys/and encrease of payne  
And syth that here assembled be we tweyne

of Troylus.

To synde boote of wo that we be in  
It were all tymc soone to begynne

I am but a woman as full well ye wote  
And as I am aduyted soddynly  
So wyl I tell it you whyle it is hote  
We thynketh thus that neyther pe nor I  
Dught halse this woo to make skylfully  
For there is arte ynough for to redresse  
That yct is mys and ile this heupnesse

So this the wo that we ben in  
For ought I wote for nothyng elles is  
But for bycause that we shall twynne  
Consydered all there is nomore ywyg  
But what is than a remedy vnto this  
But that we shape vs soone for to mete  
This is all and some my dere herte swete

Now that shall I well bryngen aboue  
To come soone agayne after I am go  
Not withstandyng the Greces grete route  
Douteth not it must nedes be so  
By vraye reasons more than one or two  
By all ryght and in worder fewe  
I shall you well an hepe of wayes shewe

For whiche I wyll not make longe sermon  
For tymc ylote maye not recouered be  
But I wyll go to my conclusyon  
And to the best in that I can se  
But for the loue of god forgyue it me  
Yf I speke ought agaynst your hertes rest  
For trewely I speke it for the best

Troylus.

B.iii.

## The fourte boke

Makyng alwaye/a protestacyon  
That now these wordes/whiche that I shall saye  
Sug but to shew you my moyson  
To synde unto me/your helpe the beste waye  
And takeh it/none otherwyse I you praye  
For in effecte/what so ye me commaunde  
That wyll I do/for that is no demaunde

Now herken you well/that ye haue vnderstonde  
My goynge graunted is by parliament  
So ferforthe/that it maye not be withstonde  
For all this woldes as by Iugement  
And syth there helpeth/none aduysement  
To letten it/now let it out of mynde  
And let vs shape/a better waye to synde

Sothe is this/that wypynge of vs tweyne  
Wyll vs dysease/and gretely annoye  
But hym behoueth/somtyme to haue payne  
That serueth ȝis that he wyll haue Joye  
And syth I shall no further out of Troye  
Than I maycye de/agayne in halfe a mowe  
It ought the lelse/causen vs to sorowe

Syth as I shall ben hydde in me we  
That daye by daye/myne owne herte dire  
Syth well ye wote/it is now a crewe  
Ye shall full well/all myne estate here  
And or that trewes is done/I shall be here  
And than haue ye bothe Anthenor monie  
And me also/be glade ȝis that ye come

And thynke ryght thus/Cresyde is now gone  
But whan he shall come/hastly agayne

of Troylus.

And whan alas/by god ryght here anone  
Or dayes ten this date I saulyn sayne  
And than at erst shall we be so fayne  
So as we shall euer togyder dwelle  
That all the worlde ne myght our blysse tell

I se that ofte there as we be now  
Is for the best our counsayle for to hyde  
Ye speke not with me/nor I with you  
In fourtenyght ne se you go ne ryde  
Maye ye not ten dayes than abyde  
For myne honour in suche an aduenture  
I wox ye maye elles lytell endure

Ye knowe well eke how all my kynde is here  
But yf that onely it my fader be  
And cke myne other thynges all in fere  
And namely my dore here ye  
Whome that I nolde leue for to se  
For all this worlde as wyde as it hathe space  
Or elles se I neuer loue in the face

Why trowe ye my fader in this wyle  
Courseth so to se me/but for dred  
Lest in this towne the folke me despysse  
Bycause of hym/for his unhappy dede  
What wote my fader/What lyfe I led  
For and he wiste in Troye/how well that I fare  
Us nedeth for my wendynge/no thyng to care

Ye se eke that euery daye more and more  
Men treare of peas/and it supposed is  
That men the quene Helayne sholden restore  
And Greeks vs restore/that is amyng

## The source boke

So and theret nee comforc none but thes  
That men purpose/peas on euery syde  
Ye mayc the better/at ease of herte abyde

For yf that it be peas/lo myne herte dere  
The nature of the peas/must nedes blyue  
That men must entrecomune in sete  
And to and fro/eke go and ryde as blyue  
All daye as thynke/as ben frome the hynue  
And euery wyght/haue lyberte in to bleue  
Wher as hym lyfte/the bet withoute leue

And though he so be/that peas maye be none  
Yet hyder though he never/ne peas were  
I must come/sor whyder shoulde I gone  
Or how myschaunce/shoulde I dwel there  
Amonge tho men/of armes in sete  
For whiche as wylly/god my soule rede  
I can not seen/wherof ye shoulde dide

Haue here an other waye/ylt so be  
That all this thyng/ne maye not you suffyse  
My fader/as ye knowen well parde  
Is olde/and elde is full of couetyse  
And I ryght now/haue founde all the guyse  
Without net/Wher with I shall hym hent  
And herkeneth how/ylt ye wyll assent

Lo Troylus men sayen/that harde it is  
The wether frome the wolfe hole to saue  
This is to saye/that men full ofte yllys  
Must spende parte/the remaunt to saue  
For aye with golde/men maye the herte graue  
Of hym that sete is vpon couetyse

of Troylus.

And how I meane I shall you now deuyse  
The mable whiche I haue in this towne  
Unto my fader shal I take and saye  
That ryght for truste and saluacyowne  
It sent is frome a frende of his or twey  
The whiche frendes feruenly hym praye  
To sende after more and that in hys  
Whyle that this towne stant thus in Jeopardye  
And that shall be an huge quantyte  
This shall I saye but lesse than folke espyede  
This maye be sent by no wyght but by me  
I shall it shewe yf peas it betyde  
What frendes that haue on eyther syde  
Towarde the courte to do the wrothe pace  
Of Pyramus and done hym stonde in grace  
So that for one thyng or for ether my swete  
I shall hym so enchaisten with my lawes  
That ryght in heuen his soule shall he mete  
for all Appollo and his clerkes lawes  
Or calculynge aualeth not thre lawes  
Desyre of golde shall so his herte viende  
That as me lyste I shall well make an ende  
And yf he wolde ought by his sort preue  
Yf that I lye in certayne I shall fynde  
Dystourben hym and plucken hym by the sleue  
Marrynge his sorte and berynge hym on honde  
He hathe not well the goddes vndestonde  
For goddes speken in Amphybylogyes  
And for one sothe they make twenty lyes  
Eke dredde sonde fyste goddes I suppose

## The burre boke

Thus shall I saye and his conwherde herte  
Made hym amyng the goddes arte to glose  
Whan he for fere out of Delphos gan sterre  
And but I make hym soone to comuerre  
And do my rede within a daye or twyng  
I wyl to you oblyge me to dye

And truely wryten as I synde  
That all this thyng was sayde of good entent  
And that her herte creue was and kynde  
Towarde hym and spake ryght as she ment  
And that she sterre for woyng whan she went  
And was in purpose euer to betrewe  
Thus wryten they that all her wo knewe

This Troylus with herte and ereg spradde  
Herde all this thyng deuyled to and fro  
And verly hym semed that he hadde  
The selfe wytte but yet to let her go  
His herte myssor gaue hym cuermis  
But synally he gan his herte wreste  
To truste her and toke it for the best

For whiche the grete surp of his penaunce  
Was queynt with hope and therwith them bytwene  
Bygan for Joye the amorous daunce  
And as the byrdes whan the sonne is shene  
Delyten in theyr songe in the lues grene  
Byght so the wordes that they spake in fere  
Delyted them and made theyr hertes cheere

Neuertheles the goynge of Cresyde  
For all this woulde maye not out of his mynde  
For whiche full ofte full pytously he prayde

## of Troylus.

That of her heste/he myght her trewe fynde  
And sayde certes/yf ye ben vnynde  
And put you come/at that daye set in Troye  
He shal neuer haue/hele honour ne Joye

For also sothe/as some ryste a morowe  
And god so wylly thou me wosfull wretche  
To reste me/bryngge out of this wosfull sorowe  
I wyll my selfe/yf that ye dretche  
But of my dethe/though he lytell be to retche  
Yet or that ye causen/me so to smerte  
Dwell here rather/myne owne dere herte

For trewly/myne owne lady dere  
The sleyghtes/that I haue herde you stere  
Full shaply be to fallen all in fere  
For sothe is sayde/what thynket the bere  
Yet all another/thynketh his ledere  
Your fadere is wylle/and sayde is out of drede  
Men maye the wylle at remme/but not at rede

It is full harde/to halten vnaspiced  
Byfore a Crepull/for he can the crafte  
Your fader is in sleyghtes/as Argus is eyd  
For all be that his meoble/be hym verafte  
His olde sleyghtes/yet ben with hym laste  
Ye shall not blynde hym/for your womanhede  
He tayne a ryght/and that is all my drede

I not yf peas shall euermo betyde  
But peas or no/for ernest me for game  
I wote lyth Calcas/on the Grekes syde  
Hathc ones ben/and loste so foule his name  
He dare no more/come here agayne for shame

## The fourte boke

For whiche that waye/for ought that I gan espye  
To truste vpon myns but a fantasye

Ye shall eke se/your fader shall you glose  
To be a wyfe/and as he can well preche  
He shall some Greke/so preye so hys a lose  
That rauys when he shall you with his speche  
Or do you do by force/as he shall teche  
And Troylus of whome/he nyll haue routh  
So causeles shall sterue/in his trouthe  
  
And ouer all this/your fader shall despysse  
Us all and saye this/Cytee myns but borne  
And that tho syege/neuer shall aryse  
For why the Grekes/haue it all ysworne  
Tyll we ben slayne/and downe our walles tourne  
And thus he shall you with his wordes cere  
That aye drede I/ye shall bylue there

Ye shall eke se/so many a lusty knyght  
Amonge the Grekes/full of worthynesse  
And eche of them/with herte wytte and myght  
To please you/wyll do all they besynesse  
That ye shall dull of the rudenesse  
Of vs sely Troyans/but yf that rowthe  
Remoode you of vertue/and of your trouthe  
  
And thus to me/so greuous to thynde  
That fro my brest/it wyll my soule rende  
He dredeles in me/there can not syake  
A good oppynyon/yf that ye wende  
For why your faders sleyghtes/wyll vs shende  
And yf ye gone/as I haue tolde you yore  
So thynde I/nam but deed withouten more

of Troylus.

For whiche with humble treue and pytous herte  
A thousande tymes mercy I you praye  
So rewe you vpon myne asper paynes smerte  
And dothe somwhat as I shall you saye  
And let vs stcle a waye bytwene vs twey  
And thynde that foly is whan a man maye chese  
For accydent his substauice aye to lese

I meane thus that sythe you mowe no daye  
Well stcle a waye and be togyder so  
What were it to you to put in assaye  
In caas ye shoulde vnto your fader go  
Yf that ye myght come agayne or no  
Thus thynketh me it were a grete foly  
To put that sykernesse in to Jeopardye

And wulgarly to spek of substauice  
Of treasore maye we bothe with vs lede  
Ynough to lyue in houour and pleasaunce  
Tyll in to tyme that we shall be dede  
And thus we maye eschewe all this drede  
For euery other waye ye can recorde  
Myne herte ywys maye therwith not acorde

And hardely ne eareth no pouert  
For I haue kynne and frendes elles where  
That thoughe we come in our bare shert  
We shoulde nether lacke golde ne gcre  
But to be honoured whyle we dweli there  
And go we anone for after myne entent  
This is the best yf that ye wyll assent

Cresyde hym with syke ryght in this wyse  
Answerde ywys my dere herte trewe

## The fourte boke

We maye well awaþe as ye deuyse  
Or fynde suche vñþyfþy wayes newe  
But afterwarde full soone it wolde vs rewe  
As helpe me god at my laste nedē  
All causeles þe suffre all this drede  
  
For that daye that I for cherysshynge  
Or drede of fader or of other myght  
Or for estate delyte or for weddynge  
Be fals to you my Troylus my knyght  
Saturnius doughter Juno throughe her myght  
As wede as Adamaunt do me dwell  
Eternally with Styx in the ppt of hell  
  
And this on euery god celestyall  
I swere it you and eke on eche goddesse  
On euery nymphē and deyce infernall  
On Satyry and fauny more and lesse  
That halfe goodes ben of wyldernesſe  
And Intropos my threde of lyfe to brest  
If I be false nowtrowe me yfye leſt  
  
And thou Spyngys that as an arowe cloſe  
Throughe Troye rennest downewarde to the ſe  
Bere wytnelle of thiſ worde that sayde is here  
That ylike daye that I vntrewē be  
To Troylus myne owne herte fre  
That thou retorne bacwarde to thy well  
And I with body and ſoule synke to hell  
  
But that ye ſpeke awaþe thiſ for to go  
And leue all your frendes god forbede  
For ony woman that ye holden ſo  
And namely ſyþ Troye hath now ſuþe nedē

of Troylus.

Oshelpe/and eke of one thyngē taketh hede  
Yf this were wyste/mý lyfe laye in balaunce  
And your honour/god shelde vs frome myschaunce

And yf so be/that peas here after take  
As all daye happeth/after anger game  
What lorde the sorowe/and wo ye wolde make  
That ye ne durste/come agayne for shame  
And er that ye icoparte/so your name  
Be not to hasty/in this olde fare  
For hasty man/wanteth never care

What trowe ye eke/that people here aboute  
Wolde of it saye/it is full lyght to rede  
They wyl saye/and swere out of doubte  
That loue ne droue/you to that dede  
But lust voluptuous/and cowharde drede  
Thus were all loste/pwys myne herte dere  
Yore honour/whiche that now shynmeth so clere

And also thynketh on myne honeste  
That floureth yet/how foule shoulde I it shende  
And with that fylthe/it spotted shoude be  
Yf in this forme/with you I shoulde wende  
Ne thoughe I lyued/vnto the worldes ende  
My name shonlde I never/agaynwarde wynne  
Thus were I loste/and that were routhe and synne

And so to see/with the reason all this hete  
Men saven the suffraunt/ouercometh parde  
Also who wyl haue lyfe/lyfe must lete  
Thus maketh vertu of necessyte  
By paciente/and thynde that lorde is he  
By fortune aye/that wyl not retche

Troylus.

S. i.

The fourte boke

And she ne dauuteth but a wretche

And trusteth this/that certes herte swete

Or Phebus suster/Lucyna the shene

The Lyon passe/out of this Arcte

I wyll be here/withouten ony wene

I wene as helpe me Juno/heuens quene

The tenth daye/but yf that dethe me sayle

I wyll you seen/without ony sayle

And now so this be trewe/quod Troylus

I shall well suffre/vnto the tenth daye

Syth that I se/mede it must be thus

But for the loue of god/yf it be maye

So let vs stele/pryuily awaie

For euer in one/as for to lyue in reste

Myne herte sayeth/that it wolde be the beste

O mercy god/What lyfe is this quod he

Alas ye sle me thus/with veraye tene

I se well now/that ye mystrusten me

For by your wordes/it is well yfene

Now for the loue of Scythya the shene

Mystrust me not/thus cause less for routhe

Syth to be trewe/I haue pylght you my trouthe

And thynke you well/that somtyme it is wyt

To spende atyme/ryght so; to wynne

He parde lone am I/not frome you yet

Thoughte we be a daye/or two at wynne

Dryue out the fantasyes/you within

And trusteth me/and leueth eke your sorowe

Or here my trouthe/I wyll not lyue to morowe

For yf ye wylste/how sore it dothe me smerte

## of Troylus.

Ye wolde cease of this for god thou wost  
The poore spypyte wepe in my herte  
To se you wepe that I loue most  
And that I must go to the Grekes host  
Venere that I wiste a remedy  
To come agayne ryght here wolde I dye

But certes I am not so wyse awyght  
That I ne can well ymagyne awaye  
To come agayne that daye that I haue hyght  
For who maye holde a thyng that wyll awaye  
My fader nought for all this queynt playe  
And by my thyst my wendyng out of Troye  
In other daye shall tourne vs all to Joye

For thy with all my herte I you byseche  
Yf that ye lyste do ought for my prayere  
And for that loue whiche I loue you eke  
That or I departe frome you here  
That of so good comfort and chere  
I maye you se that I maye bryng at rest  
Myne herte whiche that is in poynte to breste

And ouer all this I praye you quod he tho  
Myne owne hertes sothlast suffysaunce  
Sith I am thyne all hole withouten mo  
The whyle that I am absent that no pleasaunce  
Of other do me frome your remembraunce  
For why I am euer agast for why men rede  
Loue is thyne and aye full of bcsy dycde

For in this worlde there lyueth lady none  
Yf that ye were vntrewe as god defende  
That so betrayed were or wo bygone

Troylus.

¶.ii.

## The fourte boke

And I that all trouthe in you entend  
And doubtles yf that I other wende  
I were but dead and by ye can so synde  
For goddes loue so beth not to me vnynde

To this answerde Troylus and sayde  
Now god to whome there is no cause pwy  
We glade as wys I never to Cresayde  
Sith thylke daye I sawe her syrte with eye  
Was fals ne never shall tyl that I dye  
At shorte wordes well ye maye me leue  
I can no more it shall be sounde at pwe

Gramercy good herte myne quod she  
And blyfull Venus let me never sterue  
Or maye stonde in plasaunce of degré  
To quyte hym well that so well can deserue  
And whyle that god my wytte wyll me conserue  
I shall so done so crewe I haue you sounde  
That aye honour to me warde shall rebounde

For trusteth well that youre estate ryall  
No vayne delyte nor onely worshynesse  
Of you in werre ne tourney marcyall  
Nor pompe araye nobley or eke rychesse  
Ne make me to crewe vpon your dystresse  
But moral vertue grounded vpon trouthe  
That was the cause I hadde syrte on you routhe

Eke gentyll herte and manhode that ye hadde  
And that ye hadde as me thynketh in despyte  
Every thyng that sowned in to badde  
As rudenesse and peoplyshe appetyte  
And that your reason bydeled your delyte

of Troylus.

This made me aboue euery creature  
That I was youre and shall whyle I maye dure  
And this my lengthe of yeres not for do  
Ne remuable fortune deface  
But I byter that of his myght maye do  
Ye sorrowfull to be glade so gyue vs grace  
Or myghtes ten to meten in this place  
So that it maye myne herte and youre suffysc  
And fare ye well tyme is that ye ryse

But after that they loue playned hadde  
And I kyste and strete in armes folde  
The daye gan ryse and Troylas hym cladde  
And rewfully his lady gan beholde  
Is he that felte dethes teres colde  
And to her grace he gan hym recommaunde  
Wherhet he was wo thus holde I no demaunde

For mannes heed ymagyne ne can  
Ne mendement consyder ne tongue tell  
The cruell peynes of this wofull man  
That passen euery torment downe i a hell  
For whan he sawe she myght not dwell  
Whiche that his soule out of his herte rent  
Without more he out of the chambre went.

Here endeth the fourte boke.

Here after folowet the fyfte boke

This my laste boke of **Troylus** consequently  
foloweth / and sheweth how that **Crelyde** fell  
to the loue of **Dromede** / and he vnto her loue /  
how she forsoke **Troylus** aft r her de partyng  
out of **Troye** contrary to her promyse.



## of Troylus.



Prochen gan the fatall daye of destynie  
That Iouys hathe in his dysposycyon  
And to you angry Pattas susten thre  
Commytted anone to do execucion  
For whiche Cresyde must out of the towne  
And Troylus shall dwell forthe in pyne  
Tyll Lachelys his threde no lenger twyne

The golde tressed Phebus hyc on losse  
Shyned hadde with his beames clere  
The snowes molte and zephyrus as ofte  
Ybrought agayne the lusty leues grene  
Wyth that the sone of Hecuba the quene  
Bygan to loue her fyre for whome his sorowe  
Was all that she departe shoulde a morowe

full redy was at pryme Dromede  
Cresyde unto the Grekes hoste to lede  
For sorowe of whiche she felte her herte blede  
As she thit nyse what was best to rede  
And treuly as men in bokes rede  
Men wylste never woman haue more care  
He was so lothe out of a towne to fare

This Troylus without rede or loze  
As a man that hathe his joyes eke forloze  
Was waytynge on his lady euermore  
As she that the sothfaste croppe and more  
Of all his lust or joyes here byfore  
But Troylus now fare well all thy Joye  
for halte thou never se her este in Trope

Sothe is whyle that he bode in this manere  
He gan his wo full manly for to hyde

## The fyfte boke

That well vnneth it seen was in his chere  
But at the gate therer she sholde out ryde  
With certayne folke he houed her to byde  
So wo by go all wolde he not complayne  
That on his horse vnneth he sat for payne

For I re he quoke so gan his herte gnawe  
Whan Dyomedē on horse gan dresse  
And sayde to hymselfe this ylke sawe  
Alas quod he thus soule and wretchydnesse  
Why suffre I it why nyll I it redresse  
Were it not bet at ones for to dye  
Than euermore in langour thus for to dye

Why nyll I make at ones ryche and pooze  
To haue ynough to do or that she go  
Why nyll I brynge all Troye in Roore  
Why nyll I sle this Dyomedē also  
Why nyll I rather with a man or two  
Stele her awaie why wyll I this endure  
Why nyll I helpe to myne owne cure

But why he nolde do so fell a dede  
That shall I saye and why he lyste to spare  
He hadde in herte alwaye a maner dede  
Lest that Cresyde in rumour of this fare  
Shoulde haue ben slayne so thus wus all his care  
And elles certayne as I sayde ore  
He hadde it done without wordes more

Cresyde whan she redy was to ryde  
Full sorowfully she syghte and sayde alag  
But for the she must for ought that maye betyde  
There nys none other remedy in this caas

of Troylus.

And for the she rode full sorrowfully apaas  
What wondre is though he her soze smerte  
Whan she forgothe her owne denc herte

This Troylus in waye of curtesy  
With hawke on honde and with an huge roule  
Of knyghtes rode as dyde her company  
Passyng all the baley fer without  
And ferther wolde haue ryde out of doubte  
Full sayne and wo was hym to go so soone  
But ryght with that was Anthenor ygone

But turne he muste and eke it was to done  
Out of the Grekes hoste and cuery wyght  
Was of it glade and sayde he was welcome  
And Troylus ncre all his herte lyght  
He payned hym with all his full myght  
Hym to witholde of wepyng at the leest  
And anthenor he kyste and made fest

And here with all his ladyes leue to take  
He caste his eye vpon her ptyously  
And ncre he rode his cause for to make  
To take her by the honde all soberly  
And lorde she gan wepe tenderly  
And he full softe slyly gan her saye  
Now holde your daye and do me not dye

With that his courser tourned he aboute  
With face pale and vnto Dyomed  
No worde he spake ne none of all his route  
Of whiche the sone of Tydeus toke hede  
As he that couthe more than his crede  
In such a crafte and by the rayne her hente

Troylus.

T. i.

## The syfte boke

And Troplus to Troye hom warde went

This Dyomedē that ledde her by the brydell  
Whan that he sawe the folke of Troye awaye  
Thought all my labour shall not be in ydell  
Yf that I maye for somwhat shall I saye  
For at the leste yet it maye shorte oure waye  
I haue herde sayde eke tymes twyng twelue  
He is a foole that wyll forȝete hym selfe

Neuerthelesse thus thought he well ymoughē  
That certeynly I am aboute nought  
Yf that I speke of loue or make it tōuge  
For doubtles yf she haue in her thought  
Hym that I gesse he maye not be ybrought  
So soone awaye but I shall fynde a meane  
That she not yet shall wyte what I meane

This Dyomedē as he that couthe his good  
Whantyme wag gan fall forthe in speche  
Of this and that and askeid why she stode  
In suchē dysease and gan her byseche  
That yf he encreace myght or eche  
With ony thyngē her ease that she wolde  
Commaunde it hym & he do it woldē

For treuly he swore her as a knyght  
That there nas thōgē w whiche he myght her please  
That he nyll do his herte and all his myght  
To do it for to do her herte an ease  
And prayed her she wolde her apease  
And sayde ywys we Grekes conne haue Joye  
To honour you as well as folke of Troye  
He sayde eke thus I wote ye thynke it straunge

of Troylus.

No wondre is for it is to you newe  
The acqueyntaunce of these Troyans for to chaunge  
For folke of Grece that ye never knewe  
But wolde never god but that as trewe  
A Greke ye myght amonge vs all fynde  
As ony Troyan is and cke as kynde

And bycause I swore you ryght now  
To be your frende and helply to my myght  
And for the more acqueyntaunce eke of you  
Haue I hadde than an other straunge wyght  
So fro this forthe I praye you daye and nyght  
Commaundeth me how soe that I smerte  
To do all that maye lyke vnto your herte

And that ye me wolde as for your broder treate  
And taketh not my frenshyp in despyste  
And though he your sorowes ben for thynges grete  
Not I not why but out of more respyste  
Myne herte hath to amende it grete delyte  
And yf I maye your harmes not redresse  
I am ryght soray for your heuynesse

for theughe the Troyans be vs Grekes wrothe  
Haue many a daye and ben yet parde  
O god of loue syth we seruen bothe  
And for the loue of god my lady sce  
Whome so ye hate ne be not wrothe with me  
For treuly there can no wyght you serue  
That halfe so lothe youre wrathe woldc deserue

And nere it that we ben so nyethe tent  
Of Caicas whiche that se vs bothe maye  
I wolde of this now tell all myne entent

Troylus.

T.ii.

## The syfste boke

But this ensealed shall be/tyll an other daye  
Gyue me your hande/I am and shall be aye  
God helpe me so/whyle that my lyfe maye dure  
Your owne aboue ony creature

Thus sayde I never or now/to woman borne  
For god myne herte/as wylly glade so  
I loued never woman/herc byforne  
As per amoure/ne never shall no mo  
And for the loue of god/be not my fo  
All can I not/to you my lady dere  
Complayne a ryght/for I am yet to lere  
And wondre you not/my lady bryght  
Thoughe that I speke/of loue to you this blyue  
For I haue herde/or this/ol many a wyghte  
That loued thyng/he never sa we his lyue  
For I am not a power/for to stryue  
Agaynste god of loue/but hym obaye  
I wyll alwaye/and of mercy you praye

Where ben so worthy knyghtes/in this place  
And ye so fayre/that everyche of them all  
Wyll paynen them to stonde/in your grace  
But myght me so fayre a grace fall  
That ye me/for youre seruaunt wolde call  
So lowely ne so trewly wolde serue  
Nyll none of them/as I shall tyll I sterue

Cresyde vnto that pur pose/lytell answerde  
As she that was/with sorowe oppressed so  
That in effecte/she nought his tales herde  
But here and there/nowhere a woorde or two  
Her thought/her sorowfull herte breste in two

of Troylus.

For whan she gan her fader fer aspye  
Well nyghe downe of her hōz she gan to syc

Neuerthelesse she thanked Dyomedē  
Of all his trauayle and his good chere  
And that hym lyste his frenlypp her to bede  
And she acceptyng it in good manere  
She wolde do sayne that is hym lefe and dere  
And trusten hym she wolde and well she myght  
As sayde she and frome her horse she lyghe

Her fader hathe her in his armes nomē  
And twenty tymes he kyste his doughter swete  
And sayde vere doughter myne welcome  
She sayde she was sayne with hym to mete  
And stode forthe mylde and manswete  
And thus I leue her with her fader dwell  
And forthe I wyll of Troylus you tell

To Troye is come this wofull Troylus  
In sorowe aboue all sorowes smerte  
With felon loke and face dyspytous  
And sodenly downe frome his horse he sterte  
And through his paleys with a swollen hert  
To chambre wente of nothyng toke he hede  
For none durste to hym speke a word for dredē

And there his sorowes that he spared hadde  
He gaue an yssue large and dethe he cryed  
And in his throwes frantylke soze and madde  
He cursed Juno Appollo and eke Cupyde  
He cursed Ceres Bachus and Cypyde  
His byrthe hymselfe and eke nature  
And saue his lady euer creature

Troylus.

C.iii.

## The fyfte boke

To bedde he gothe/waloweth there and turneth  
In surpe/as dothe he /xyoune in hell  
And in this wyse/heup tyll daye soiourneth  
But tho bygan his herte/a lytell vnswell  
Throughe teres/whiche gan vp to well  
And pycously he cryed/upon Cresayde  
And to hymselfe/thus he spake and sayde

Where is myne owne lady/lesse and dere  
Where is her whyte breste/where is it where  
Where ben her armes/and her eyen clere  
That yester nyght/this tyme with me were  
Now maye I wepe/alone many a tere  
And graspe aboute/I maye but in this place  
Saue a pylow/I synde non to enbrace

How shall I do/whan shall she come agayne  
I not alas/why lette I her go  
As wold god I hadde tho ben slayne  
O herte myne Cresyde/and swete so  
O lady myne/that I loue and no mo  
To whom for cuermore/myne herte I bowe  
Se how I dye/ye wyll not me rescowe

Who seeth you/now my ryght lode sterre  
Who syt ryght nowe/or stande in your presence  
Who can conforte/now your hertes werre  
Now am I go/Who grueth you audyence  
Who speketh for me in my absence  
Alas no wyght/and that is all my care  
For well I wote/as cuyll as ye fare

How shall I thus/ten dayes endure  
Whan I the fyfte nyght/haue all this tene

of Troylus.

How shall ye do/sorowfull creature  
For tendernesse/how shall ye eke sustayne  
Suche wo for me/how pytous pale and grene  
Shall be your freshe womanly face  
For longyng/ or ye tourne in to this place

And whan he fell in ony slombringes  
Inone begynne/he shoulde to grone  
And dreame of ryght drefull thynges  
That nyght/as mete that he were alone  
In place horryble/makynge aye his mone  
Or meten/that he was amonges all  
His enemyes/and in her hondes fall

And therwith all his body shoulde sterde  
And with the styrte/all iodeynly awake  
And suche a crampe/fell aboute his herte  
That of the fere/his body shoulde quake  
And therwith all/he shoulde a nyspe make  
And seme as though/he shoulde fall depe  
Frome hye alofte/and than he wolde wepe

And rewe on hym selfe/so pytously  
That wondre was to here his fantasy  
Another tyme/he shoulde myghtely  
Comforste hym selfe/and saye it was foly  
So causeles suche dredes for to drye  
And after begynne his asper sorowes newe  
That euery man/myght on his sorowe rewe

Who couthe tell aright/or fully dyscryue  
His wo/his playnt/his langour/and his pync  
Not all the men/that haue or ben alyue  
Thei redet mayste/full well thyselfe dyspynge

Troylus.

T.iii.

## The fyfte boke

That suche a wo my wytte can not defyne  
On ydle shoulde I wryte it with ymke  
Whan that my wytte is wryt to thynke

On heuen the sterres were ysene  
All though he full pale warden was the mone  
And whyten han the orysount shene  
All estwarde as it is wonte to done  
And P hebus wist his rosy arte soone  
Gan after that dresse hym vp to fare  
Whan Troylus hath sente after Pandare

This Pandare that of all daye byforne  
Ne myght haue come Troylus to se  
And though on his heed he hadde it sworne  
For with kynge Pryamus all daye was he  
So that it laye not in his lyberte  
Nowhere to go but on the morowe he wente  
To Troylus whan that he for hym sent

For in his herte he couthe well dyuyne  
That Troylus all nyght for sorowe woke  
And that he wolde tell hym of his pyne  
This knewe he ryght well without boke  
For whiche to his chambre ther ryght waye he toke  
And Troylus tho sothly he grette  
And on the bedde full soone he gan hym sette

My Pandare quod Troylus the sorowe  
Whiche that I drye and maye not longe endure  
I crowe I shall not lyue tyll to morowe  
For whiche I wolde alwayes in aduenture  
To the deuyls of my sepulture  
The fourme and of my viclebly thou dyspone

of Troylus.

Ryght as the semeth/best is for to done  
But of the fury//and flawmes funerall  
In whiche my body/brenne shall to glede  
And of the feest/and places palestrall  
At my vvgylles/I praye take good hede  
That thyc be well/and offre Mars my stede  
My swerde myne helme/and lele broder dcre  
My shilde to Dallas/gyue that shyneth cleare  
The poudre in whiche myne herte brennt shall come  
That praye I the thou take/and it consecue  
In a vessell/that men clappen an vne  
Of golde to my lady that I serue  
For loue of whome thus pytously I sterue  
So gyue it her/and do me this pleasaunce  
To praye her to kepe/it for a remembraunce  
For well I fele/by my maladye  
And by my dreames/now and your ago  
All certaynly/that I must nedes dye  
The Owle eke/whiche that hyght Escaphpo  
Hath e after me shryght/all these nyghtes two  
And god Mercurye now of me wofull wretche  
The soule guyde/and whan ye lyste it fetche  
Pandare answerde/and sayde O Troylus  
My dere frende/as I haue tolde the yore  
That it is foly/for to sorowe thus  
And causeles/for whiche I can no more  
But who so wyll/not trowen rede ne loze  
I can not se/in hym no remedye  
But let hym worche/with his fantasye  
But Troylus/I praye the tell me now

## The syfte boke

If thou wote or this ony wryght  
Hath louyd paramour as wele as thou  
Ye god wote & from many a worthy knyght  
Hath his lady ben a souchnyght  
And he not yet made haluendele the fare  
What nedes the to maken all this care

Syth day by day thou mayst thy selfe se  
That from his loue/or elles from his wryfe  
A man must twynne of necessyte  
ye though he loue her/as his owne lyfe  
And though he byt wene you were never no stryfe  
For wele thou knowest my lefe broder dere  
That alwaye frndes may not ben yfere

How done these folke that seen theyr loues wedded  
By frndes myght/as is betyd full ofte  
And seen them in theyr spoules bed ybedded  
God wote they take it wysely fayre and softe  
Withoute wordes or blowynge out alofte  
And for they come a tymie of sorowe endure  
As tymie them hurte/tyme wyl them recure

So shalte thou endure and lete slyde  
The tyme/and founde to be glad and lyght  
Ten dayes is not so longe to abyde  
And syth she to come hath bchyghe  
She nyll her heest breke for no wryght  
For drede not but she wyl fynde a waye  
To come agayne my lyfe dare I laye

Thy swuenes eke & all suche fantasye  
Dryue out and lete them go to my schaunce  
For though he they procede of thy melancolye

of Troylus.

That doeth the sele/in slepe all this penaunce  
Stra we for all thy sweuenes/sygnysfaunce  
God helpe me so/I compte them not at a beanc  
There knowes none aryght/what dreameis meane

for preestes of the temple tellen this  
That dreameis ben the reuelacyons  
Of goddes and aswell they tell wrys  
That they ben infernall illusyons  
And leches sayen that of complexyons  
Proceden they of fastynge/or glotonye  
Who wote in sothe/what they sygneisye

Eke other sayen/that throughe impressyons  
As ysa wyght/hath faste a thyng in mynde  
That therof come suche vysyons  
And other sayen/as they in bokes fynde  
That after tymes of the yere by kynde  
Men dreame/and that the effecte gothe by the mone  
But loue no dreame/syth it is not to done

Well worth the of dreameis/all these olde wrycs  
And truly augury of these fooleis  
For fere/wherof men wene to lese theyr lyues  
As raueness qualme/and shrykyng of these owles  
To trowen on it/false and foulle is  
Alas alas/that she so noble a creature  
As is a man/shoulde drede suche ordure

For whiche/with all myne herte/I the beseche  
Unto thy selfe/all this thou forgyue  
And ryse now vp/without more speche  
And let vs caste/how forthe maye best dryue  
This tymis/and eke/how fresshly me maye lyue

## The syste boke

Whan that she cometh/that shall be ryght soone  
God helpe me so/this thynke me best to doone

Ryse let vs speke/ of lusty lyfe in Troye  
That we haue ladde/ and forthe this tyme dryue  
And eke of tyme comyng/ as of Joye  
That bryngē shall our blyssē/ now so blyue  
And langour of these twyng dayes syue  
We shall therwith/ so forgete our oppresse  
That well vnneth/ it shall do vs duresse

This towne is full of lordes all aboute  
And trewes lasteth/ all this meane whyle  
So we playe vs/ in some lusty route  
To Sarpedon/ not heng but a myle  
And thus thou shalte/ the tyme well begyle  
And dryue it forthe/ unto thy blysshfull morowe  
That thou her se/ that is cause of thy sorowe

Now ryse my dere broder Troylus  
For certayn/ none honour is to the  
To wepe/ and in thy bedde to rowten thus  
For treuly of one thyngē truste thou me  
Yf thou thus lygge/ a daye two/or thre  
The folke wyll saye/ that thou for cowardyse  
Thou senest the seke/ and darste not aryse

This Troylus answerde/ O broder dere  
This knowen folke/ that hanc suffred Payne  
That thoughē he wepe/ and make sorowfull chere  
That scleth harme/ and smerte on euery bayne  
No wondre is/ thoughē that I euer playne  
O; alwaye wepe/ I am nothyngē to blame  
Sith I haue loste/ the cause of all my game

of Troylus.

But syth offyne force/I must aryse  
I shall aryse/as soone as euer I maye  
And god to whome/myne herte I sacryfyle  
To sende vs hastely/now the tenth daye  
For was there never fowle/so sayne of Maye  
As I shall be/whan she cometh in Troye  
That cause is of my tourment/and my Joye

But whyder is thy rede/quod Troylus  
That we playe vs maye/best in this towne  
My counsayll is by god/quod Pandarus  
To ryde/and playe vs with Harpedon  
So longe of this/they speken vp and downe  
Tyll Troylus/at the laste gan assent  
To ryse/and forthe to Harpedon they wente

This Harpedon/as he that honorable  
Was euer his lyfe/and full of hye largesse  
With all that myght serued be at table  
That deynite was/all coste in grete rychesse  
It fedde them daye by daye/that suchen noblesse  
As sayden bothe/the more and eke the leste  
Was never seen/or wiste at ony feest

Now in this woldē/there nys none instrument  
Delyte of songe/or touche of corde  
As fer/as ony wyghte hathe euer went  
That tongue tell/or herte maye recorde  
That at the feste/it nas herde a corde  
Of ladyes eke/so sayre a compayne  
On daunces as tho/was none seen with cye

But what auayleth this to Troylus  
That for his sorowe/no thyngē of it rought

## The syste boke

For euer in one his herte pyteous  
Full belyly Cresyd his lady sought  
On her was euer all that his herte thoughte  
Now this now that so fast ymagynyng  
That glade ywys can hym no festenyng

These ladyes that at the feeste ben  
Syth that he sawe his lady was a wape  
It was his sorowe vpon them to sene  
Or for to here instrumentes playe  
For she that of his herte bare the keye  
Was absent so this was his fantaſye  
That no wyght shoulde make melodye

For there nas houre in the daye nor nyght  
Whan he was there that no man myght hym here  
That he ne sayde o blyſfull lady bryghe  
How haue ye fare syth that ye were here  
Welcome ywys nyne owne lady dere  
But wela waye all this nas but a mase  
Fortune his houe entendeth bet to glase

The lettres eke that she of olde tyme  
Hadde hym sent he wolde anone rede  
And ofte betwyx noone and pyyme  
Befiguryng her shappe and her womanhede  
Within his herte and every worde and dede  
That passed was and thus he droue to an ende  
The fourte daye with Pandare his frende

And sayde leue brother Pandarus  
Entende it thou that we shall here byleue  
Tyll Sharpedon for the wyll conueye vs  
Yet were it sayver that we toke our leue

of Troylus.

For goddes loue let vs soone at eue  
Our leue take and home let vs torne  
For truly I nyll not thus soiourne

Pandare answerde/be we comen hyder  
To fetche syre and tourne home agayne  
God helpe me so/I can not tell whyder  
We myght gone yf I shall soothly sayne  
There ony wryght is of vs more feyne  
Than Sarpedon/and yf he hens hye  
Thus sodeynly/I holde it vylonye

Syth that we sayde/we wolde bleue  
With hym a weke/and now thus sodeynly  
The fourte daye toke of hym our leue  
He wolde wondre on it treuly  
Let vs for the holde/oure purpose syrvely  
And syth that ye behyght hym for to abyde  
Holde forwarde now/and after let vs ryde

This Pandarus/with all Payne and wo  
Had hym to dwell/and at the wekes ende  
Of Sarpedon/they toke theyr leue thou  
And on theyr waye/they spedde them to wende  
Quod Troylus/norworde me grace sende  
That I maye fynde/at myne home comyage  
Cresyde ycome/and therwith he gan syng

Ye hasyll woode/quod this Pandare  
And to hymselfe/full softely he sayde  
God wote refrayde/maye thy hote fare  
O Calcas sende to Troylus Cresayde  
Neuerthelesse/he iaped thus and playde  
And swoze ywys/his herte hym thus bchryght

## The syste boke

She wolde come as soone as she myght

Whan they vnto the paleys were ycomen  
Of Troylus they downe of hors almyght  
And to the chambre the waye haue the nomen  
And in to tyme that it gan to nyght  
They spake all of Cresyde the bryght  
And after this whan them bothe lest  
They sped them from souper vnto reste

On morowe as soone as daye bygan to clere  
This Troylus gan of his slepe soone to abyde  
And to Pandare his owne brother dide  
For loue of god full pytously he sayde  
As go we se the paleys of Cresyde  
For syth we yet maye haue nomore feest  
So let vs se her paleys at the leest

And ther with all his meyne for to blende  
I cause he founde in towne for to go  
And to Cresydes hous they gan to wende  
But lord this sely Troylus was wo  
He thought his sorrowfull herte braste in two  
For whan he sawe her dores spared all  
Well nyghe for sorrowe adowne he gan to fall

Ther with whan he was ware and gan beholde  
How shet was euery wyndowe of the place  
As frost hym thought his hert gan to colde  
For whiche hym thought with deedly pale face  
Without worde for the by he gan to pace  
And as god wolde he gan so faste to ryde  
That no wyght of his countenaunce espyde  
Than sayde he thus o palayg desolate

of Troylus.

O fhonour of gladnesse, whylom beste ydyght  
O palays emptye, and dysconsolate  
O thou launterne, of whiche quenched is is the lyght  
O palays whylome daye, that now arte nyghte  
Well ought thou to fall downe, and I to dye  
Syth she is wente, that was wonke vs to guye

O palays whylome crowne of houses all  
Enlumyned with sonne of all blysse  
O ryngre frome whiche the Ruby is yfall  
O cause of wo, that cause hast be of blysse  
Yet syth I maye not bet, sayne wolde I kyssle  
Thy colde doze, yl I dursle for this route  
And fare well Chyne, of whiche the corps is out

Therwith he caste on Pandarus his eye  
With chauntyng face, and pytous to beholde  
And whan he myght his tymeryght espye  
Aye as he rode to Pandarus he tolde  
His newe sorowe, and eke his ioyes olde  
So pytously, and with so deed an hewe  
That euery wyght myght on his sorow rewre

Frome thens forthe he rydeth vp and downe  
And euery thyng, came hym to remembraunce  
Is he rode by the places in the towne  
In whiche he had/had his pleasaunce  
Lo yonder sawe I laste my lady daunce  
And in that temple, wch eyen clere  
He caught fyre, my ryght lady vere

And yonder haue I herde full lustely  
My dere herte laughe, and yonder plage  
Sawe I her ones, eke full blysshely

Troylus.

U.t.

## The faste boke

And to me ones,/ yonder gan ye saye  
How good swete loue me well I praye  
And yonde soo goodly/gan she me behold  
That to the dethe/mynne herte is to her holde

And at the corner/in the yondre house  
Herde I myne/all theyr leuest lady dere  
So womanly/with voyce melodyous  
Syngyn so well/so goodly and so clere  
That in my soule/me thynketh I here  
That blyssfull sorwe/and in that yonder place  
My lady syste/me toke vnto her grace

Than thoughte he thus/o blyssfull lord Cupyde  
Whan I the processe/haue in memorie  
How thou me hast/werryed on euery syde  
When myght a boke/make of it lyke a storye  
What nede is the/to leke of me vctoyre  
Syrth I am thyne/and hooly at thy wyll  
What Joye hast thou/thyne owne folke to spyll

Well hast thou lord/broke on me thyne yre  
Thou myghtfull god/and dredefull sor to greue  
Now mercy lord/ thou knowes well I desyre  
This grace moost/of all lustes leue  
And lyue and dye/I wyll in that byleue  
For whiche I ne axe/in guerdon but a boone  
That thou me lende/Crescyde agayne soone

Dystreyne her herte/as fast to retourne  
As thou doest myne/to longe her to se  
Than wote I well/that she wyll not soiourne  
Now blyssfull lord/so cruell thou ne be  
Unto the blode of Troye/I praye vnto the

of Troylus.

As Ioue was vnto the blode of Thebane  
For whiche the folke of Thebes caught theyr bane

And after this he to the gates went  
There as Cressyde rode a full good paas  
And vp and downe there made he many a went  
And to hymselfe full ofte he sayde alas  
Frome hens rode my blysse and my solace  
And wolde blyfull god now for his Joye  
I myght her seen agayne come to Troye

And to the yonder hyll he gan her guyde  
Alas and there I toke of her my leue  
And yonde I sawe her vnto her fader ryde  
For sorowe of whiche myne herte wyll to cleue  
And hyder home I come whan it was eue  
And here I dwell outcaste frome all Joye  
And shall tyll I mayse her eft in Troye

And of hym selfe ymagyned he full ofte  
To be defeted pale and were lesse  
Than he was wonte and that men sayden softe  
What maye it be who gan the sothe gesse  
Why Troylus hathe all this heuynesse  
And all this nas but his melancoly  
That he hadde of hymselfe suche fantasye

An other tyme ymagyne he wolde  
That euery wryght that wente by the waye  
Hadde of hym routh and they sayen shoulde  
I am ryght sorry Troylus wyll deye  
And thus he droue forthe a daye or tweye  
As ye haue herde suche lyfe he gan lede  
As he that stode byt wene hope and drede

Troylus.

U.ii.

The syste boke

For whiche hymlyked/in his songes shewe  
The encheason of his wo/as he best myght  
And made a songe of wordes but a fewe  
Somwhat/his wofull herte for to lygh  
And whan he was/stome eucry mannes syght  
With softe boys/he of his lady dere  
That absent was/gan spryngen as ye shall here

O sterre of whiche/I haue lost the lyght  
With herte sore/ought I to be wayle  
That euer derke in tourment nyght by nyght  
Towarde my deth/with wynde I stere and sayle  
For whiche the tenthe nyght yf that I sayle  
The sydemant of thy be ames/bryght and oure  
By shyppe/and me Carybdys wyll deuoure

This songe/whan he hadde songen soone  
He fell agayne/into his syghes olde  
And eucry nyght/as he was wonte to done  
He stode/the bryght mone to beholde  
And all sorowe/he to the mone tolde  
And sayde ywys/whan thou arte horned newe  
I shall be glade/yf all the woldc be trewe

I sawe thyne hornes eke olde by the morowe  
Whan heus rode/my ryght lady dere  
That cause is of my tourment/and my sorowe  
For whiche bryght Lucyna the clere  
For loue of god/renne faste aboue thy spere  
For whan thy hornes newe gan spryngc  
Than shall she come/that maye my blysse bryngc  
The dape is more/and lenger eucry nyght  
Than they be wonte to be/hym thought tho

of Troylus.

And that the sonne/went his cours vnyght  
By lenger waye/than he is wone to do  
And sayde ywys/me dredeth euermo  
The sonnes sonne/phyton to be a lyue  
And that his cart/ansys he dothe dryue  
  
Upon the walles/fast he wolde walke  
And on the Grekes/fast he wolde see  
And to hymselfe/ryght thus he wolde talke  
Loo yondre is/myn eowne lady free  
Or elles yondre/ther the tentes be  
And thens cometh this ayre/that is so swote  
For in my soule/I fele it dothe me bote  
  
And hardely this wynde/more and more  
Thus itounde mele/encreased in my face  
Is of my lady dere/syghes sore  
I preue it this/for in none other space  
Of all this towne/saue onely in this place  
Fele I no wynde/that sowneth so lyke payne  
It sayeth alas/why twynned be we twyne  
  
This longe tyme/he dryueth for the ryght thus  
Cyll fully passed/was the nyghte nyght  
And aye belyde hym/was this Pandarus  
That belyly/dyde his full myght  
Hym to conforte/and make his herte lyght  
Guyng hym hope/alwaye the tenthe morowe  
That she shall come/and synt all this sorowe  
  
Upon that other syde/was this Cresayde  
With wemen fewe/amonge the Grekes stronge  
For whiche full ofte/alas alas she sayde  
That I was borne/well maye myne herte longe  
Troylus.

U.iii.

## The fyfte boke

After my deth/for now lyue I to longe  
Alas/and I maye it not amend  
For now it is wers/than euer yet I wende  
My fader nyll/for nothynge do me grace  
To go agayne/for nouhgt I gan I queme  
And yf so be/that I my tene pace  
My Troylus/shall now in his herte deme  
That I am false/and so it maye well seeme  
Thus shall I haue/vnchanke on euery syde  
That I was borne/so wela waye the tyde

And yf I me put in icopardye  
To stel a waye to nyght/and it byfall  
That I be caught/I shall beholde a spye  
Or elles/lo this drede I moost of all  
Yf in the handes of some wretche I fall  
I am but loste/all be myne herte trewe  
Now myghty god thou on my sorowre we

Full pale it was/her bryght face  
Her lymmes lene/as she that all the daye  
Stode whan she durste/and looked on the place  
There she was borne/and there she dwelled aye  
And all the nyght/weppynge alas she laye  
And thus dyspeyred/out of all cure  
She ladde her lyfe/this wofull creature

Full ofte a daye/she syghed for dystresse  
And in herselfe/she wente aye portrayenge  
Of Troylus/the grete wrothynesse  
And al his goodly wordes recordynge  
Syth fyfte the daye/they loue bygan to sprynge  
And thus she set/her wofull herte a fyre

of Troylus.

Throughe remembraunce/ of that she gan desyre

In all this worlde/ there nys so cruell herte  
That her hadde herde/ complayne in that sorowe  
That nolde haue wepte/ for paynes smerte  
So tenderly/ she wepte bothe eue and morowe  
Her neded no teres for to borowe  
And this was yet/ the werte of all her Payne  
There was no wyght/ to whom she myght complayne

For rewfully/ she loked vpon Troye  
Byhelde the toures hyc and eke the hallys  
Alas quod she/ the pleaunce and the Joye  
The whiche all newe/ torned in to gallis  
Haue I hadde ofte/ within yonder wallys  
O Troylus what doest thou/ now she layde  
Lorde wheret/ thou thynke vpon Cresayde

Alas I ne hadde trowed/ vpon youre loze  
And wende with you/ as me redeo/ this  
Than hadde I know not syghed/ halfe so sore  
Who myght haue sayde/ that I hadde done amyng  
To stel a waye/ with suche one as he is  
But all to late/ cometh the lectuarie  
Whan men the corps/ vnto the graue carye

To late is now/ to speke of that materie  
Prudence alas/ one of thyne eyen thre  
We lacked alwaye/ or that I came here  
Of tymie passed/ I wyl remembre me  
And present tymie/ well couthe I se  
But fature tymie/ or I was in the snare  
Couthe I not se/ that causeth all my care  
Neuerthelesse/ betyde what betyde

## The fyfte boke

I shall to morowe at nyght / by est or west  
Out of this hostell / on some maner syde  
And go with Troylus / where so hym leste  
This purpose wyll I holde / and this is best  
No force of wycke tonges / I angelorpe  
For euer in loue / haue wretches enuye

For who so wyll / of euery word take hede  
Or reule hymselfe / by euery wyghtes wyt  
He shall he never / thyue out of drede  
For that some men / blamen euer yet  
No other men / yet commenden it  
And as for me / all suche baryance  
Helpynte / clyppe I suffysaunce

For whiche / without ony wordes mo  
To Troylus wyll I / as for conclusyon  
But god it wote / or fully nyghtes two  
She was full fer / from that entencyon  
For bothe Troylus / and Troye towne  
Shall knotles / through he her herte slyde  
For she wyll / an other purpose abyde

This Dyomedes / of whome I tell you can  
Goth now within hymselfe / aye arguyng  
With all slepghte / and all that euer he can  
How he maye best / with shordest tarynge  
Into his nette / Cresydes herte bryng  
To this entent / he couthe neuer fyne  
To fyssh her / he layde out hooke and lyne

Neuerthelss / well in his herte he thought  
That she was not / without a loue in Troye  
For he never syth / he her thengs brought

## of Troylus.

He ought her se/laughe/ne make Ioye  
He nyste how beste/her herte to acoye  
But for to assaye/he sayde not ne greueth  
For he that noughe assayeth/noughe cheueth

Yet sayde he hymselfe/vpon a nyght  
Now I am not a foole/that knowe well how  
Her wo for loue/is of an other wyght  
And hereupon/to go assaye nowe  
I maye well knowe/it wyll not be my prowe  
For wyse folke/in bookes it expresse  
Men shoulde not wowe/a wyght in heuynesse  
But who so myght wynne/suche a floure  
From hym/for whome she morneth nyght and daye  
He myght saye/he were a conquerour  
And ryght anone/as he that bolde was aye  
Thought in his herte/hap how I hap maye  
All shoulde I dye/I wyll her herte seche  
I shall nomore lese/but my speche

This Dyomedes/as bookes vs declare  
Was in his nedes/preste and corageous  
With sterne boys/and myghty lymimes square  
Hardy/ryght stronge/and chualrous  
Of dedes lyke/his lader Tydeus  
And some men sayen/he was of tongue large  
And heyr he was/of Calydoyne and Arge

Cresyde medyocre/was of stature  
Therto of shap/of face/and eke of chere  
There myght be/no sayret creature  
And olde tyme/this was her manere  
To go ytrellid/with her heyses clere

Troylus.

X.1.

## The fyfte boke

Downe by her coler/at her backe behynde  
Whiche with a threde of golde/she wolde bynde

And saue her browes/ ioyned in fere  
There was no lacke/in ought I can espyen  
But for to speke/of her eyen clere  
Treuly they wryten/all that her syen  
That paradyse/stode formed in her eyen  
And with her ryche beate euermore  
Stroue loue in her aye/whiche was moze

She sobre was/symply/and wyse with all  
The best nurtured/eke that myght be  
And goodly of her speche/in generall  
Charytaytable/estately/lusty/and fre  
He neuer moze lacked her pyte  
Tendre herted/sydyng/e of courage  
But treuly/I can not tell her age

And Troylus well warden was in heyght  
And complete sounied by proporcyon  
So well that kynde/not amende myght  
Yonge/fresshe/stronge/and hardy as Apowne  
Trewe as stelle/in eche condycyon  
One of the beste/moste louyng/e creature  
That is or shall/whyle the wrold/mare dure

And certeynly in store/as it is founde  
That Troylus was never unto no wyght  
As in his tyme/in no degré seconde  
In darynge do/that longeth to a knyght  
All myght a gyaint/passen hym of myghte  
His force aye with the fyfte/and with the best  
Stode peregall/to do what hym lyf

of Troylus.

But for to tell forthe of Dyomede  
It fell after that on the tenth daye  
Sith that I Cresyde out of the cyte yede  
This Dyomede as fresshe as braunche in Maye  
Come to the tent there as Calcas laye  
And fayned hym with Calcas to haue done  
But what he ment I shall you tell soone

Cresyde at shorte wordes for to tell  
Welcomed hym and dyd hym by her set  
And he was at the ynow to make duell  
And after this without longe let  
Appes and wyne men forthe them set  
And forthe they speke of this and that yfere  
As frendes do of whiche some ye shall here

He gan fyre fall of the werre in speche  
Betwyxte them and the folke of Troye towne  
And of the aslyege he gan her byseche  
To tell hym what was her oppnyon  
Fro that demaunde he so descendeth dolone  
To asken her yf that she straunge thought  
The Grekes guyse and werkes that they wrought

And why her fader taryed here so longe  
To wedden her unto some worthy knyght  
Cresyde that was in her paynes stronge  
For loue of Troylus her owne dere knyght  
As fer forthe as she runnyng hadde or myght  
Answerde hym tho but all of his entent  
It semed not she wiste what he ment

Neuerthelesse this ylke Dyomede  
Gan in hymselfe assure and thus he sayde

Troylus.

3.ii.

## The fyfte boke

Yf I aryght haue take of you hede  
We thynketh thus o lady myne Cresayde  
Sypth that I syrste honde on youre brydell layde  
Whan ye out came of Troye by the morowe  
Ne couthe I neuer se you but in sorowe

I can not well saye what maye the cause be  
But it for loue of some Troyan it were  
The whiche ryght sore wolde athynke me  
That for ony wyght that dwelleth there  
Shoulden spyll a quarter of a tere  
Or pytously youre selfe so begyle  
For dredeles it is not worthe the whyle

The folke of Troye as who saythe all and some  
In pypsonne be as youreselfe se  
For thens shall none on lyue come  
For ayl the golde byt wene sonne and se  
Trusteth ryght well and vnderstonde me  
There shall not one to mercy go alyue  
All were he lorde of worldes twyng fyue

Suche wretche on them for fetchyng of Helayne  
There shall be take or that we hens wende  
That Daunes whiche goddes ben of payne  
Shoulde be agaynst how Grekes shoule the shende  
And men shoulde drede vnto the worldes ende  
Frome hens forthe to rauesshe ony quene  
So cruell shall our wretche on them be scene

And but yf Calcas lede vs with Ambages  
That is to saye with double wordes slye  
Suche as men call a worde with two vysages  
Ye shall well knowe that I nought ne lye

## of Troylus.

And all this thynge ryght soone with your eye  
And that none ye wyll not trowe how soone  
Now take you hede for it is to done

What wene you your wyse fader wolde  
Haue gyue you for Anchenor anone  
Yfye newyste that the cyte shoulde  
Destroyed be why naye so most I gone  
He knoweth full well there shall escape none  
That Troyan is and for the grete fete  
He durste not that ye dwelled longer there

What wolde ye more louesome lady dere  
Let Troy and Troyans from youre herte pace  
Dryue out your bytter hope and make good chere  
And gette agayne the beaute of your face  
That ye with salte teres so deface  
For Troye is brought in suche icopardy  
That it to saue is nowhere remedye

And thynke you well ye shall in Grekes fynde  
Amore parfyte loue or it be nyght  
Than ony Troyan is and more kynde  
And bet to serue you wyll do his myght  
And yf ye vouche saue my lady bryght  
I wyll be he to serue you myselue  
Ye leuer than be kynges of Grekes twelue

And with that worde he gan to were rede  
And in his speche a lytell wyght he quoke  
And caste a syde a lytell with his heed  
And stynt a whyle and after warde he woke  
And soberlyche on her threwe his loke  
And sayde I am all be it to you no Joye

Troylus.

X.iii.

The fyfte boke

As gentyll a man / as ony wyght in Troye

For yf my lader Tydeus he sayde  
Lyued hadde / I hadde belonge or this  
Of Calcydony and Arge / a kynge Cresayde  
And so I hope / I shall be yet ywys  
But he was slayne / alas the more harme is  
Unhappely at Thebes / all to rathe  
Polemytes / and many a man to scathe

But herte myne / syth I am your man  
And ye the fyfte / of whome I seche grace  
And serue you / as hertefully as I can  
And euer shall / whyle I to lyue haue space  
So or that I departe out of this place  
That ye me graunt / that I maye to morowe  
At better leyser / tell you my sorowe

What shoulde / I tell his wordes / that he sayde  
He spake ynough / for one daye at the mcest  
It preueth well he spake / so that Cresayde  
Graunted hym a morowe at his request  
To haue a speche / with her at the leste  
So that he nolde speke / of such a matere  
And thus she sayde / to hym as ye maye here

As she that hadde / her herte in Troylus  
So that there maye / none it arace  
And straungely she spake / and sayde thus  
O Dyomedes / I loue that ylike place  
That I was borne in / and loue for his grace  
Delyuer it soone / of all that do it care  
God for thy myght / so lene it well to fare  
C That Grekes wolde in Troye / they wrothe wroke

of Troylus.'

Yf that t hey myght / I knowe it well þwys  
But it shall not fallen as ye speke  
And god to forne / and further ouer this  
I wote my fader / wylle a nd redy is  
And that he hathe me hought / as ye me tolde  
So dere I am / the more to hym beholde

These Grekes ben / of hys condycyon  
I wote it well / but certayne men shall well synde  
As worthy folke / within Troye towne  
As cumynge / as parsyte / and as kynde  
As bytwene / Oxades / and ynde  
And that ye couthe / well your lady serue  
I trowe it well / he thankē for to deserue  
  
But as to speke of loue / þwys she sayde  
I hadde a lord / to whome I wedded was  
The whiche myne herte hadde / tyl that he deyde  
And other loue / as helpe me now Pallag  
There in my herte / nys nor never was  
And that ye be of noble / and hys kynde  
I haue it herde well / tell out of drede

And that dothe me / to haue so grete a wonder  
That ye wyl scorne ony woman so  
Eke god wote loue / and I ben fer in sonder  
I am dysposed ber / so mote I go  
Unto my deathe / to playne and make wo  
What shall I do after / gan I not saye  
But treuly as yet / me lyste not to playne

Myne herte is now / in trybulacion  
And ye in armes / besy daye by daye  
Here after whan ye / wonnen haue the towne

Troylus.

X. iii.

## The sytē boke

Parauenture than so it hap maye  
That whan I se/that never yet I saye  
Than wyll I werke/that I never wrought  
This wōrde to you/pnoughē suffisen ought

To morowe wyll I speke/with you fayne  
So that ye touche not of this matere  
And whan you lyste/you maye come here agayne  
And or you go/thusmoche I saye you here  
As helpe me Pallas/with her heres clere  
Ys that I shoulde on ony Greke haue routhē  
It shoulde be yorselfe by my trouthe

I saye not therfore/that I wyll you loue  
Ne I saye not naye/but in conclusyon  
I meane well by god/that lytte aboue  
And therewith all/he cast her eyen downe  
And gan to syghe/and sayde O Troye towne  
Yet bydde I god/in quyet and in rest  
I maye the se/or do myne herre breste

But in effecte/as shortely for to saye  
This Dyomede/all fresshe newe agayne  
Gan precen in/fast her mercy praye  
And after this/the sothe for to sayne  
Her gloue he toke/of whiche he was full fayne  
And fynally/whan it was waxen eue  
And all was well/he rose and toke his leue

The bryght Venus/followed/and ape taught  
The waye therre bōde/Phebus adowne lyght  
And Cythera the chare hors/ouer caught  
To whyle out of the lyowne/ys the myght  
And sygnyfer his candell/shewēd bryght

## of Troylus.

Whan Cresyde vnto her rest went  
In whiche her laders fayre bryght tent

Retournynge in her soule vp and downe  
The wodes of this sodayne Dyomede  
His grete estate and perell of the towne  
And that she was alone and hadde nede  
Of stendes and thus bygan to breste  
The cause why the sothe for to tell  
That she toke purpos fully to dwell

The morow came and ghostly for to speke  
This Dyomede is come to Cresyde  
And shortly lest that ye my tale breke  
So well he for hym selfe spake and sayde  
That all his syghes sore adowne he layde  
And fynally the sothe for to sayne  
He leste of the grete of all his payne

And after this the story telleth vs  
That she hym gaue the fayre bayestede  
The whiche she ones hadde of Troylus  
And cke a broche that was lytell nede  
That Troylus was she gaue this Dyomede  
Indede the bet frome sowme hym to releue  
She made hym were a pensell of her sleue

I synde cke in the story elles where  
Whan through the body hurte was Dyomedes  
Of Troylus tho wepte she many a tere  
Whan that she sawe his ryde woundes blede  
And that she toke to kepe hym good heede  
And for to hele hym of his sorowes smerte  
Men sayen (I not) she gaue hym her herte

## The fyfte boke

But treuly the story telleth vs  
There made never woman more wo  
Than she whan she falled Troylus  
She sayde alas for now is clene ago  
My name of trouthe in loue for euermo  
For I haue falled one the gentlest  
That euer was and eke the worthyest

Alas of me unto the worldes ende  
Shall neyther of me be wryte ne songe  
No good worde for this boke wyll me shende  
Yrolled shall it be on many a tonge  
Throughout the worlde my bell shall be tonge  
And women wyll me hate most of all  
Alas that such a caas shoulde me byfall

They wyll saye in a smocche as in me is  
I haue hym done dyshonour wela waye  
Ali we I not the fyfte that dyde amys  
What helpeth that to do my blame awaye  
But syth I se there nys no better wape  
And that to late it is now for to rewe  
To Dyomedes algate I wyll be trewe

But Troylus syth I no better maye  
And syth that thus departen you and I  
I praye god gyue you a ryght good daye  
As for the gentlest knyght treuly  
That euer I sawe to serue faythfully  
And best can aye his lady honour kepe  
And with that worde she braste anone to wepe  
And certes you haten shall I never  
And stendes loue that shall ye haue of me

of Troylus.

And my good woorde/all myght I lyuen euer  
And treuly/I wolde ryght sorry be  
To se you/in ony aduersyte  
And gylteles/I wote well I you now leue  
But all shall passe/and thus I take my leue  
  
But treuly how longe it was bytwene  
That she forsoke hym/for this Dyomed  
There is none other auctour/telleth I wene  
Take euery man/nwo to his bokes hede  
He shall no termie fynde/out of dycde  
For though he that he by gan/to loue her soone  
Or he her wanac/pet was there more to done  
  
He me lyste not/this cely wooman chyde  
For ther than the story wyl deuyse  
Her name alas/is puplyshed so wyde  
That for her gylte it ought puowe luffysse  
And yf I myght excuse her in ony wyse  
For she so sorry was/for her vncruthe  
Wyss I wolde excuse her/pet for routhe  
  
This Troylus/as I before haue tolde  
Thus dyueth forthe/as well as he myght  
But ofte was his herte/hote and colde  
And namely/that ylke nyght  
Whiche on the morowe/she hadde hym behyght  
To come agayne/god wote full lytell teste  
Hadde he that myght/nothyngc to slepe hym leste  
  
The laurer crowned Phebus/with his herte  
Came in his cours/ape vpwarde as he went  
To warmen of the est/the wawes wete  
And Cyrcus doughter/sange with good entent

## The fyfte boke

Whan Troylus/his Pandare after sent  
And on the walles of the towne they playde  
To loke yf they can ought se of Cresayde

Tyll it was noone/they stode for to se  
Who that there came/and every maner wrght  
That came frome fer/they sayde it was she  
And that waye couthe knownen them a ryght  
Now was his herte heup/norw was it lyght  
And thus besayed/they stonde to stare  
Aboute noughe/Troylus and Pandare

To Pandarus this Troylus thosayde  
For ought I wote byfore noone sykerly  
In to this towne not cometh here Cresayde  
She hathe ynough /ado there hardely  
To wynne frome her fader/so trowe I  
Her olde fader wolde yet make her dyne  
Or that she go/god gyue his herte pyne

Pandare answerde/it maye well be certayne  
And for thy let vs dyne/I the beseche  
And after noone/than mayste thou come agayne  
And home they gone/without more speche  
And come agayne/and longe maye they seche  
Or that they fynde/that they after gape  
Fortune them bothe/thynketh for to iape

Quod Troylus/I se well ynowe that we  
Is taryed/with her olde fader so  
That or she come/it wyll nygh euuen be  
Come forthe/I wyll unto the gate go  
These porters ben vncunnyng/euermo  
And I wyll do them/holde open the gate

of Troylus.

As nougnt ne were/all though he came late  
The daye gothe faste/and after that came eue  
And yet came not to Troylus Cresayde  
He loketh forthe by hedge/by tre and by greue  
And ferre his heed/on the wall he layde  
And at the laste/he tourned hym and sayde  
By god I knowe her meanyng/e now Pandare  
Almost ywys/all newe was my care

Now doubtles this lady can her good  
I wote she cometh rydynge pruely  
I commende her wysdome by my hood  
She wyl not make people nycely  
Gauren on her whan she cometh/but softely  
By nyght in to towne/she thynketh ryde  
And der broder/thynke not longe to abyde

We haue not elles to done ywys  
And Pandarus/now halte thou trowe me  
Haue here my trouthe/I se yonde where she is  
Heue vp thyne eyen/man mayst thou not se  
Pandare answerde/naye so mote I the  
All wronge by god/nomore wylle that thou arte  
That I se yonde afer nys but a carte

Alas thou sayest full trewe quod Troylus  
But hardely/it is not all for nougnt  
That in myne herte/that I reioyse thus  
It is agaynste some good/I haue a thought  
Not I not not how/but syth that I was wought  
He felte I siche a comforde/sothe to saye  
She cometh to nyght/myselfe dare I laye  
Pandare answerde/it maye be well ynoughhe

## The fylte boke

And helde with hym of all that euer he sayde  
But in his herte he thought and fast loughe  
And to hymselfe full soberly he sayde  
Frome hasylwoode there Alyo Robyn playde  
Shall come all that thou doest abyde here  
Ye fare well all the snowe of ferne yere

The warden of the gates gan to call  
The folke whiche wchdut the gates were  
And badde them dryue in they beestes all  
Or all that nyght they muste abyde there  
And set within nyght with many a tere  
This Troylus gan home warde for to ryde  
For well he sawe it helped not abyde

Neuerthelesse he gladed hym in this  
He thoughte amys he hadde conyted his daye  
And sayde I vnderstonde haue all amys  
For that nyght I laste Cresyde saye  
She sayde I shall be here yf that I maye  
Or that the mone o dere herte swete  
The Lyowne passe out of this dreye

For whiche she maye yet holde her heste  
And on the morowe vnto the gate he went  
And up and downe by west and eke by Eesse  
Upon the walles made he many a went  
But all for nought his hope alwaye hym blent  
For whiche at nyght in sorowe and syghes sore  
He wente hym home without ony more

His hope all clene out of his herte fledde  
He ne hathe wheron no lenger now to honge  
But for the Payne hym thought his herte bledde

of Troylus.

So were his throwes sharpe and wonder stronge  
For whan he sawe she abode so longe  
He nyste what he ymagyne therof myght  
Byth that she hathe broke that she hym behyght

The thyrde the fourthe the fyfthe the sexte daye  
After the dayes ten of whiche I tolde  
Byt wene hope and drede his herte laye  
Yet somwhat trustyng on her hestes olde  
But whan he sawe she nolde her terme holde  
He gan nowe se none other remedye  
But for to shape hym soone for to dye

Therwith the wycked spyyte god vs blesse  
Whiche that men clyppe wode Jelosye  
Gan in hym crepe in all this heuynesse  
For whiche bycause he wolde shone dye  
He ne ete ne dranke for his inclancolye  
And eke frome euery company he fledde  
This was the lyfe that all this tyme he ledde

He so defected was that no maner man  
Hym knowe myght vnneth where he went  
So was he lene and therto pale and wan  
And seble that he walked by potent  
And with his pre thus hymselfe he shent  
And who so asked hym wherof he smerte  
He sayde his harme was all aboote his herte

Pryamus full ofte and eke his moder dere  
His bretheren and his sustren gan hym frayne  
Why he so sorowfull was in all his chere  
And what thynge was the cause of his payne  
But all for nought he nolde his cause playne

## The fyste boke

But sayde/he felte a greuous maladye  
Aboute his herte/and fayne wolde he dye

So on a daye/he layde hym downe to slepe  
And so byfell/that in his slepe he thought  
That he walked/in a forest to wepe  
For loue of her/that his payne wrought  
And vp and downe/as he the forest sought  
Hym thought he sawe/a boore with Tuskes grete  
That slepte agayne/the bryght sonnes hete

And by this boore/fast in armes folde  
Laye kyssyng aye/his lady bryght Cresyde  
For sorow of whiche/whan he gan byholde  
Loude he cryed/on Pandarus and sayde  
For sorowe of whiche/almost there he dyde  
O Pandarus/now knowe I crophe and rote  
I am but deed/there nys none other boote

My lady bryght Cresyde/hathe me betrayed  
In whome I trusted/moost of ony wyght  
She elles where/hathe now her herte apayed  
The blyfull goddes/throughe they grete myght  
Haue in my dreame/she wed me full ryght  
Thus in my dreame/Cresyde haue I beholde  
And all this thynge/to Pandarus he tolde

O my Cresyde/alaſ what subtylte  
What newe luste/what beaute/what scyence  
Hath thus withdrawe/youre herte and loue from me  
This is the cause/of youre longe absence  
Hath frome me raste/alaſ your aduertence  
O trust/o faythe/o depe assuraunce  
Who hache me me raste Cresyde/all my pleasaunce

of Troylus.

Alas why lete I you frome hens go  
For whiche well nygh out of my wyt I brayde  
Who shall now trouwe on ony wothes mo  
God wote I wende lady bryght Cresayde  
That euery worde was gospell that ye sayde  
But who maye bet begyle yf hym lyte  
Than he on whome men wene best to tryste

What shall I do my Pandarus alas  
I sele now so sharpe and a newe payne  
Sith that there lyeth no remedy as in this caas  
That bet it were I with my hondes twayne  
Myselfe selle than thus alwaye to playne  
For through the dethe my wo shoulde haue an ende  
There euery daye with lyfe my selfe I shende

Pandare answerde and sayde alas the whyle  
That I was borne haue I not sayde or this  
That dreames maye many a man begyle  
And why for folke expownen them amyng  
How durste thou saye that fals thy lady is  
For ony dreames ryght for thyng owne drede  
Let be thy thought thou canst no dreames rede

Parauenture there thou dreamest of this loore  
It maye so be that it maye sygnysye  
Her fader eke whiche olde is and hooze  
Ageyne the sonne lyeth in poynt to dye  
And he for sorowe gyuyneth for to wepe and crye  
And there he lyeth kyssed hym on the grounde  
Thus shouldest thou thy dreames ryght expounde

How myght I than done quod troylus  
To knowe of this were it neuer so lyte

Troylus.

v.i.

## The fyfte boke

But sayde/he felte a greuous maladye  
Aboute his herte/and sayne wolde he dye

So on a daye/he layde hym downe to slepe  
And so byfell/that in his slepe he thought  
That he walked/in a forest to wepe  
For loue of her/that his payne wrought  
And vp and downe/as he the forest sought  
Hym thought he sawe/a boore with Tuskes grete  
That slepte agayne/the bryght sonnes hete

And by this boore/fast in armes folde  
Laye kyssyng aye/his lady bryght Cresyde  
For sorow of whiche/whan he gan byholde  
Loude he cryed/on Pandarus and sayde  
For sorowe of whiche/almost there he dyde  
O Pandarus/now knowe I crophe and rote  
I am but deed/there nys none other boote

My lady bryght Cresyde/hathe me betrayed  
In whome I trusted/moost of ony wyght  
She elles where/hathe now her herte apayed  
The blyfull goddes/throughe theyre grete myght  
Haue in my dreame/she wed me full ryght  
Thus in my dreame/Cresyde haue I beholde  
And all this thyng/to Pandarus he tolde

O my Cresyde/alaſ what subtylte  
What newe luste/what beaute/what scyence  
Hath thus withdrawe/youre herte and loue from me  
This is the cause/of youre longe absence  
Hathe frome me rafte/alaſ your aduertence  
O trust/o saythe/o depe assuraunce  
Who hachte me me rafte Cresyde/all my pleasaunce

of Troylus.

Alas why lete I you frome hens go  
For whiche well nygh out of my wyt I brayde  
Who shall now trowe on ony wotches mo  
God wote I wende lady bryght Cresayde  
That euery worde was gospell that ye layde  
But who maye bet begyle yf hym lyste  
Than he on whome men wene best to cryste

What shall I do my Pandarus alas  
I sele now so sharpe and a newe payne  
Syth that there lyeth no remedy as in this caas  
That bet it were I with my hondes twayne  
Myselfe sicc than thus alwaye to playne  
For through the deth my wo shoulde haue an ende  
There euery daye with lyfe my selfe I shende

Pandare answerde and sayde alas the whyle  
That I was borne haue I not sayde or this  
That dremes maye many a man begyle  
And why for folke expownen them amyng  
How durste thou saye that fals thy lady is  
For ony dremes ryght for thyng owne drede  
Let be thy thought thou canst no dremes rede

Parauenture there thou dreamest of this loore  
It maye so be that it maye sygnyfye  
Her fader eke whiche olde is and hoore  
Ageyn the sonne lyeth in poynt to dye  
And he for sorowe gyuyneth for to wepe and crye  
And there he lyeth kyssed hym on the grounde  
Thus shouldest thou thy dremes ryght expounde

How myght I than done quod troylus  
To knowe of this were it neuer so lyte

Troylus.

p.i.

## The fyfte boke

Now sayste thou wylcely qued tho Pandarus  
My rede is this syth thou canste well endyte  
That hastely a letter thou to her wryte  
Through he whiche thou shalte bryngen it aboute  
To knowe a sothe there thou arte in doubt

And se now why for I date well say en  
That yf so is shc vntre we be  
I can not trowe shc wyl wryte agayne  
And yf shc wryte thou shalte soone se  
As whether shc hath only lyberte  
To come agayne or elles in some clause  
Yf shc be let shc wyl assygne a cause

Thou hast not wryte to her syth shc went  
Ne shc to the and thus I durste laye  
There maye suche cause be in her entent  
That hardely thou wylte thyselfe saye  
That her abode the beste is for you twye  
Now wryte her than and thou shalte se soone  
A sothe of all there is nomore to done

Accorded ben they to this conclusyon  
And that anone these ylke lordes two  
And hastely syl Troylus adowne  
And rolleth in his herte to and fro  
How he maye best descryuen her his wo  
And to Cresyde his owne lady dere  
He wrote thus and sayde as ye shall here

Ryght fresshe floure whose I haue ben and shall  
Withouten parte of elles were seruyse  
With herte body lyfe lust thought and all  
I wosfull wyght in euery maner wylc

of Troylus.

That tongue can tell/or herte maye deuyse  
As ofte as matere/occupyeth place  
Her commaunde I/bnto your noble grace

Lyketh you to wete swete herte  
As ye well knowe/how longe tyme agone  
That ye me leste/in asper paynes smerte  
Whan that ye went/of whiche yet bote none  
Haue I none hadde/but euer worse bygone  
Frome daye to daye am I/and so must dwell  
Whyle it you leste/lo ye of wele and wo my well

For whiche with you/with dredesfull herte trewe  
I wryte as he/that sorowe drayneth to wryte  
My wo/that euery houre increaseth newe  
Complaynnge as I dare/or can endyte  
And that defaced is/ye maye well wryte  
The teres/whiche that frome myne eyen reyne  
They wolde speke/yl they couthe complayne

You fyre/bysche I with your eyen clere  
To loke on this defowled/and vnsolde  
And ouer all this/ye my lady dere  
Wyll vouchesaufe/this letter to beholde  
And by the cause eke/of my careys colde  
That cleeth my wyt/pfought amys me sterte  
Forgyue it me/myne owne swete herte

Yf ony seruaunt durste/or ought of ryght  
Upon his lady/pytously compleyne  
Than wene I/that I ought be that wyght  
Consyderynge this/that ye these monthes tweyne  
Haue taryed there/ye sayde sothe to sayne  
But dayes ten/ye nolde in host soiourne

Troylus.

p.ii.

## The fyfte boke

But in two monethes yet ye not retorne  
But for as moche as I must nedes lyke  
All that you lyketh I dare playne nomore  
But humbly with sorowfull syghes lyke  
Now wryte I myne vnresty sorowes soze  
Frome daye to daye desyryng euermore  
To knowe fully yf your wyl were  
How ye haue ferde and do whyle ye be there

Whose welfare and helle god kee encrease  
In honour such as upwarde in degré  
It growe alwaye so that it never cease  
Lyke as youre selfe best can my lady kee  
Deuyse I praye to god so more it be  
And graunte that ye soone upon me rewe  
As wylly as in all I am your crewe

And yf you lyke to knowe of the fare  
Of me whose wo there maye no wryght desscryue  
I can no more but cheste of euery care  
At wrytyng of this letter I was alyue  
All redy out my wofull ghost to dryue  
Whiche I delaye and holde hym yet in honde  
Upon the syght of materie of your sonde

Myne eyen two with whiche in bayne I le  
Of wofull teres salte ben waxen welles  
My songe in playnte of myne aduersyte  
My good in harne myne easse waxen hell is  
My Joye in wo I can yu saye not elles  
So tourned is for whiche my lyfe I wary  
Euery Joye is tourned to me contrary  
Whiche with your comyng home agayne to Troye

of Troylus.

Ye maye redresse/and more a thouſande sythe  
Than euer I hadde/creaſyng in me Joye  
For was there neuer herte/ yet ſo blythe  
To haue his lyfe/as I ſhoulde as I wythe  
As I you ſe/and thoughē no maner routhe  
Can meue yet thynde vpon your trouthe

And yf ſo moche my dethe/I haue deserued  
Or yf you lyſte/no more vpon me ſe  
In guerdon yet of all/I haue you ſerued  
Byſeche I you/my hertes lady free  
That here vpon you wyll wryte me  
For loue of god/my ryght lode sterre  
Or dethe/let make an ende of all my werre

Yf there cauſe ought/that dothe you for to dwell  
That with your letter/ye me recomforde  
For thoughē to me your abſence be an hell  
With pacyence/I wyll my wo ſuppoſte  
And with your lettred of hope/I wyll dyspoſte  
Now wryteth ſwete/and let me thus not playne  
With hope/or dethe deliuer me frome payne

Ywys myne owne dere herte trewe  
I wote than/whan ye nexte vpon me ſe  
So loſte haue I myne helthe/and eke myne hewe  
Cresyde ſhall not conne/knowe me  
Ywys myne hertes daye/my lady fre  
So thrusteth aye myne herte to byholpe  
Yourre beaute/that my lyfe vnithe I holde

I ſayc nomore/all haue I for to ſayc  
To you well more/than I tell maye  
But whether ye done/me lyue or dye

Troylus.

v.iii.

## Thc syfte boke

yet praye I god/so gyue you ryght good daye  
And fare ye well/ryght fayre fresshe maye  
As ye that lyfe or dethe/maye me commende  
And to your trouthe/I me recomende

With helthe suche/that but yf ye gyue me  
The same helthe/I shall never helthe haue  
In you lyeth/whan you lyste it so shall be  
The daye on whiche me clothen shall my graue  
In you my lyfe/youre myght is it to saue  
Me frome dyscase/of all paynes smerte  
And fare now well/myne owne swete herte

This lettre sozthe/was sent vnto Cresayde  
Of whiche her answere/in effecte was this  
Full pycously she wrote/agayne and sayde  
That as soone/as euer she myght ywys  
She wolde come/and mende that was amys  
And fynally wrote/and sayde hym than  
She wolde come/but she wylste never whan

But in her lettre/she made suche feestes  
That wondre was/and I wrote she loued hym best  
Of whiche he sondes/but bottumles byhestes  
But Troylus thou mayste nowest and west  
Wype in an yuylife/ylthat the leste  
Thus goth y wrold/god helde vs frome mychafce  
And euery wyght/that meaneth trouthe auaunce

Encreasen gan the wo/ frome daye to nyght  
Of Troylus for taryenge of Cresayde  
And lassen gan his hope/and eke his myght  
For whiche all downe/vpon his bedde his layde  
He ne etc/ne dranke/ne slepc/ne wrode sayde

of Troylus.

Ymagynnyng aye that she was vnykynde  
For whiche well nyghe he waxed out of mynde

This dreame of whiche I tolde haue here byforne  
Maye never come out of his remembraunce  
He thought as well he hadde his lady loze  
And that Iouys of his purueyauce  
Hym shewd had in slepe the sygnyfyaunce  
Of her vntrouwthe and dysauenture  
And that this was shewd hym in sygure

For whiche he for Syble his suster sent  
That called was Cassandra eke all aboute  
And all his dreame he tolde her or he wente  
And her bysought assaylen hym in the doubte  
Of this stronge boore with tuskes stout  
And fynally within a lytell stounde  
Cassandra ryght thus his dreame expounde

She gan hym smyle and sayde broder dere  
Yf thou a sothe of this desyrest to knowe  
Thou muste a fewe of olde storyes to here  
To purpos how that fortune ouerthowe  
Hath lordes hye whiche within a thowe  
This boore shalt thou knowe well and of what kynde  
He comen is as men in bookes fynde

Dyane whiche that wrothe was and in yre  
For Grekes nolde do her sacryfysse  
He encens on her aulter set on fyre  
She that for Grekes gan her despysse  
Mroke her in a wondre cruell wyle  
For whiche a boore as grete as ore in stall  
She made hym etc vp her corne and bynes all

## The fyfte boke

To see this boke/was all the countre reyzed  
Amonges whiche/there came this boke to se  
A mayde one of this woldre/best ypresed  
And Meliager lorde of that countre  
He loued so/this fresshe mayde fre  
That with his manhode/or he woldestent  
This boke he slew/and her the heed he sent

Of whiche/as olde bokes tellen vs  
There roos a contek/and a grete enuye  
And of this lorde/descended Tydeus  
By lyne/or elles olde bokes lye  
But how this Meliager/gan for to dye  
Through his moder/wyll I you not tell  
For all to longe it were/for to well

She tolde eke/how Tydeus she sent  
Unto the stronge Cyte of Thebes  
To clayme kyngedome of the cyte and went  
For his felawe/Dane Polyomytes  
Of whiche his owne broder Echyocles  
Full wronfully/of Thebes helde the strengthe  
This tolde she by processe/and by lengthe

She tolde eke/how he monydes a sterte  
Whan Tydeus slouge/syfty knyghtes stoute  
She tolde/all the profyces by herre  
And how that seuen kynges/with they route  
Bysegded there the cyte all aboute  
And of the holy serpent/and the well  
And of the suryes all/gan she hym tell  
Assiat profugum/Tideus primo Polimidem  
Tidea legatum/docet insideasq; secundis

of Troilus.

Tertius Hermoden canit et bates latitantes  
Mors furie Leuine quinto narratur et angues  
Quartus habet reges inuenitque p[re]li a septem  
Archynon bustum sexto iudicis leguntur  
Dat Graios Thebes batem septimus vmbis  
Octauo cecidit Tidens spes vita p[re]lagis  
Ipomedon nono mortitur cum Parthonopeo  
Fulmine percusso decimo Canapis superatur  
Undecimo sest p[er]iculant per vniuersa frateres  
Arguam flentem narrat duodenis et ignem.

Of Archenor[es] bryeng[e] and the playes  
And how Hippheorax syll through[en] the grounde  
How Tydeus was slayne lord of Argyps  
And how Ipomedon in a spetell stounde  
Was dreyn[ed] and dead parthonope of wounde  
And how of Canopus the proude  
With thondre was slayne that cryed lowde

She gan hym eke tell how that cyther broder  
Ethyocles and Polemunte also  
At a scarmyshed eche of them them slewe other  
And of Argyue her wepyng[e] and her wo  
And how the towne was bren[ed] she tolde eke tho  
And so descended downe frome gestes olde  
To Dyomede thus he spake and tolde

This ylke bo[re] by tokene[n]eth Dyomede  
Tydeus sonne that downe descended is  
fro Heleager that made the bo[re] to blede  
And thy lady where that she be wyp[ing]s  
This Dyomede her herte hathe and she his  
Wepe yf thou wylte or loue for out of doubt  
Troylus.

## The fyfte boke

This Dyomedis in and thou arte out  
Thou sayste not sothe thou false forcer  
With all thy fals ghost of prophecye  
Thou wenest to be a grecce dyuyner  
Now seest thou not this doole of fantasye  
Payneth her on ladyes for to lye  
A waye quod he there Iouys gauet the sorowe  
Thou halte be fals parauenture yet to morowe  
As well myghtest thou lye upon Alcest  
That was of creatures but yct men lye  
That euer was the kyndest and the best  
For whan her husbande was in iopardye  
To dye hym selfe but yf she wolde dye  
She chaas for hym to dye and go to hell  
And starke anone as vs the booke tell  
Cassandra gothe & he with cruell herete  
For that his wo for angre of her speche  
And frome his bedde all sodaynly he sterte  
As though he all hole hym hadde made a leche  
And daye by daye he gan enquire and seche  
A sothe of this with all his besy cure  
And thus he dyueth for the his aduenture  
Fortune which he bathe the permittayon  
Of thynges hadde as it is here conmytted  
By purveyaunce and dysposytwyne  
Of hym Ioue as Beygnes shall be flytted  
Frome folke in folke or whan they shall be smytted  
Can pull a waye the fetheres bryght of Troye  
Frome daye to daye till they be bare of Ioye  
Amonge all this the fyne of the parodye

of Troylus.

Of Hector gan approche wondre blyue  
The saate molde/his soule shoulde vnbodys  
And shapen hadde/a meane out to dryue  
Agaynste whiche saat/hym helpeth not to stryue  
But on a daye to syght/gan he wende  
At whiche alas/he caught his last ende  
For waiche me thynketh/that every maner wyght  
That haunteth armes/ought to be waple  
The deeth of hym/that was so noble a knyght  
For as he droue a kyng/ by the auayntaple  
Unware of this/Achilles troughe the mayle  
And through the body/gan hym sor to spue  
And thus þe worthy knyght/was brought scorne syue  
For whome/as olde bokes tellen vs  
Was made suche wo/that tongue maye it not tell  
And spesyally/the sorowe of Troylus  
That nexte hym was/of worshynesse well  
And in this wo/gan Troylus to dwel  
That sor that sorowe/and loue of his brest  
full ofte a daye/he hadde his herte brest  
Neuertheles/though he gan hym dyspayre  
He dide aye his lady/was vntelde  
Yet aye on her his herte gan repayre  
And as louers done/he sought aye newe  
To gette agayne/Cresyde bryght of hewe  
And in his herte he wente aye excusyng  
That Calcas caused/all her taryenge  
And oftyme he was in purpose grete  
Hymselfe lyke a pylgryme/to dysguise  
To seen her/but he couthe not countrefete  
To be vnknowe vfolke that were wyse

Troylus.

3.ii.

## The spes boke

He lynde excusas vngift that my ght sully se  
Yf he amon gedre Creyses knownen were  
For whiche he weper ful ofte many a tere

To her he wrote / yet all newe  
full pycously / he lete not to flouche  
By sechynge her / that syth he was trewe  
That shulde wold come agayne / and holde her trouthe  
For whiche Creyde vpon a daye for trouthe  
I take it for touchynge all this mace  
wrote hym agayne / and sayde as yf myre hec

Cupydes son / example of goodbyherd  
O swerde of stanghchode /ours of georgesse  
How myght a wyght / vnsurment and vndrede  
And he shalles sende you / as yet gladnelle  
I herteles / I sygh in greevystresse  
Syth ye wch ale / nor / wch you mayde de  
You maye I sende / neyther herre ne he

Your lettres full / the papyz all be paynted  
Conceyued hath the monthe hertes pree  
I haue eke seen / wch tressis shal be paynted  
Yourre lettre / and how ye requyer me  
To come agayne / whiche yet maye not be  
But why lest / that this lettre sounde were  
No mencyowne make I now / to serc

Greuous to me / god wote your vngeste  
Yourre haste / and that the goddes ordynaunce  
It semeth you not / yf take it for the breste  
For other thynges my / in your remembraunce  
As thynketh me / but onely your pleaseunce  
But be not wrothe / and that I you beseche

of Troylus.

For that I tary/it is for wycked speche  
For I haue herde well more/than I wende  
Touchynge vs two/how thynges haue ystonde  
Whiche I shall with dysymulynge amende  
And be not wrothe/I haue eke vnderstonde  
How ye ne do/but holde me in honde  
But now no fors/I can not in you gesse  
But all trouthe euer/and all gentylnesse

Come I wyll/but yet in suche dysiognite  
I stonde as now/but what houre or what daye  
That this shall be/can I not apoynt  
But in effecte/I praye you as I maye  
Of your good worde/and of your frenshyp age  
For treuly/whyle my lyfe maye dure  
As for a frende/ye maye in me assure

yet I praye you/on euyll ye ne take  
That it is shorte/whiche I to you wryte  
I dare not there I am/well lettres make  
Ne never yet couthe I/well endyde  
Eke grete effecte/men wryte in place lyte  
The entent is all/and not the lettres space  
And sareth now well/god haue you in his grace

Troylus this lettre thought all straunge  
Whan he it sawe/and sorowfully he syght  
Hym thought it/a kalendes of chaunge  
But synally/he full ne crowen myght  
That she ne wolde holde hym that she hyght  
For with full euyll wyll lyft hym to leue  
That loueth well in suche caas/though he hym greue  
Neuertheles/men sayen that at the laste

Troylus.

3.iii.

## The fyfte boke

For ony thyge/men shoulde the sothe see  
And suche a caas betyd/and that as fast  
That Troylus well vnderstode that she  
Has not so kynde/as her ought to be  
And synally he wote now out of doubte  
That all is loste/that he hath ben aboute

Stode on a daye/in his melancholpe  
This Troylus/and in suspeccyowne  
Of her/for whome he wende sor to dye  
And so byfall that through Troye towne  
As was the gypse/boxe was vp and downe  
In maner cote armure/as saythe the stoyce  
Byfore Deyphebus/in sygne of vycto;ye

The whiche Cote/as sayth Lollyus  
Deyphebe hadde rent/ frome Dyomed  
The same daye/and whan this Troylus  
It sawe/he gan to take of it hede  
Auylyng on the lengthe/and of the brede  
And all the werke/and as he gan byholde  
Full sodeynly/his herte gan to colde

As he that on the coler/founde within  
Abroche that he gaue/Cresyde on the morowe  
That she from Troye/must nedes twynne  
In remembraunce of hym/and of his sorow  
And she hym layde/her saythe agayne to boxowe  
To kepe it/but now full well he wylst  
His lady was/no lenger sor to tryst

He gothe hym home/and than full soone he sende  
For Pandarus/and all this newe chaunce  
End of his broche/he tolde hym worde and ende

of Troylus.

Complaynyng of her hertes baryaunce  
His longe loue his trouthe and his penaunce  
And after dethe without wordes more  
Full fast he cryed his rest hym to restore

Than spake he thus o lady bryght Cresyde  
Where is your faythe where is your bphest  
Where is your loue where your trouthe he sayde  
O Dyomedē haue ye now all this feest  
Alas I wolde haue trowed at the leste  
That syth ye nolde trewe to me stonde  
That thus ye nolde haue holde me in honde

Who shall now trowe ony othes mo  
Alas I wolde never haue wende of this  
That ye Cresyde couthe haue chaunged so  
Not but I hadde a gylte of done amyg  
So cruell wende I not your hert pwyg  
To sle me thus alas your name of trouthe  
Is now so done and that is all my routhē

Was there none other broche ye lyst to lete  
To gyue to your newe loue quod he  
But thylke broche that I with teres wete  
You gaue as for a remembraunce of me  
None other cause alas ne haddeyn ye  
But for desppte and eke for that ye ment  
All vitterly to shewe your entent

Throughe whiche I se clene out of your mynde  
Ye haue me cast and I ne can ne maye  
For all this worlde within myne herte synde  
To vnlove you a quarter of a daye  
In cursed tyme I borne was wclawaye  
Troylus.

## The fyfte boke

That ye that do me all this wo endure  
Yet loue I best of ony creature

Now god quod he yet sende me that grace  
That I maye mete with this Dyomed  
And treuly yf I haue myght and space  
Yet shall I make I hope his sydes blede  
O god quod he that oughtest taken hede  
To further trouthe and wronges to punyce  
Whynyll thou do a vengeaunce of this vyce

O Pandare that in dremes for to tryste  
Me blamed hast and ofte me vppreyde  
Now mayst thou se thyselfe yf that thoulyste  
How true is now thy nece bryght Cresayde  
In sondry tournes god it wote he sayde  
The goddes shewe bothe ioye and tene  
In slepe and be my dreme it is sene

And certeynly without moze specche  
Frome hens forth as fer forth as I maye  
Myne orone deth in armes wyll I seche  
I reche not how soone be the daye  
But ttryly Cresyde swete maye  
Whom I haue ape with all my myght yserued  
That ye thus do I haue it not deserued

This Pandarus that all these thynges herde  
And wyste well he sayde a sothe of this  
He not a worde agayne to hym answerde  
For soray of his frendes sorowe he is  
And shamed for his nece hadde done amys  
And stode astonyed of these causes twey  
And shyll as shone a worde couthe he not saye

of Troylus.

But at the laste, thus he spake and sayde  
My broder dere, I maye do the nomore  
What shoulde I saye, I hate ywys Cresayde  
And god wote, I wyl hate her cuermore  
And that thou me besoutest done of yore  
Hauyng vnto myne honour, nor to my rest  
Byght no rewarde, I dyde all that yeleste

Yf I dydde ought, that myght lyken the  
It is me lese, and of this treason nowe  
God wote that it, a sorowe is vnto me  
And dredelcs, for hertes ease of you  
Byght sayne wolde I it amende, wylste I howe  
And fro this worlde, almyghty god I praye  
Delyuer her soone, I can no more saye

Grete was the sorowe, and the playnte of Troylus  
But fourthe his course, of fortune gan to holde  
Cresyde loueth so, the sone of Tydeus  
And Troylus must wepe in cares colde  
Suche is the worlde, who so gan beholde  
In ech estate, is lytell hertes rest  
God let vs take it, all for the beste

In many cruell batayll, out of dredelcs  
Of Troylus, this ylke noble kyght  
As men maye, in these olde bookes rede  
Was seen his knyghthod, and his grete myght  
And dredelcs his yre daye and nyght  
Full cruelly, the Greces aye abought  
And alwaye most, this Dyomedes he sought  
And ofte tyme, I fynde that they mette  
With blody strokcs, and with wordes grete

## The fyfte boke

Assayenge how theyr speres were ywhette  
And god wote with many a cruell hete  
Can Troylus vpon his helme to bete  
Neuertheles fortune it not ne wolde  
Of other hande that eyther dye shoulde

And yf I hadde taken for to wryte  
The armes of this ylke worthy man  
Than wolde I of his batayles endyte  
But for that I to wryte fyfte bygan  
Of his loue I haue sayde as I can  
His worthy dedes who so lyst them here  
Rede Dares he can tell them all in fere

Byschynge cuety lady bryght of hewe  
And cuety gentylwoman what she be  
That all be that Cresyde was vntrewe  
That for that gylte ye be not wrothe with me  
Ye maye her gylte in other bookes se  
And gladlyer I wolde wryte yf you leſt  
Penolopes trouthe and good Alceste

Ne I saye not this as onely for these men  
But most for women that betrayed be  
Throughe fals folke god gyue them sorowe amen  
That with theyr grete wordes and subtylyte  
Bytrayeth you and this now meueth me  
To speke and in effecte all you I praye  
Bech ware of men and herken what I saye

Go lytell boke go lytell Tregedye  
That god thy maker yet or that I dye  
So lende me myght to mo make some commedye  
But lytell boke make thou none enuye

of Troylus.

But subiecte be thou unto all poesly  
And kylle the steppes where as thou seest space  
Of Uygyle, Ouyde, Homer, Lucan, and Statte

And for there is so grete dyuersyte  
In englyssh / and in wrytynge of our tongue  
So pray to god that none myswyte the  
Re the mysmette for defaute of tongue  
And redde where so thou be / or elles songe  
That thou be vnderstonde / god I bysche  
But yet to purpose of my rather speche

The wrathe as a began you for to saye  
Of Troylus / how the Greces bought dere  
For thousandes of his handes dyde he dye  
As he that was without ony pere  
Saue Hectour / in his tyme as I can here  
But welawaye / laue only goddes wyll  
Dyspottously hym slew / the fyre Achyll

And whan that he was slayne in this manere  
His lyght ghost / full blyssfull is went  
Unto the hollownes / of the eyght spere  
In his place letynge echclement  
And ther he sawe / with full aduysement  
How he was slayne / alas all to rathe  
The folke of Troye / to moche harme and skathe

And downe frome thens / fyre he gan aduyse  
This lytell spot of erthe that with the se  
Embraced is / and fully gan despysse  
This wretched worlde / and helde it vnyte  
To respecte of that playne felycyte  
That is in heuen aboue / and at the laste

The fyfte boke

There he was slayne his lokyng downe he cast  
And in hymselfe he loughe ryght at the wo  
On them that wepen for his deth so faste  
And dampnen all our werkes that folowen so  
The blynde luste whiche that maye not laste  
In shoulde all our hertes to heuen caste  
Now for the he wente shortly for to tell  
There as mercuri sorted hym to dwell

Suche fyne hathe lo this Troylus for loue  
Suche fyne his loue suche fyne his noblesse  
Suche fyne hathe his estate ryall aboue  
Suche fyne hath fals woldes brytylnesse  
Suche fyne hathe all his grete worthynesse  
And thus bygan his louyng of Cresyde  
As I haue tolde and in this wyse he dyde

O yonge fresshe folkes he or she  
In whiche that loue vp groweth with your age  
Repayret hom frome worldly vanyte  
And of your herte vp casteth the vysage  
To thylke lorde that after his ymage  
You made and thynketh all is but a fayre  
This woldc that passeth soone as floures fayre

And loueth hym whiche that ryght for loue  
Upon a croste our foules for to beye  
Fyfte staf and roose and lyth in heuen aboue  
For he wyl false no wyght dare I saye  
That wyl his herte all holy on hym lape  
And soothe the best is to loue and moost meke  
What nedeth feyned loue here for to seke  
Lo here of Paynemis cursid olde rytes

Lo here what al they goodes maye auayle  
Lo here these woldes wretched appetites  
Lo here the syne/and gret don for it auayle  
Of Ioue Appollas of Mars such rascayle  
Lo here the sourcine of olde clerkes speche  
In poetye/pf yethy bokes speche

O morall Governor this boke I directe  
To the/and to the Philosophycall Astrode  
To bouchesaufe therre mede is to correcte  
And of yowre bengynnes/and belas good  
And to that sothlast/theyre that sterile on rode  
With all myne herte/almety Praye  
And to the lorde/ryght thus I speke and saye

Thou one and two/and thre eterne alyue  
That reygest yre in thre and one  
Incircumsy pte/and all mayse circumscrye  
Us frome bysible/and inupsible boone  
Desender unto thy mercy everythone  
So make us Ihesu by thy mercy brygne  
For loue of mayben/and moder thyne bengynne

¶ finis.

The auctor.

**A**nd here an ende of Troylus heuynesse  
As touchyng Cresyde to hys ryght unkyde  
Fally forsworn desloutyng his worthyness  
For his creue loue she hath hym made blyde  
Discrenynge genderyn woma most unkyde  
Appoynede on her whyle she bathe set on hys  
The saythe of a woman by her now maye you se

Was not Ilystrade for all his clergye  
Wrygyl the curuyng/ deceyued also  
By women unynable for to here of se  
Sainpyn the stronge with many a. m. mo  
Brought in to rygne by woman mannes so  
There is no woman I thynke hem under  
That can be creue and that is wondre

O patysye Troylus good god be thy gayde  
The moste creuest louer that euer lady hadde  
Now arte thou for sake of Cresyde at this tyde  
Reuest to retoune who shall make the gladde  
He that for his sped and soules from the hell latte  
And borne of the wrygynge to hem the soule brynghe  
And all that ben present at theyr latre endynghe.

A      M      C      R.

Thus endeth the treatysse of Troylus the heup  
By Geffraye Chaucer compyled and done  
He prayenge the reders this mater not denye  
Newly correcched in the cyte of London  
In flete strete at the lygne of the sonne  
Inprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde  
The. M. CCCCC. and. xvii. yere of our lord.







